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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR M

JANUARY 1981 $2.50*

Jane Priest

The girl who stirred Prince Charles

STUNNING INTERVIEW ...at long last JOHN LENNON tells the truth about himself, Yoko, The Beatles, sex, drugs and Rock 'n' Roll

What chance a real Australian Grand Prix? We tell you...

My husband Alvin Purple by Mrs Graeme Blundell

HEY FELLAS! How to cope when your boss is female, beautiful and very, very sexy

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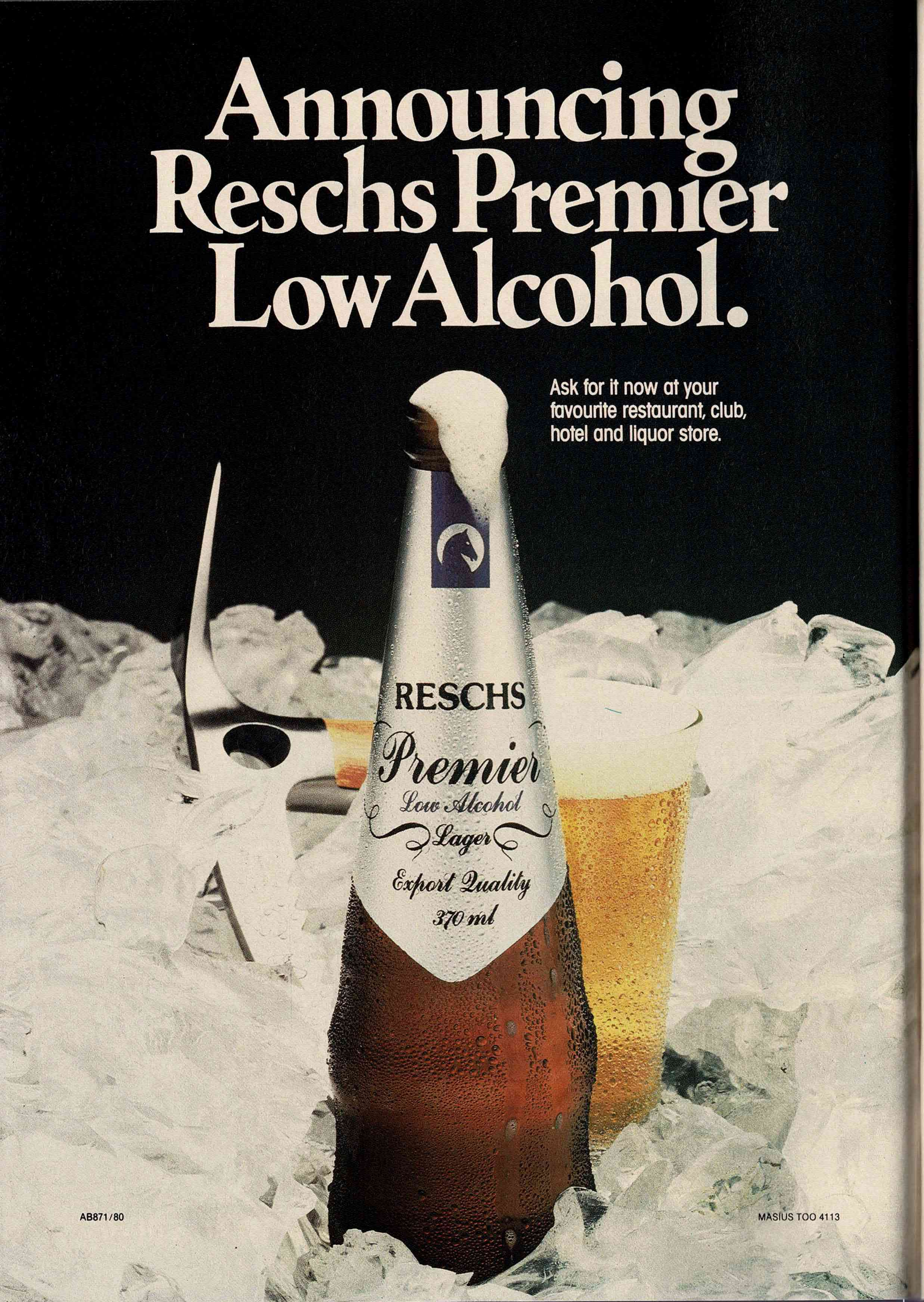
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PLAYBILL

Jane Priest, that glorious and tantalising creature, returns to bring joy, cheer and feelings of optical well-being into our lives. Jane, through the lens of **Colin Stead**, graces our cover and many more pages in this, the January edition of Australian PLAYBOY. Naturally, we shall be forwarding copies of the magazine to that other great fan of Jane's, His Royal Highness, Prince Charles, the Prince of Wales, for it was Prince Charles who "discovered" Jane early one morning on the Perth beach of Cottesloe.

For nearly eight years John Lennon maintained his privacy, steadfastly avoiding publicity, refusing interviews, living a life quite remote from those heady years when he was, with Paul McCartney, the cornerstone of the Beatles. Now he has broken his silence. On the eve of the release of an album (with wife Yoko Ono), Lennon has spoken at length with PLAYBOY. The Lennon interview is a virtuoso performance: frank, outrageous, honest — and brilliant. Lennon details the nature of his relationships with the other three Beatles, tells why he dropped out of contemporary pop music, and why he has returned.

And while we're on the subject of the rock business, don't miss an amazing story on rock 'n' roll real estate, a detailed account of how the world's richest entertainers — the rock stars — invest their money. Gimme Shelter, writes **Peter Greenburg**, has now assumed a different meaning for rock stars when investing their bucks.

Alvin Purple, that dogged and humorous male sex object (and maniac), has become one of *the* characters of Oz cinema genre. Both Alvin Purple pictures made big profits and so contributed to the great revival of Australian film making. But Alvin Purple was as much the creation of an actor, the talented Graeme Blundell, as he was of a script writer or director. Blundell moulded Purple, gave him an impish reality and soul. But who knows about the real Blundell? Playwright **Margot Hilton** (who happens to be married to him) sensitively and humorously recounts her view of the man — the private man, and the public persona. It's a marvellous read.

While we're on humor, there's an hilarious look at those crazy poms, in a collection of oddball clips from British newspapers. Edited from the book *Laughing Matter* by **Ross Farquhar**, it is illustrated by **Ward O'Neill.**

Sex in the office, not sex per se, but sex as personified by a lady boss. How do you cope, you hopeless male, when the boss leans forward over the desk, spills cleavage up to your eye-balls, and then tells you to get your act together or, or else . . . . For those men actually experiencing one of the symptoms of the social revolution — the increasingly prominent role of women in the workplace — this piece, by **Michael Korda,** and illustrated by **Dave McMacken,** will be a valuable, and very amusing exercise.

Geoffrey Dutton, one of the more notable literary figures in Australia, has supplied us with Paradox, a story laced with undercurrents and an eerie sense of mystery, aptly illustrated by**Alan Ewart**. Then we've got that wild-life team **John Shaw** and **Ian MacKay** back in harness — this time reording and photographing outback life as it revolves around that extraordinary beast, the camel. Another beast in perspective too is the formula one racing car — **Rob Luck** looks at our options in mounting a World Championship Australian Grand Prix.

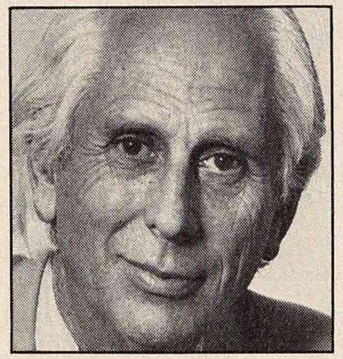
Michelle ma Belle . . . . the words belong to John Lennon, but they aptly describe the luscious Michelle Lothian, sensitively photographed by **Peter McLean** on the sultry beaches of Surfers Paradise. Michelle is a New Year bonus. Well, that's enough, readers (and viewers), and happy 1981 to you, too.

STEAD

HILTON

FARQUHAR

O'NEILL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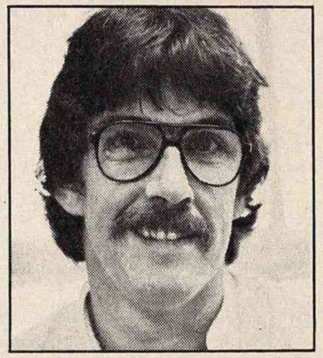
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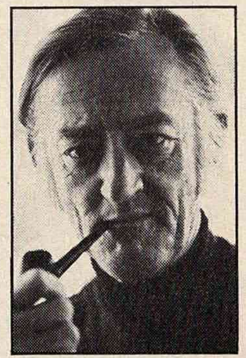
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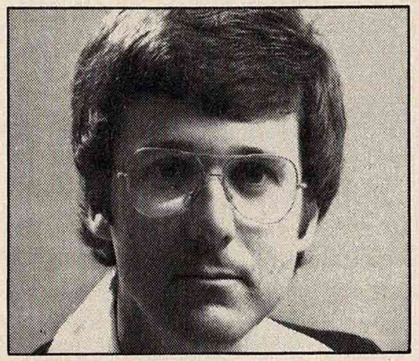
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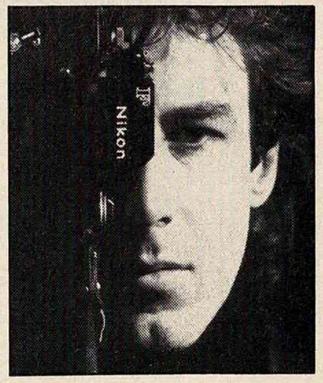
LUCK



McLEAN

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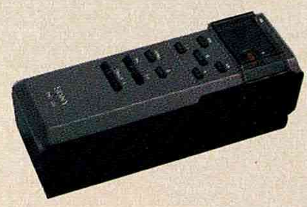

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There are two different Betamax units available, the C7E and the C7EC. For areas which require channels 3/4/5/5A, please specify C7EC. Your television should also have a UHF tuner.

AP3467

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE
JANUARY 1981

Cover: Jane Priest
Photograph by Colin Stead
Lingerie from Dorith
Unger, Centrepoint, Sydney

PLAYBILL 3
LETTERS 7
AFTER HOURS 11
WORLD OF PLAYBOY 14
ADVISER 23
FORUM 27
PARTY JOKES 94
DAVE THE RAVE 128
POTPOURRI 154
ON THE SCENE 156
SEXUAL HOROSCOPE . . 160
PIPELINE 163
MOVIES 168
SHOWBIZ 173
MUSIC 174
BOOKS 179

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: John Lennon 31
The Beatles' guiding star breaks a five-year silence to talk in detail about life, love, philosophy and sex and drugs and rock and roll

FORMULA ONE RACING IN OZ? — article . . . . ROB LUCK 50
Plans are on the boil to gain a World Championship race for Australia

ONCE AGAIN, WITH FEELING — pictorial . . . . COLIN STEAD 58
A fresh view of the girl who set Prince Charles a-flutter

THOSE CRAZY POMS — humor 66
Confirmations from Brit newspapers that they really are mad

VOTE 1 WHO CARES? — politics . . . . RUSSELL DEILEY 70
Our intrepid reporter goes on the hustings to seek a seat in Canberra

BOSS WOMEN — article . . . . MICHAEL KORDA 76
How to cope when your female boss attempts to seduce you

SUGAR AND PRICE — Playboy's Playmate of the Month . . . KEN MARCUS 82

GIMME SHELTER — money . . . . PETER GREENBERG 96
The rock 'n' roll business is a multi-million dollar corporation

CAT BURGLAR (Part 2) — article . . . . JOHN RIDER 106
Rider moves to Melbourne and into the final phase of his thieving career

MICHELLE — pictorial . . . . PETER McLEAN 110
A frolic in the limpid waters and sand dunes of Queensland's Gold Coast

LIFE WITH ALVIN PURPLE — profile . . . . MARGOT HILTON 118
Graeme Blundell's wife describes life with a male sex object

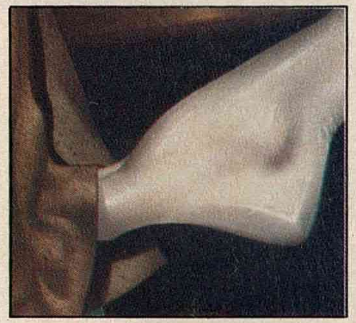
PRIVATE PICTURES — photo feature . . . . TONY MAGUIRE 123
An in-the-raw view of some of our stars of stage, screen and society

CAMEL COUNTRY — adventure . . . . JOHN SHAW 132
An outback trek in search of the ship of the desert

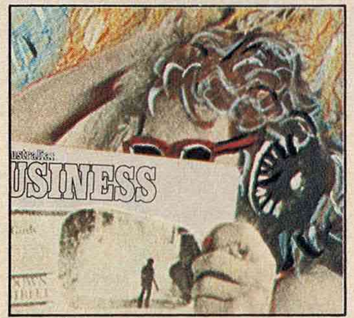
PARADOX — fiction . . . . GEOFFREY DUTTON 146
A single gunshot would change the lives of four people

FIERY PHASE FIVE — motoring . . . . ROB LUCK 164
Ford's supercar series lives on in the hands of an enthusiast

FORMULA ONE 50



BOSS WOMEN 76



GIMME SHELTER 96

MICHELLE 110

PARADOX 146

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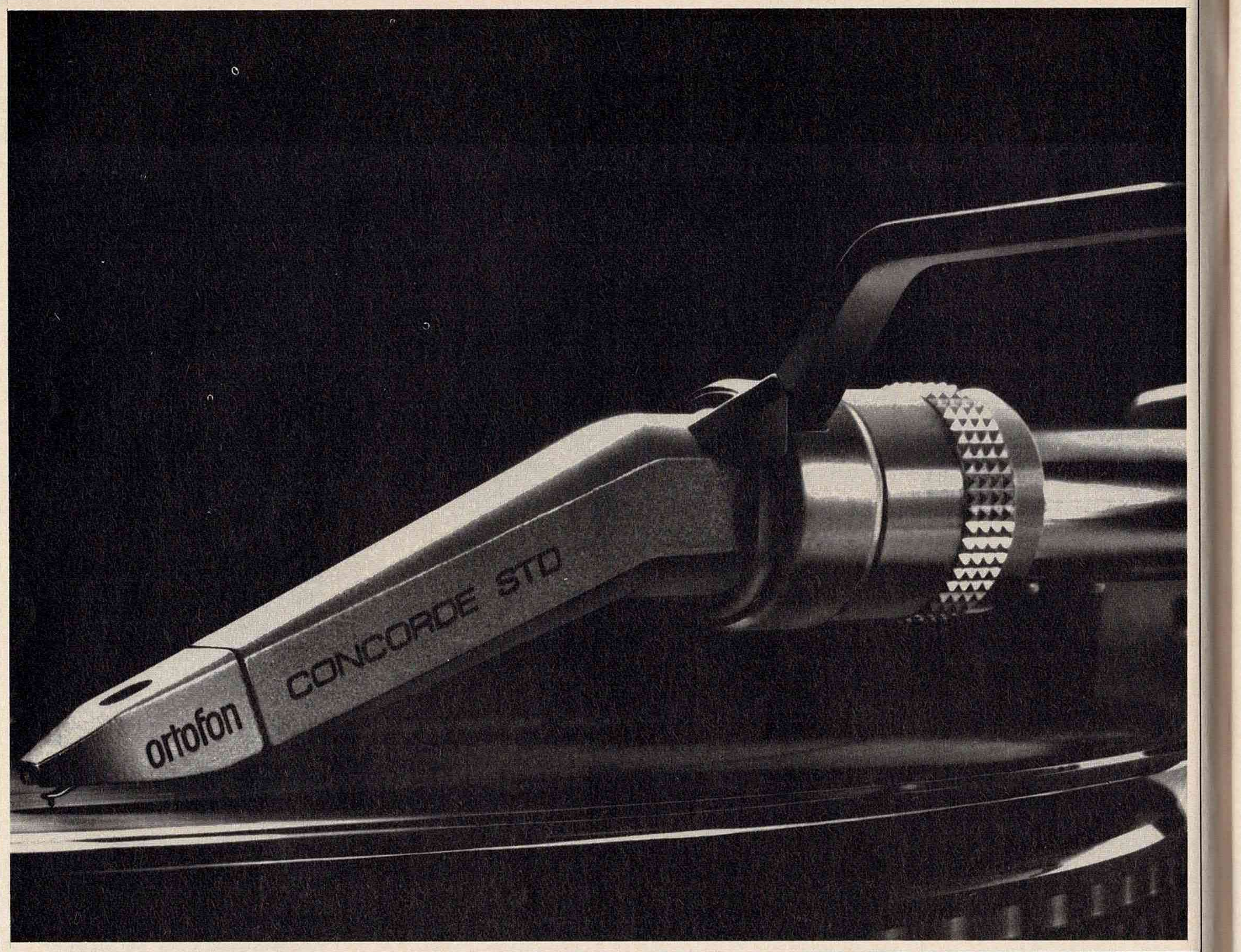

ORTOFON STD

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Ortofon engineers are perfectionists, and it is with this aim in mind that they have created the new Concorde STD – a cartridge that combines elegant looks with superb technical performance.

Based on the VMS (Variable Magnetic Shunt) principle – a system, incidentally, developed and world-patented by Ortofon, and as yet unsurpassed – the Concorde STD uses an elliptical diamond stylus closely resembling the triangular shape of the stylus which originally cut the record. The result is music to your ears. Music enhanced by high channel separation, low distortion, greatly reduced record wear and outstanding stereo imaging.

If that was all we could say for the Concorde STD, we'd still be quite pleased with ourselves. However, there are other advantages like easy mounting, for example.

In one simple operation, the cartridge can be attached directly to your tonearm. No tools, no screws, no problems. And when the stylus is worn, that's all you replace.

In essence, the entire design of the Concorde STD is superior. And so is the sound. All you have to do is listen.

The leader in phono cartridge design since 1946, Ortofon also supplies the majority of the world's record producers with record cutting equipment. And that is why Ortofon cartridges are the natural choice of both professionals and discriminating music lovers.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

COLLYWOBBLE BLUES

As a Woodsman through thick and mainly thin, I don't know whether to send your editor a thank-you card or a bomb. When I picked up my copy of the October PLAYBOY, I was delighted to see a Collingwood guernsey featured slap in the middle of the cover. (The bird modelling the jumper wasn't too bad either). My delight grew as Collingwood fought their way from fifth qualifying spot through the elimination series and into the grand final. I don't know whether you considered the significance of using black and gold in the promotional football on that same cover, but as we all know the Tigers thumped us in the only match that counts.

I am beginning to suspect that your editor is a Richmond man and that your cover was designed simply to engineer the right price for the grand final. I'll be keeping a close watch on your magazine at around final time next year. In the meantime, I am studying bomb design.

J. Robinson
Kew, Victoria

Dear Mr R, I too support Collingwood (sob) — Ed.

DUKE WHO

Maybe my ear's out of wack, but your music tit-bit recorder, Jenny Hunter-Brown, lost me when she described the singer Tom Waits as a Duke Ellington impersonator (PLAYBOY, November). The connection eludes me. I am a great admirer of the towering talent that was Ellington. And now that the shock of the first wave has subsided, I am rapidly warming to Waits. But I don't think that Ellington even smoked the same brand of cigarette as Tom.

S. Fiske
Hornsby, NSW

SOCCER TO WIN

I must congratulate Neil Jameson on his great article about Australia's sporting tug of war in your October issue. Jameson has raised a question which has been on all footballing minds for a very long time — which of Australia's three major codes is going to gain the upper hand?

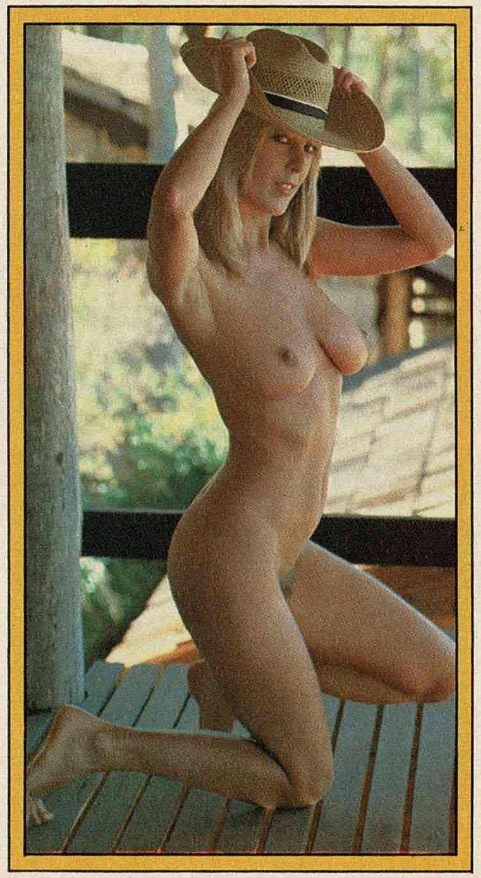
I'm sure administrators involved in the three football codes are concerned about what the others are doing. It is obvious, as Jameson rightly pointed out, that only the strongest code will realise its ambitions. The Australian sporting public is not sufficiently large to support all three — at least not in the manner at which they are aiming.

My money, as I suspect is Jameson's, is on soccer. The article makes very clear divisions — rugby league worrying, Australian rules encouraging, soccer exciting. Some may laugh, because present ratings place soccer at the bottom of the financial tree. Today's big money is tied up in Aussie rules and rugby league, in that order. However, familiarity breeds contempt and certainly officials of the money-spinning codes have allowed themselves to become complacent about soccer's challenge. So be it.

The encouraging results of the Socceroos, the increasing public awareness of the Philips League and the strength at junior level will eventually make soccer the real winner.

M.J. Cockerill
Rockhampton,
Queensland.

We'll just have to let time be the referee on that score, but until it happens PLAYBOY will be keeping tabs on all major codes — Ed.



SPUNKY KAREN

Thanks for a great year of Australian PLAYBOY. Every issue was great and every centrefold sensational — as my home gallery testifies. Karen West, your November Playmate, is the main feature of my wall hangings. She is the spunkiest woman I've ever seen. Trouble is I have trouble taking my eyes off her. How about a wallet-sized photograph displaying all of Karen so I can keep the lady close to my heart?

A.N.
Dee Why, NSW

Your wish is our command. But showing everything? Even a lady as beautiful and as naughty as Karen has to keep something in reserve.

LAST LAUGH

So your humorist, Tony Maguire, deduced from his probe into the childish lives of our political leaders that Malcolm Fraser was "an introverted youth with almost no personality and a very few friends". Considering the sterling job the Prime Minister is doing on their behalf, I'd have thought Mal's peers from Melbourne Grammar could have been a shade more charitable.

Still, I suppose Mal has had the last laugh. Three election results show that the only friends who count are the ones who vote.

W.W. Williamson
Ryde, NSW

INSPIRING

When Karen West popped up on the television to advertise your November issue, I ran to the nearest news agency and bought two copies. As an aspiring freelance photographer, I have been following Karen's modelling career for the past 18 months and have kept her clippings as an inspiration.

I hope no one tags Karen with a rating of 10, 12 or whatever. How can you say that one woman is more beautiful than another? All beauty is in the eye of the beholder. As a photographer the three women I've most wanted to capture with a camera are Stella Stevens (US Playmate and actress), Lynda Stoner (of *Cop Shop*) and Karen West.

By the way, after reading three different ages for Karen over the past 18 months, I'd like to know exactly how old the lady is.

T.S.
St Kilda, Victoria

Like her beauty, Karen isn't coy about her age. As she wrote in her own fair hand on our centrefold data sheet, she was born on November 19, 1951.

STEAM HEAT

As an avid collector of your fine magazine, please put my mind at rest about the eighth and ninth wonders of the world which appeared in your August issue. To whom does that most beautiful pair of tits belong in the steam room

Before discovering Australia the Dutch had already developed the art of making fine cigars.

Long before Abel Tasman discovered Australia in 1642, the Dutch were practising the art of producing and enjoying fine cigars.

Holland's seafaring explorers and traders – most of whom were employed by the Dutch East and West India Companies – had brought back fine tobacco leaf from their voyages to Cuba, Peru and Brazil.

The subsequent colonisation of the Dutch East Indies (known today as Indonesia) led to the introduction of Sumatra Sand, an exceptionally fine tobacco highly prized for the outer wrapping of a cigar; and which can only be harvested once every four years.

On maturity, each leaf is separated into two halves and rolled into either a 'left hand' or 'right hand' cigar.

Today, the House of Ritmeester still blends Sumatra Sand leaves with others from Cuba, Brazil and Java to produce their fine cigars. The pleasure of such quality is a discovery you can share with the Dutch the next time you enjoy a Ritmeester cigar.

Ritmeester – a discovery the Dutch would like to share with you.

RITMEESTER

PMC/117

scene of Dudley Moore's 10 Ways to Find the Perfect 10? I am not surprised that Dud had trouble keeping his hands off the set. Could you please also add the lady's vital statistics to her name.

M.H.
Brisbane

The lady with the so bold front is Joyce Mandell. We're afraid her vital statistics come under the heading of "restricted information".

WINNING PAIR

Could you please solve this argument between a friend and myself? He says that the bust measurements of the lady on page 73 of your May issue under Sex and Censorship in the Australian Cinema are larger than the bust measurements of the lady on page 107 of your August issue . . . the one who is seated next to Dudley Moore in the steam room scene.

I say the one next to Dudley has a much bigger bust. I hope you can put a stop to this rather pleasant argument, as there is a sum of money resting on the outcome of it.

H.J.
Brisbane

You've got it right, H.J. PLAYBOY photographer Colin Stead says the steam room scorcher is an easy winner.

EROTIC TWINS

As a frequent visitor to Magnetic Island, I must confess I have never had the good fortune to stumble across the scenic wonder your photographer uncovered. The pictorial series on the twins was the most erotic I've seen. I have become obsessed with the twin facing the camera on your cover shot. Please tell me who she is and whether I'll be seeing her again. I'll even be prepared to settle for her sister's name.

T.D.
Gulliver, Queensland

The girl of your dreams, Mr T.D., is Helen Willoughby. The twin on the left is Anne. As for seeing her again, Mr D, you never know your luck. Our photographers always keep a lens open for tropical island beauty spots.

DEPRAVED

I'd like to say how much I enjoyed your September issue. It was the best one out since you started printing Dave the Rave — mainly because that piece of crap wasn't in it.

Imagine my disgust when I picked up the October issue and found Dave the Rave back again. I agree wholeheartedly with correspondents John Macpherson, Cobb Edwards and Adam Koening. Being an avid PLAYBOY fan I was disappointed the magazine had sunk to such a low level in publishing this garbage.

To P.J. Rogers (*Dear Playboy*, October) I ask: How long did you spend in Newcastle? I've lived here all my life and I don't believe it's a "dead ringer", as he puts it. Terrance Harrison (where does he come from?) should be shot!

Now to better things. Are we going to see more of Jodie Day, the girl seated on the far right on your October cover? Wow!!

P.B.,
New Lambton NSW.

Unfortunately, all you see of Jodie is all that any of us is going to see, at least in the foreseeable future, P.B.

A REAL PLEASURE

On behalf of the officers and men of the Isa Mine Fire Brigade, may I compliment you on your fine presentation of the twin sisters on Pleasure Island (PLAYBOY, November). The photography was presented in the nicest possible way.

I really liked your interview with Alan Jones. It is a pity that no Australian company will sponsor him.

M.J.Carroll
Isa Mine Fire Brigade
Mount Isa, Qld.

PLAYBOY welcomes all correspondence. However, we can only publish letters which contain the full name and address of the writer, plus a phone number where possible.

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J.687

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

A RARE RABBIT

PLAYBOY'S famous bunny is not typical of the species according to British author Richard Adams, whose first and most famous book, *Watership Down*, established him as something of an authority on rabbits.

"As I understand it, the idea behind your logo is to represent a girl as being soft and cuddly like a rabbit," said Adams during a recent visit to Australia. "Well, if you were to pick up a wild rabbit, it would kick you to hell. You might well argue that a *domesticated* rabbit is soft and cuddly — but then, it isn't acting in a truly natural fashion. After all, just about any animal can be tamed in this way."

Adams then continued this line of thought to expound his views on physical love and erotica. Pacing around his room in Sydney's Sebel Town House with his brow knitted in concentration, the 60-year-old former civil servant stated: "If you take the idea that God, or something, created the world and everything in it, then presumably God had an ideal of what everything ought to be and to my way of thinking, it's all bound up with dignity.

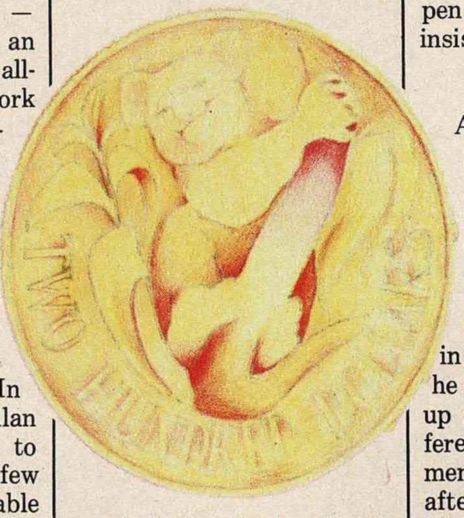
"A tiger ought to be a magnificent beast prowling through the jungle — it ought not to be a mangy, bedraggled creature. A fig tree should be a beautiful, lush piece of herbage, and not a horrific, diseased thing losing all its leaves. In the same way, physical love should have all the dignity and emotional warmth it was *meant* to have. This has nothing to do with morality — it's an aesthetic idea. No encounter with a prostitute can possibly be dignified, nor can any sequence in a pornographic movie, because there is no emotion between the participants.

"There should not be any exploitation, and certainly no cruelty or ugliness. That doesn't mean to say it can't be playful or amusing — after all, humor is an emotion, isn't it? My all-time high for an erotic work is Boccaccio's *The Decameron.* The sex in it is amusing, so you've got this element of vicarious enjoyment."

Adams then indicated scenes in his latest book *Girl In a Swing,* in which he said exemplified his erotic ideals. In one scene the hero Alan Desland makes love to Kathe, his wife of just a few weeks, on the kitchen table as the luncheon guests sit chatting in the lounge room. One of the visitors is the local vicar, who calls out from the drawing room: "Are you all right Alan? Want any help?" Writes Adams: "Kathe, in a tone of complete self-possession, called back: 'No, we're doing fine, thanks'!" In an earlier scene, the couple are espied lying naked on the bank of a Florida river by two men swimming past. Kathe stands up with her hands on her hips and fixes them with a withering look which makes the intruders more embarrassed than the two lovers themselves.

Adams said he got the idea for this episode from a cartoon in PLAYBOY which depicted two men rubbernecking over the fence of a nudist colony, only to be disturbed by the appearance through a doorway in the fence of a beautiful, naked young woman who asks: "Can I help you?"

Indeed, although Adams has his doubts about our bunny emblem, he's an avid reader of PLAYBOY, being particularly fond of our Party Jokes. He told us a saucy joke about a sexual encounter between a monkey and an elephant . . . but that's another story.



BOLD GOLD

It may be too late to stop the Royal Australian Mint changing the design of their boring new gold coin, but it would be worth it for this late entry (ABOVE) by Terrance Harrison, our cartoonist of Dave the Rave fame. He reports: "While strikingly similar in concept to the design already chosen, I feel my design comes closer, in spirit at least, to what this latest exercise in Australian coinage is all about. The design displays a mature Blinky Bill engaged in the national pastime . . . euphoric on gum leaves and looking to the future with that sense of indulgent self-satisfaction that typifies Australia of the '80s.

"I know what you're thinking, Mr Treasurer . . . 'faux paws' or just 'gumnuts' but this little chap is a direct descendant from the pen of Norman Lindsay," insists Harrison.

$1500 BALL

A West Australian farm worker will no longer be able to bet his left testicle in the classic fashion, but at least he's $1500 better off.

Murray Richards was awarded the money in the Supreme Court after he explained he had to give up football because he suffered so much embarrassment in the change room after his testicle was shot off by his father-in-law in 1976. The shot also carried away a chunk of the middle finger of his left hand which he had used as a last line of defence.

The father-in-law, Desmond Williams, is serving three years and eight months for the shooting which he did because he was unhappy about the way Richards had been treating his daughter.

The judge said it was a serious mutilation and the cosmetic effect had to be taken into consideration — even though the victim had sired two children since he was nearly no-balled!

FOOT IN MOUTH

The police don't know whether it's sexual assault, a battery, a theft, or a combination of all three — but they're looking for a man who knocked down a 21-year-old woman in Madison, Wisconsin, took off her shoes and proceeded to suck on her bare toes.

The man then ran off with her shoes.

LAUGH A MONTH

An item in the *Sunshine Coast Daily* in Queensland quoted the winner of the newspaper's Pacific Cruise contest thus: "It's really exciting. I've never won anything like this before," a surprised Mrs White said. "My luck is changing." The next paragraph went on to clarify the recipient's glee. . . The win provided Mrs White with her happiest moment since the death of her husband four weeks ago.

How happy can you get?

BROWNIE EYE

A rock-group groupie in a small WA country town took along her camera to record the big occasion when some famous musicians arrived from Perth. But she made just one little mistake — she left her camera behind in their suite when she went to the toilet.

When it came time to pick up her prints of the big night the local chemist refused to hand them over. It transpired that, while the groupie was out of the room, all four of her idols dropped their duds, then the lead singer took pictures.

The chemist is having second thoughts about the shire clerk's daughter . . .

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Mike Hunt, the health studio man who has been the raw material of a million jokes, would have some sympathy for the Victorian girl who is struggling through life with her given name — Ophelia Dick.

BIRDS AND THE BUGS

Children are now teaching themselves the facts of life — by bugging their parents' bedrooms, reports British private eye, Peter Helms.

THE GREATEST SHOW IN TOWN

THE GREY faces of the businessmen on the early morning flight from Sydney obviously knew nothing of the treat in store for them as they filed off the plane into the overcast, drizzling Melbourne Monday. The day was certainly not about to provide any fancy props for what was to be one of the greatest shows to hit Melbourne this year.

No, we're not referring to famous comedian/musician Victor Borge, or singer Rita Coolidge, or even tennis star Jimmy Connors — all of whom were in the Garden City that day.

The *real* show was a collection of lovelies the likes of whom would have put the sun in the shade if it had dared peek out beyond the clouds. They were in fact the greatest number of PLAYBOY girls ever brought together in the Southern Hemisphere at one time.

But what were all these girls doing at 10.15 in the morning, apart from bringing delight to the faces of the office-bound executives in the Tullamarine airport lounge? Truth is, they had a very important mission in Melbourne — to launch a lavish new nightspot, Sheik's discotheque.

At the airport five Rolls Royces, with bunny flags fluttering, were waiting to whisk the girls to a press conference at Sheik's. As the convoy entered the city, escorted by two broadly grinning motorcycle policemen, it resembled a royal procession.

After the press conference April Playmate Julie Price adjourned to City Square where, in her skimpy mini-skirt, she made fun of the wet weather — to the delight of photographers.

But the real occasion was the big opening of Sheik's the following night, and it seemed that everybody had heard about it. The crowd outside swelled up to between 20 and 100-deep.

The PLAYBOY girls certainly added sparkle to a glittering night. Karen West, last month's Playmate, for example, had some of the town's better-known lounge lizards furiously gulping down their drinks as she went through incredible gyrations on the dance floor.

Many of the PLAYBOY girls had never been on such public appearances before (yes, many of our models really are the girl next door) and they were nervous and excited all at once and thrilled to be together to represent PLAYBOY. They thoroughly enjoyed the experience. And so did Melbourne, by all accounts.

TOP: PLAYBOY girls at the opening night of Melbourne's Sheik's disco — they had lounge lizards furiously gulping down drinks. CENTRE: Sue Baxter (left), Karen West and the PLAYBOY Rolls. ABOVE: Julie Lambert — (left) and Mandy Miller live it up.

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WORLD OF PLAYBOY

top beauties from playboy editions world-wide

BARBARA

"I like nude modelling," says Barbara Hain. "I can never understand some people objecting when I open my blouse."

DALETE

FERNANDA

Voted by readers of Brazilian Playboy as one of their favorite models, Dalete (left) wants to become famous for her skills on the classical piano.

Skindiver Fernanda (above) usually swims in the nude because, she says, "the fish are less afraid to come close to a diver who's streamlined."

KARLA

"Although I like travelling overseas, every time I go back to Rio for a visit, I know I'm home," says Karla Santana (above). "The feel of the warm air and bright sun on my skin is like the touch of a long-lost lover."

VERA LUCIA

Vera Lucia Santos (right) comes from a large family, and she smiles that "as one of six sisters and living with so many girls for so long, I couldn't wait to get out on my own and meet a few boys."

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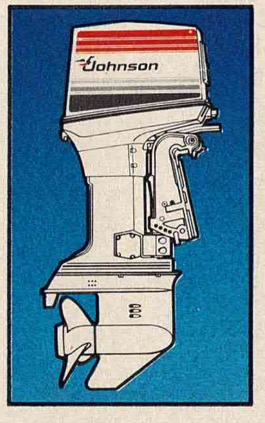

Johnson
OUTBOARDS

OMAJ2020

THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

I love life and people, but have trouble forming new relationships. I feel it's my age which puts people off; I was 40 last year. But I don't feel that old and don't think I act it either. I was married for a while, but never had much of a sex life during that time. I sometimes feel that the marriage almost destroyed my life. I long for a fulfilling and satisfying sexual relationship with a woman, because at present my only outlet is in masturbating nearly every day. It's starting to drive me crazy. It makes me very frustrated and tense, so much so that when I'm around women I become nervous and find it hard to keep up any sort of conversation with them. I would do anything to satisfy a woman in a sexual relationship. I also become envious, even jealous, when I hear my mates talk about how easy it is to pick up a woman. I feel that, if something doesn't happen soon, age will catch up with me and it will be too late to do anything. Can you please tell me what I should do to curtail this lonely nightmare? — T.R., WA.

Though you say that you don't act as if you're 40, the fact that you say you fear your age is putting people off suggests that you have, to some extent, adopted the role of a stereotyped 40 year old. If you are on your own and want to start over again, then your age really doesn't matter, but you have to believe that yourself. Your failed marriage may give you the feeling that you have been robbed of an important part of your life; however, carrying this sorrow around and dwelling on it will only make matters worse. Treat each woman as an individual, not as a representative of the sex that hurt you before, and try not to appear desperately anxious to fall in love. Otherwise, it is inevitable that your conversations with women will seem tense and stilted. As for your mates bragging about their sexual exploits, if they have to talk about it so much, they're probably not nearly as successful as they claim.

My wife and I frequently fantasise about making love on horseback, and we'd be interested to know if we're unusual or whether other people have had the same idea. In our fantasy, we sit face to face on the horse, with our legs around one another, and the rocking motion of the horse brings us off. We hardly have to do any work at all, but just sit there and enjoy it while the horse carries us off into the night. It just so happens that on our coming holiday, there will be some horses available — plus some wide, open spaces. We are wondering, however, whether there is any particular reason why the real life experience might not be as easy to duplicate as the fantasy — is there an easy rider on your staff who can show us the ropes? — H.C., Queensland.

Number one: you'll need a well-trained horse, preferably one who's not too interested in the mating habits of humans. Otherwise, it will be turning around to watch you all the time, and you'll find yourselves going in circles. Number two: we suggest that one of you keep a hold of the reins to prevent the horse from galloping off in the middle of all the excitement. While the high speed might give you an extra thrill at the time, afterward you both might discover a new dimension to the meaning of the expression "saddle sore". Tally-ho!

I would be grateful if you could settle an argument for me. I have heard that the film *Picnic at Hanging Rock* is based on actual fact — true of false? — B.H., WA.

Picnic at Hanging Rock *was based on the novel of the same name written by Joan Lindsay and, despite any of the weird theories you may have heard to the contrary, it was a work of fiction which evolved from the real-life, never-explained disappearance of a group of Victorian schoolgirls in 1900. There are some people who refuse to be convinced of that, and certain Californian devotees of the film have been known to hold seances to try to get in touch with the missing girls, as they appeared in the film. Then of course there's the one about them being taken away by a flying saucer . . .*

Could you please give me some advice on how I can get into professional acting? When I see people acting on television, I believe I could do just as good a job, but I don't really know how to go about getting started. Are companies willing to give anyone a tryout, or do they expect you to have a particular qualification? If the latter is the case, are there many acting schools around, and how difficult is it to get into them? — N.H., NSW.

People get into acting by a number of different routes. Companies have been known to take on people with no acting experience at all, as is obvious to anyone who has ever watched any television soap opera. However, if you are at all serious about the business, it will certainly help if you have some idea of how to act. Some actors pick up the skills as they go along, beginning in amateur productions and working up gradually. There are many training courses available, though none of them is very easy to get into. Most notable is the three-year course run by the National Institute of Dramatic Art (NIDA) in Sydney, but it receives hundreds of applications for the handful of courses it offers. There are also courses run by such operations as the Victorian College of the Arts and the Nimrod Theatre in Sydney, but these, too, are highly competitive. However, no serious producer is going to demand a formal qualification, only the ability to act. But before you plunge in, be warned that most actors are unemployed much of the time, and this includes some of the best in the land.

This summer, I am determined to get myself a decent suntan. My efforts in the past haven't been too successful, so I'd appreciate it if you could offer me some advice. I am extremely pale and sunburn very easily. I've tried building up my suntanning periods gradually, starting off with just a few minutes a day and slowly increasing the time I spend in the sun, but either I've stayed pale or ended up looking like a lobster. Is there any kind of lotion that will allow me to spend more time in the sun and allow me to work up a decent tan? Everybody else on the beach always seems to be so perfectly bronzed, and I'm sick of looking like a ghost. — G.U., Queensland.

Everybody on the beach is not perfectly bronzed, in spite of the impression you think you have gained. You probably noticed the people with the good tans because fashion has for a long time dictated that gold and glowing was the only way to be. If you possess a naturally fair complexion, there is no way you're ever going to end up with the so-called perfect tan. People's

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efforts to prove otherwise are one of the reasons why Australia has the highest rate of skin cancer in the world. You can aspire to some sort of light tan, but try to do your sunbaking early or late in the day when the sun is not at its most fierce, and ask your chemist for the most protective sun lotion he has. The only way you'll substantially darken your skin is with a can of paint and a brush.

Here are a few questions I'd like answered. The first is about penis size, a long-time worry. Now I know that size isn't supposed to make any difference yet suspect that depends on the feelings of the receiver. So what I'd like to know is if there is any way of increasing penis size? Is good old Vitamin S (sex) type erection the only possible means, or would some of the aids I've seen in the adult shops enlarge it further? Also, I read somewhere that some women believe semen helps to keep the face clear of complexion problems. Is this possible? — N.G., NSW.

Be glad you've got it and stop worrying about how long it is. The answer is no, there aren't any mechanical devices, emulsions, elixirs, exercises, health-food diets, or programs involving weight-lifting that will increase the length of your equipment by even half a millimetre. It doesn't matter anyway. As to the unusual treatment for skin problems, there is no medical evidence to support this theory. Perhaps it's just that sex feels so good that it shows on the face!

I'm in love with a 27-year-old guy who's only slept with a few women, and who seems to spend most of his spare time masturbating. He also happens to be my boss. We had sex once, and now he seems to have taken a vow not to speak to me again until I give him his "virginity" back. On the one occasion he has spoken about it, he told me he enjoyed sex with me, but he won't take me out socially (or even meet me privately) again in case the same thing happens. He lives with his parents, which I suppose may have something to do with his immaturity. He is absolutely petrified to get involved with a member of the opposite sex, but I really want him. How can I persuade him that sex is just part of normal behavior? — R.A., Queensland.

Your boss needs help, but the question is whether or not he's prepared to accept it. At 27 years of age, there's no reason why he shouldn't be able to expand his lifestyle to include sex. The fact that he at least can acknowledge that your one sexual encounter was good should give you cause for hope. If you persevere with subtle provocation, further such encounters could occur. Once that happens, he may get a sudden jolt when he realises just how much he's been missing all these years.

Over the past year, I've started to become interested in finding ways to improve my tennis. Previously, I'd played only the occasional social game without really knowing what I was doing, but I'm now having a bit of coaching and practising a lot. What I'd like to know is whether there is some way I can improve my overall strength as I feel I lack any real power. Somebody suggested that weightlifting could help, but I don't want to end up musclebound like weightlifters often seem to be, especially as the best tennis players are usually fairly slim. Do you think weightlifting would be good or bad for my tennis playing? — K.S., Victoria.

As a way of improving your muscular strength and endurance, weight training has a lot going for it, and it's been used to advantage by participants in every sport, tennis included. With a correctly worked-out program, suited to your own individual build, there isn't any reason why you should gain any extra bulk. Weight training involves repetition of each exercise using a weight that is almost the maximum you are able to lift. A considerable increase in strength may be achieved in this way and, although the muscles should become firmer and more sharply defined, there should be no great increase in size. Weight training is not to be confused with body building, where countless repetition with a relatively low weight is used to pump the muscles up to enormous proportions. It's possible to improve your all-round strength without ending up looking like a stand-in for the Incredible Hulk.

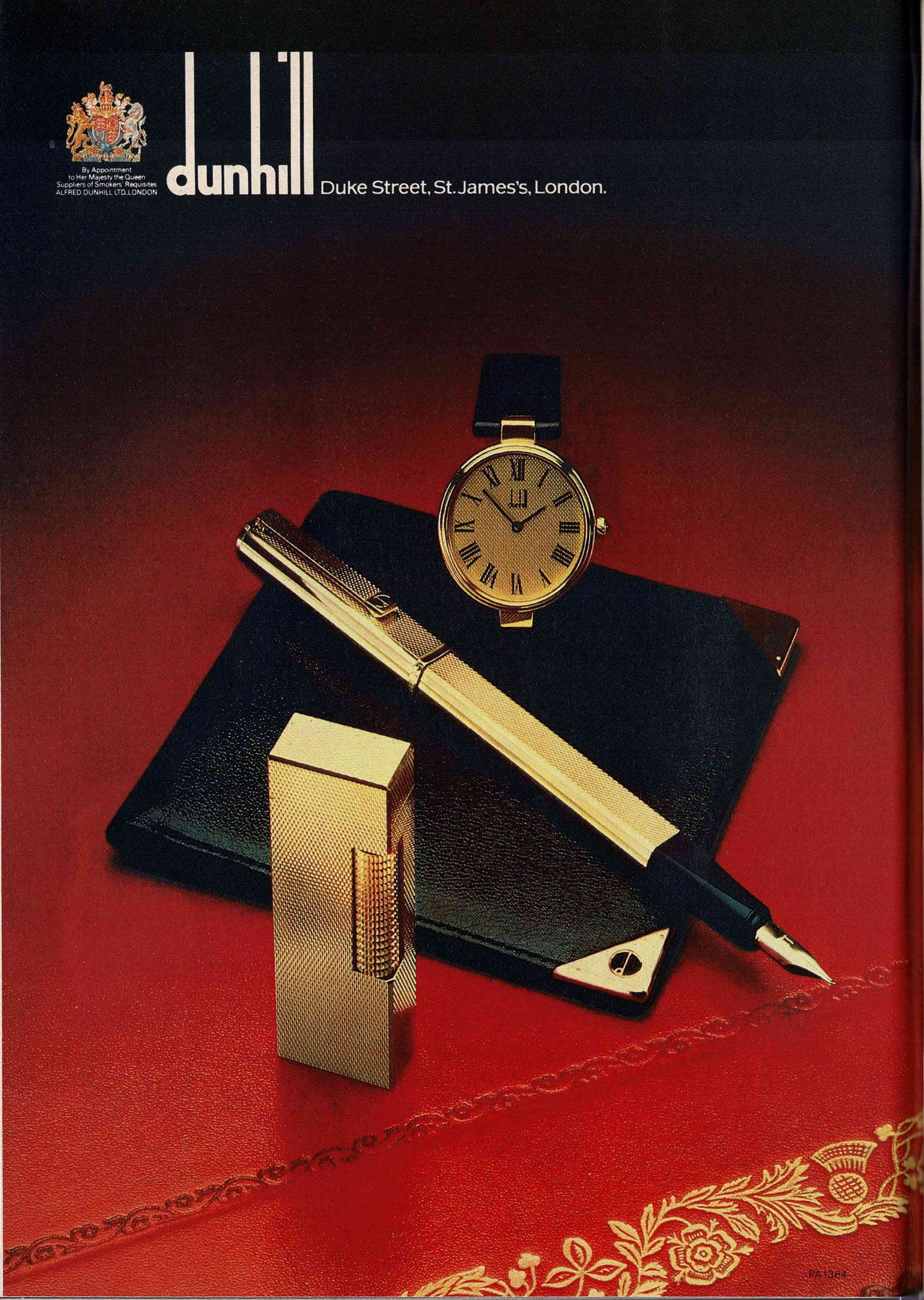
A first date with a new acquaintance was going fairly smoothly until we stopped at a hotel for some drinks. Would you believe she ordered white wine on the rocks? I cringed but she got her drink. Because I felt anyone with so little respect for wine just wasn't worth the trouble, I haven't dated her since. Am I being too much of a stickler for purity? — M.D., NSW.

Wine on the rocks is perfectly acceptable under certain circumstances. One, if you like it. Two, if the wine is inexpensive. And, three, if you think you won't offend your host. The trend toward lighter drinks, either diluted or of low alcohol content, seems to be on the increase. Winemakers are already fielding wines having five to eight percent alcohol, as compared with the usual 11 to 14 percent. And spritzers (wine and soda water on the rocks) are commonplace in some areas. On formal occasions, the rules of wine consumption should still be adhered to. But sometimes, and particularly where your love life is concerned, you can experiment a little.

The other day, after a Sunday brunch, my current love and I were relaxing on the bed. She pulled up her blouse and I started playing with her breasts. We were observing the changes of erectile tissue in her nipples. She pushed her breasts together and asked me to suck both nipples at once. As I did this, she got more and more aroused. After a few moments of passionate sucking, she orgasmed. This was without clitoral stimulation. We were both surprised, as we did not know that it was possible. Do you know if it's unique, or have other women experienced the same thing? — D.N., Victoria.

What — no direct clitoral stimulation? Impossible. Your girlfriend's orgasm was unlawful, a biological mistake, and she'll have to return it immediately. Sorry; just kidding. It has been our experience that anything in sex is possible and, in some cases, even passable. When you begin to believe that only one way (clitoral stimulation) works, you impose limits on your pleasure. We've heard of women who could orgasm from breast stimulation, from fantasy alone and even, in one case, brushing teeth. Oh well, whatever turns you on . . .

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

NAUGHTY BUT NICE

Among the many things I appreciated about November's centrefold, Karen West, was her love of "naughtiness", which I'd define as being erotic, sexy or flirtatious while others are around and there is that tantalising risk that they may catch you out. Karen spoke of making love in the snow and wearing no pants under her summer dresses as evoking this feeling.

Girls have much more opportunity to enjoy this delightful feeling of naughtiness than men. For instance, wearing nothing under trousers could not feel as naughty as going without pants under a light and flowing dress.

More importantly, the practice could embarrass a flirtatious man who, instead of looking alluring to a woman, could very well look ridiculous. The Scots with their kilts might have the right idea . . . but then no self-respecting Scot would be without his underwear.

This point reflects on our society in which the female body is considered the foremost symbol of sex and beauty. I'm not unhappy with this aspect of society, but I do see that both Karen West and myself have something of the exhibitionist in us, and while I cannot realise this feeling she can (man! can she ever!)

Maybe you can make suggestions for men who wish to flirt with their bodies, without resorting to joining bagpipe bands or walking round in raincoats. The only satisfying answer I have found is nude bathing.

M.B.
Brisbane

SOFT TOUCH

The delicate art of physical love is very rare. That beautiful touch that makes love-making exotic and mind-blowing is something of a dream to most women. How many men know how to touch a woman's body so you get shivers down your spine instead of feeling like a piece of meat being prodded to see how much fat there is, how gristly or bony . . . with a view to making a tasty meal of it?

If I sound cannibalistic, that's the impression I'm attempting to convey . . . the devouring of the body to gain satisfaction and fulfil physical desire. And when it's all over the sated beast can smack his lips and experience that full, replete feeling reminiscent of a good Christmas dinner.

For a woman it's not quite the same when she is conscious that her body is being analysed and her anatomy even compared to others and mentally given a potential "pleasure rating". This can be very disturbing because the loveliness of womanhood and the incredibly sensitive type of instrument that this body is seems violated.

However, when you do strike the sensitive lover whose every touch is an expression of love, that's when you bloom and so does your relationship. How to learn the art of loving?

I believe the only way is to simply follow your heart.

Mary Steptoe
Dulwich Hill, NSW

FACTS ON ISLAM

Articles in PLAYBOY even remotely connected with Islam rarely deserve comment, but when somebody who is apparently a Moslem writes in with a combination of fact and absolute garbage I feel they have to be replied to.

In Islam a man may have up to four wives. Just look at how the women outnumber men in Australia. The situation has always existed everywhere. Obviously most men are satisfied with one wife, but S.Y. of Melbourne (*The Playboy Forum*, November) is totally wrong on the temporary wives. This is illegal and punishable by death as being totally adulterous. A marriage is permanent in Islam (although divorce is possible).

Sex is designed to be enjoyable . . . it's only natural for it to be. Circumcision is compulsory for males and the cutting of women is nothing to do with Islam.

And sex between males (within or outside of the family) is illegal. Finally, the matter of sex involving animals — shall we stoop so low? It's a no-no too.

The ignorance of S.Y. is outstanding and if her husband is into any of it he needs a shrink. Islam is a brilliant system but often I think that Jesus said it best with the bit about pearls being cast before swine. S.Y. needs to read up on her Islam again.

Unlike S.Y. I have no hang-up about the name bit. If I'm among Australians I have to keep my finger on the pulse of their society. I consider I'm answerable for my *attitude* to what I see; not what I see.

S.A.
Queensland

Latest statistics show there are equal numbers of males and females in Australia — Ed.

INHUMANE LAWS

As an example of intolerance and hypocrisy the letter of S.Y. of Melbourne (*The Playboy Forum*, November) is difficult to beat.

During the past 10 years I have lived all over the world, spending as long as six months at a time in Moslem countries, including Pakistan, Turkey, Iran, Egypt and Morocco. From what I could see the absurd, one-sided laws to do with sex have led to extraordinarily schizophrenic societies, in which men hold hands and kiss on the streets and are ignored, while couples who do the same are stoned.

The ridiculously inhumane laws (incidentally there is no mention of clitorectomy in the Koran) which function as a device to control the superior sexuality of women, have actually backfired in Moslem lands, leading to high incidences of homosexuality and bestiality (after all, what's a bloke to do when all the women are locked up and declitted?) This basic frustration of the human sexual nature has serious repercussions, including increased tension in society.

S.Y.'s letter also explained to me why Moslems never hesitate to rape non-Moslem women, an endemic problem in Europe, where literally millions of "gastardbiters" — third-worlders imported to do the dirty work — are unable to establish normal relationships with sexually healthy European women who will have nothing to do with the Moslem's selfish, perverted sexuality.

An English girlfriend of mine was travelling alone in

Morocco during Ramadan — the holy month when all good Moslems must fast during daylight and refrain from sexual intercourse — and she accepted an invitation to a Moroccan home. She was savagely raped by every male in the household.

I also sailed the Moroccan coast during this holy month, yet never once failed to be welcomed in small ports by "devout" Moslems demanding all our alcohol (forbidden at any time) and often behaving so badly toward my wife I was forced to physically eject them off the yacht.

Quite apart from this universally demonstrated hypocrisy and disregard of the "law" we are left with the facts and motives of clitorectomy itself. It is impossible to think of a more inhumane, horrific example of barbarity. And the motive! The sheer emotional insecurity of the Moslem male.

P.H.
Queensland

ANOTHER MCP

I thought your article entitled A Male Chauvinist Lashes Out (PLAYBOY, July) was spot on. I am a far from bored or lonely bachelor — in fact I'm loving every minute of it, although I'd previously been convinced I'd found my Miss Right.

We started going out together when I was 19 and she was 18. By the time I was 20 we were deeply in love, but there were two things that stopped me from popping the question: 1. I was too young; 2. I wanted to travel first.

The first excuse I believe is fair enough because the young people today ruin their entire lives by rushing into marriage. The second excuse was a life-long ambition . . . and it was something I just had to do by myself. I wanted to have my last fling, as many people put it.

Anyhow, after three and a half fantastic years with her (I was doing a tech course and wanted to finish before leaving), she gives me the great ultimatum: it's either her or the trip to Europe. I couldn't believe my ears. She was willing to sacrifice the love and bondage we felt for each other just because of a six-month holiday.

So this is true love, I thought. True and loving as long as it suits her. She had tried awfully hard during those years to stop me or get me to change my mind about going overseas but, being a typical female, never actually gave any ultimatum until I was about to leave. I had made sure that she knew that, when I returned, we would get married. All to no avail.

The trip to Europe was fantastic and I now have the memories of something not many people my age would have. On my return (and after she had stopped seeing her so-called new love, an 18-year-old who'd succumbed to her demands to buy a new Commodore) I again weakened to my heart's pleas for her company. But the change in her overall outlook on life was just too great, so I left, believing I'd missed nothing at all.

I now apparently have the ability to become invisible whenever she appears in the street, which helps confirm my opinion that love is just a word people use to describe a marriage that has somehow lasted about 30 years.

Phred Ross
Dapto, NSW

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

FRILLY CRIMS

SYDNEY — Transsexuals prisoners in Long Bay jail are now receiving "French-type" underwear after complaining that their less feminine gear was inadequate, State Opposition spokesman on jails, Dick Healey, has maintained.

GOOD 'OLE DAYS

LONDON — An Englishman has formed a holiday camp for decidedly kinky ex-servicemen or just people looking for a hard time. Called the POW Holiday Camp, the features include being strip-searched by the uniformed "German" guards, driven about in the back of a cattle truck, hosed down in the middle of the night and fed on stale bread, porridge and gruel. He claimed to have heard from hundreds of eager applicants.

NOT GOD-FEARING

MELBOURNE — The fear of divine retribution isn't enough to keep thieves away from churches here, with gold and silver prices the way they are. Church spokesmen say that they average about two or three break-ins a week, and one church has resorted to chaining the candlesticks to their stands. At St Kilda the synagogue is now beginning to look like a fortress, with hidden cameras and alarms. One parish priest noted some thieves came searching for enormous treasures, but others just wanted money to play pinball machines . . .

NOT WELL ENOUGH . . .

ROME — A Royal Bengal tiger bit a young woman's arm clean off after she tried to stroke it through the bars at Rome Zoo. The woman said she knew the tiger well.

CONTRACEPTIVE CUPPA

BANGKOK — Researchers here are testing a natural birth control substance which women would only need to use after intercourse. It is contained in a plant so they'll be able to grow it themselves and brew it up into a nice cup of tea on the morning after.

DEADLY ERROR

ABILENE, TEXAS — A funeral parlor here is suing a telephone company for $311,000 for being incorrectly listed under the Frozen Foods Wholesale section of the telephone directory. Said Mr John Hamil of the Elliott-Hamil Funeral Homes: "We've been held up to public ridicule for seven months now. Some guy even telephoned and asked what meat was on special."

NO BUMMER

I have just finished reading your article on Summer Madness (PLAYBOY, November). I reckon it's a beauty and in celebration I have written the following poem, appropriately entitled SUMMER.

Let's give a cheer,
  The summer's here.
The blue skies,
  And the flies in your pies.
The cream on ya nose,
  And the sand between
  ya toes.
The fresh cool water,
  And the bloke after me
  daughter.
Nah, the summer ain't no
bummer!

Phil Seidl
East Fremantle, WA

SCREWED AGAIN!

In *Playboy After Hours* in your October issue you mention a cocktail known as a Slow Comfortable Screw. I first discovered a drink with a similar name to this while cruising in the South Pacific. The origin was uncertain, but the full title as then given was: A Long, Slow, Comfortable Screw Against A Hard Wall.

Being something of a mouthful and possibly the cause of some small embarrassment when being ordered, this became shortened to a Southern Screw.

And why, I hear you cry, Southern? It's because the recipe for this drink is the same as a Harvey Wallbanger, but instead of vodka one uses an equal measure of Southern Comfort.

There, now, doesn't that feel better?

J. J. O'Halloran
Glen Waverley, Victoria

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Playboy Interview JOHN LENNON

a candid conversation with the beatles' mastermind and his oriental svengali

TO DESCRIBE the turbulent history of the Beatles, or the musical and cultural mileposts charted by John Lennon, would be an exercise in the obvious. Much of the world knows that Lennon was the guiding spirit of the Beatles, who were themselves among the most popular and profound influences of the '60s, before breaking up bitterly in 1970. Some fans blamed the breakup on Yoko Ono, Lennon's Japanese-born second wife, who was said to have wielded a disproportionate influence over Lennon, and with whom he has collaborated throughout the '70s. In 1975, the Lennons became unavailable to the press, and though much speculation has been printed, they emerged to dispel the rumors — and to cut a new album — only a couple of months ago. The Lennons decided to speak with PLAYBOY in the longest interview they have ever granted. Freelance writer ***David Sheff*** *was tapped for the assignment, and when he and a PLAYBOY editor met with Ono to discuss the ground rules, she came on strong: responding to a reference to other notables who had been interviewed in PLAYBOY, Ono said, "People like Carter represent only their country. John and I represent the world." But by the time the interview was concluded several weeks later, Ono had joined in on the project with enthusiasm. Here is Sheff's report:*

"There was an excellent chance this interview would never take place. When my contacts with the Lennon-Ono organisation began, one of Ono's assistants called me, asking seriously, 'What's your sign?' The interview apparently depended on Yoko's interpretation of my horoscope.

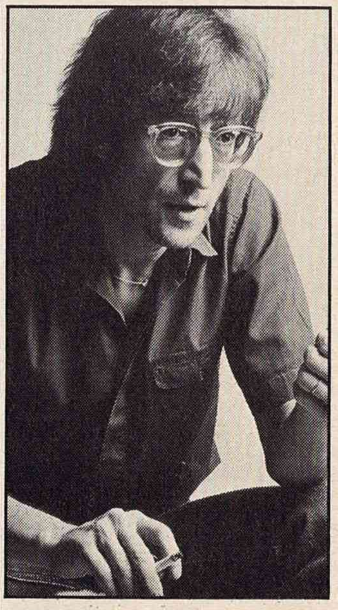
"Thank my lucky stars. The call came in and the interview was tentatively on. And I soon found myself in New York, passing through the ominous gates and numerous security check points at the Lennons' headquarters, the famed Dakota apartment building on Central Park West, where the couple dwells and where Yoko Ono holds court beginning at eight o'clock every morning.

"Ono is one of the most misunderstood women in the public eye. Her mysterious image is based on some accurate and some warped accounts of her philosophies and also her art statements, and on the fact that she never smiles. It is also based — perhaps unfairly — on resentment of her as the sorceress/Svengali who controls the very existence of John Lennon. That image has remained through the years since she and John met, primarily because she hasn't chosen to correct it — nor has she chosen to smile. So as I removed my shoes before treading on her fragile carpet — those were the instructions — I wondered what the next test might be.

"Between interruptions from her two male assistants busy screening the constant flow of phone calls, Yoko gave me the once-over. She finally explained that the stars had, indeed, said it was right — very right, in fact. So next day I found myself sitting across a couple of cups of cappuccino from John Lennon.

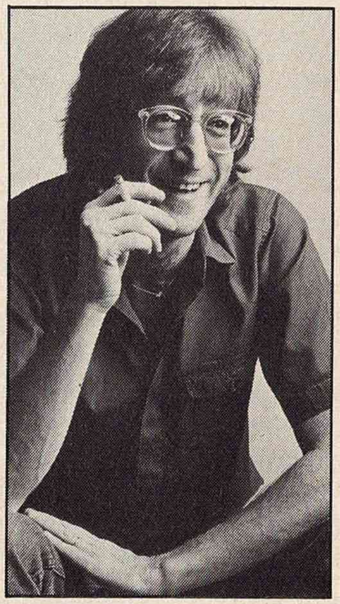
"Lennon, still bleary-eyed from lack of sleep and scruffy from lack of shave, waited for the coffee to take hold of a system otherwise used to operating on sushi and sashimi — 'dead fish', as he calls them — French cigarettes and chocolate bars.

"Within the first hour of the interview, Lennon put every one of my preconceived ideas about him to rest. He was far more open and candid and witty than I had any right to expect. He was prepared, once Yoko had given the initial go-ahead, to frankly talk about everything. Explode was more like it. If his sessions in primal-scream therapy were his emotional and intellectual release 10 years ago, this interview was his more recent vent. After a week of conversations with Lennon and Ono separately as

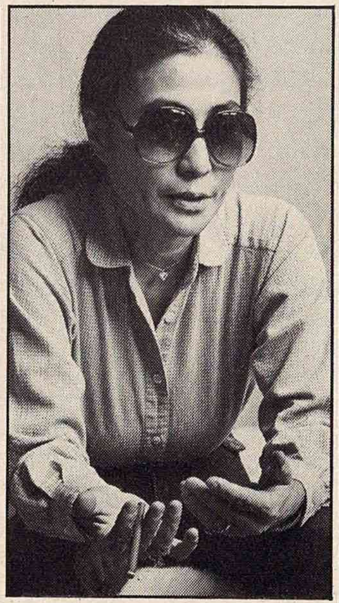


"The Beatles didn't make a good record of Across the Universe . . . I thought subconsciously that Paul tried to destroy my songs."

"I'm the one who has come a long way. I was the pig. And it's a relief not to be a pig. The pressures of being a pig are enormous."



"People around John saw me as a terrible threat. I heard there were plans to kill me. Not the Beatles but the people around them."



"I believe that children belong to the society. If a woman carries a child and the father raises it, the responsibility is shared."

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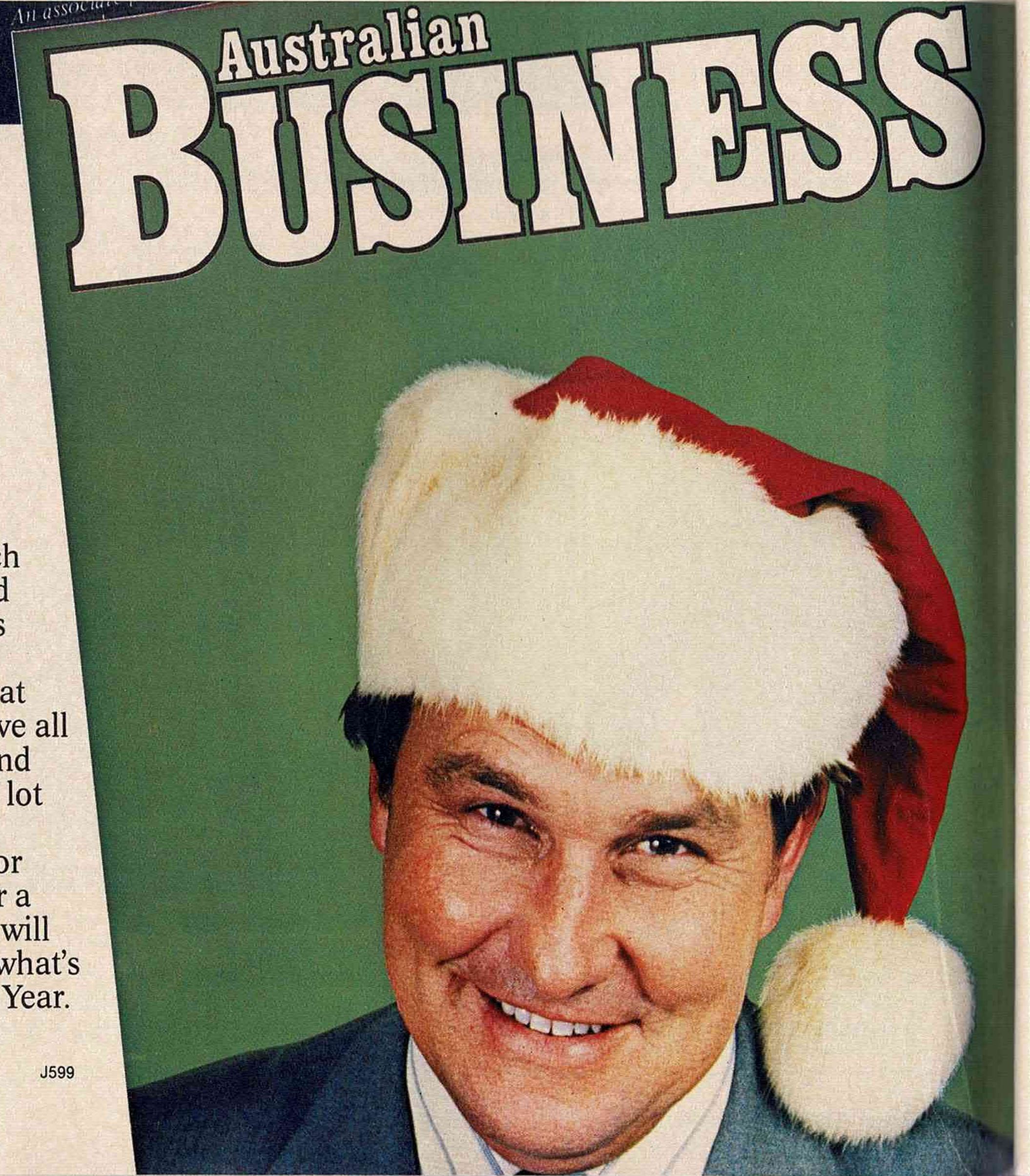

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well as together, we had apparently established some sort of rapport.

"As the interview progressed, the complicated and misunderstood relationship between Lennon and Ono emerged as the primary factor in both of their lives. 'Why don't people believe us when we say we're simply in love?' John pleaded. The enigma called Yoko Ono became accessible as the hard exterior broke down.

"Ono was born in 1933 in Tokyo, where her parents were bankers and socialites. In 1951, her family moved to New York. She attended high school there. In 1957, Yoko was married for the first time, to Toshi Ichiyanagi, a musician. They were divorced in 1964 and, later that year, she married Tony Cox, who fathered her daughter, Kyoko. She and Cox were divorced in 1967, two years before she married Lennon.

"The Lennon half of the couple was born in October 1940. His father left home before John was born to become a seaman and his mother, incapable of caring for the boy, turned John over to his aunt and uncle when he was four and a half. Lennon, who attended Liverpool private schools, met a kid named Paul McCartney in 1956. The following year, they formed the Nurk Twins. In 1958, John formed the Quarrymen, named after his high school. He asked Paul to join the band and agreed to audition a friend of Paul's, George Harrison. In 1959, the Quarrymen disbanded but later regrouped as Johnny and the Moondogs and then the Silver Beatles. The group got their foot in the door of Liverpool's showcase Cavern Club. Pete Best was signed on as drummer and the Silver Beatles left England for Hamburg, where they played eight hours a night at the Indra Club. The Silver Beatles became the Beatles and, by 1960, when they returned to England, the band had become the talk of Liverpool. In 1962, John married Cynthia Powell and they had a son, Julian. (John and Cynthia were divorced in 1968.) Later in 1962, Richard Starkey — or Ringo Starr — replaced Best as the Beatles' drummer and the rest — as Lennon often says sarcastically — is pop history."

PLAYBOY: The word is out: John Lennon and Yoko Ono are back in the studio, recording again for the first time since 1977, at which time they vanished from public view. Let's start with John. What've you been doing?

LENNON: I've been baking bread and looking after the baby.

PLAYBOY: With what secret projects going on in the basement?

LENNON: That's like what everyone else who has asked me that question over the last few years says. "But what *else* have you been doing?" To which I say, "Are you kidding?" Because bread and babies, as every housewife knows, is a full-time job. After I made the loaves, I felt like I had conquered something. But as I watched the bread being eaten, I thought, well Jesus, don't I get a gold record or knighted or nothing?

PLAYBOY: Why did you become a house husband?

LENNON: There were many reasons. I had been under obligation or contract from the time I was 22 until well into my 30s. After all those years, it was all I knew. I wasn't free. I was boxed in. My contract was the physical manifestation of being in prison. It was more important to face myself and face that reality than to continue a life of rock and roll — and to go up and down with the whims of either your own performance or the public's opinion of you. Rock and roll was not fun any more. I chose not to take the standard options in my business — going to Vegas and singing your great hits, if you're lucky, or going to hell, which is where Elvis went.

> *"Walking away is much harder than carrying on. I've done both. On demand and on schedule I turned out records from 1962 to 1975."*

ONO: John was like an artist who is very good at drawing circles. He sticks to that and it becomes his label. He has a gallery to promote that. And the next year he will do triangles or something. It doesn't reflect his life at all. When you continue doing the same thing for 10 years, you get a prize for having done it.

LENNON: You get the big prize when you get cancer and you have been drawing circles and triangles for 10 years. I had become a craftsman and I could have continued being a craftsman. I respect craftsmen but I am not interested in becoming one.

ONO: Just to prove that you can go on dishing out things.

PLAYBOY: You're talking of records?

LENNON: Yeah, to churn them out because I was expected to do like so many people who put out an album every six months because they're supposed to.

PLAYBOY: Would you be referring to Paul McCartney?

LENNON: Not only Paul. But I had lost the initial freedom of the artist by becoming enslaved to the image of what the artist is *supposed* to do. A lot of artists kill themselves because of it, whether it is through drink, like a Dylan Thomas, or through insanity, like Van Gogh or VD, like a Gauguin.

PLAYBOY: Most people would have continued to churn out the product. Why were you able to see a way out?

LENNON: Most people don't live with Yoko Ono.

PLAYBOY: Which means?

LENNON: Most people don't have a companion who will tell you the truth and refuse to live with a bullshit artist, which I am pretty good at. I can bullshit myself and everybody around. Yoko: That's my answer.

PLAYBOY: How did she show you?

LENNON: She showed me the *possibility* of the alternative. "You don't *have* to do this." "I don't? Really? But-but-but-but-but . . ." Of course it wasn't that simple and it didn't sink in overnight. It took constant reinforcement. Walking away is much harder than carrying on. I've done both. On demand and on schedule I turned out records from 1962 to 1975. Walking away seemed like what the guys go through at 65 when suddenly they're supposed to not exist any more and they're sent out of the office *(knocks on the desk three times)*: "Your life is over. Time for golf."

PLAYBOY: Yoko, how did you feel about John's becoming a house husband?

ONO: When John and I would go out, people would come up and say, "John, what are you doing?" but they never asked about me. As a woman I wasn't *supposed* to be doing anything.

LENNON: When I was cleaning the cat shit and feeding Sean, she was sitting in rooms full of smoke with men in suits that they couldn't button.

ONO: I handled the business: old business — Apple, Maclen *(the Beatles' record company and publishing company respectively)* and new investments.

LENNON: We had to face the business. It was either another case of asking some daddy to come solve our business or having one of us do it. Those lawyers were getting a quarter of a million dollars a year to sit around a table and eat salmon at the Plaza. Most of them didn't seem interested in solving the problems. Every lawyer had a lawyer. Each Beatle had four or five people working. So we felt we had to look after that side of the business and get rid of it and deal with it before we could start dealing with our own life. And the only one of us who has the talent or the ability to deal with it on that level is Yoko.

PLAYBOY: Did you have experience

handling business matters of this proportion?

ONO: I learned. The law is not a mystery to me any more. Politicians are not a mystery to me. I'm not scared of all that establishment any more. At first, my own accountant and my own lawyer could not deal with the fact that I was telling them what to do.

LENNON: There was a bit of an attitude of: "This is John's wife but surely she can't *really* be representing him."

ONO: A lawyer would send a letter to the directors but, instead of sending it to me, they would send it to John or send it to *my* laywer. You'd be surprised how much insult I took from them initially. There was all this "But you don't know anything about law, I can't talk to you." I said, "All right, talk to me in the way I can understand it. I am a director, too."

LENNON: They can't stand it. But they have to stand it because she is who represents us *(chuckles).* They're all male, you know, just big and fat, vodka lunch, shouting males, like trained dogs, trained to attack all the time. Recently she made it possible for us to make a large sum of money that benefited all of them and they fought and fought not to let her do it because it was her idea and she is a woman and she's not a professional. But she did it and then one of the guys said to her, "Well, Lennon does it again." But Lennon didn't have anything to do with it.

PLAYBOY: Why are you returning to the studio and public life?

LENNON: You breathe in and you breathe out. We feel like doing it and we have something to say. Also, Yoko and I attempted a few times to make music together but that was a long time ago and people still had the idea that the Beatles were some kind of sacred thing that shouldn't step outside its circle. It was hard for us to work together then. We think either people have forgotten or they have grown up by now so we can make a second foray into that place where she and I are together, making music — simply that. It's not like I'm some wondrous, mystic prince from the rock and roll world dabbling in strange music with this exotic, Oriental dragon lady, which was the picture projected by the press before.

PLAYBOY: Some people have accused you of playing to the media. First you become a recluse, then you talk (selectively) to the press because you have a new album coming out.

LENNON: That's ridiculous. People always said John and Yoko would do anything for the publicity. In the *Newsweek* article (September 29, 1980), it says the reporter asked us, "Why did you go underground?" Well, she never asked it that way and I *didn't* go underground. I just stopped talking to the press.

It got to be pretty funny. I was calling myself Greta Hughes or Howard Garbo through that period. But still the gossip items never stopped. We never stopped being *in* the press, but there seemed to be more written about us when we weren't talking to the press than when we were.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about all the negative press that's been directed through the years at Yoko, your "dragon lady", as you put it?

LENNON: We are both sensitive people and we were hurt a lot by it. I mean we couldn't understand it. When you're in love, when somebody says something like "How can you be with that woman?" you say, "What do you mean? I am with this goddess of love, the fulfilment of my whole life. Why are you saying this? Why do you want to throw a rock at her or punish me for being in love with her?" Our love helped us survive it but some of it was pretty violent. There were a few times when we nearly went under, but we managed to survive and here we are *(looks upward).* Thank you, thank you, thank you.

PLAYBOY: But what about the charge that John Lennon is under Yoko Ono's spell, that somehow he is under her control?

LENNON: Well that's rubbish, you know. Nobody controls me. I'm uncontrollable. The only one who controls me is me and that's just barely possible.

PLAYBOY: Still, many people believe it.

LENNON: Listen. If somebody's gonna impress me, whether it be a Maharishi or a Yoko Ono, there comes a point when the emperor has no clothes. There comes a point where I will see. So for all you folks out there who think that I'm having the wool pulled over my eyes, well that's an insult to me. Not that you think less of Yoko, because that's *your* problem. What I think of her is what counts! Because — f . . . you brother and sister — you don't know what's happening. I'm not here for you. I'm here for me and the baby!

> *"Let them chase Wings. Just forget about me. If that's what you want, go after Paul or Mick . . . Go play with the other boys, with the Rolling Wings."*

ONO: It's a total insult to *me*—

LENNON: Well, you're always insulted my dear wife. It's natural—

ONO: Why should I control anybody?

LENNON: She doesn't need me.

ONO: I have my own life, you know.

LENNON: She doesn't need a Beatle. Who needs a Beatle?

ONO: Do people think I'm that much of a con? John lasted two months with the Maharishi. Two months. I must be the biggest con in the world because I've been with him 13 years.

LENNON: But people do say that.

PLAYBOY: That's our point. Why?

LENNON: They want to hold on to something they never had in the first place. Anybody who claims to have some interest in me as an individual artist or even as part of the Beatles has absolutely misunderstood everything I ever said if they can't see why I'm with Yoko. And if they can't see that, they don't see anything. They're just jacking off to — it could be anybody. Mick Jagger or somebody else. Let them go jack off to Mick Jagger, okay? I don't need it.

PLAYBOY: He'll appreciate that.

LENNON: I absolutely don't need it. Let them chase Wings. Just forget about me. If that's what you want, go after Paul or Mick. I ain't here for that. If that's not apparent in my past, I'm saying it in black and green, next to all the tits and asses on page 196. Go play with the other boys. Don't bother me. Go play with the Rolling Wings.

PLAYBOY: Do you—

LENNON: No, wait a minute. Let's stay with this a second; sometimes I can't let go of it. *(He is on his feet, climbing up the refrigerator.)* Nobody ever said *anything* about Paul's having a spell on me or my having one on Paul! They never thought *that* was abnormal in those days, two guys together, or four guys together! Why didn't they ever say, "How come those guys don't split up? I mean what's going *on* backstage? *What is this Paul and John business?* How can they be together so long?" We spent more time together in the early days than John and Yoko: the four of us sleeping in the same room, practically in the same bed, in the same truck, living together night and day, eating, shitting and pissing together! All right? Doing *everything* together! Nobody said a damn thing about being under a spell. Maybe they said we were under the spell of Brian Epstein or George Martin *(the Beatles' first manager and producer respectively).* There's always somebody that has to be doing something to you.

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the Stones on being together 112 years. Whoooooopie! At least Charlie and Bill still got their families. In the '80s, they'll be asking, "Why are those guys still together? Can't they hack it on their own? Why do they have to be surrounded by a gang? Is the little leader scared somebody's gonna knife him in the back?" That's gonna be the question. That's-a-gonna be the question! They're gonna look back at the Beatles and the Stones, and all those guys are relics. The days when those bands were just all men will be on the newsreels, you know. They will be showing pictures of the guy with lipstick wriggling his ass and the four guys with the evil black make-up on their eyes trying to look raunchy. That's gonna be the joke in the future, not a couple singing together or living and working together. It's all right when you're 16, 17, 18 to have male companions and idols, okay? It's tribal and it's gang and it's fine. But when it continues and you're still doing it when you're 40, that means you're still 16 in the head.

PLAYBOY: Let's start at the beginning. Tell us the story of how the wondrous mystic prince and the exotic Oriental dragon lady met.

LENNON: It was in 1966 in England. I'd been told about this "event" — this Japanese avant garde artist coming from America.

I was looking around the gallery and I saw this ladder and climbed up and got a look in this spyglass on the top of the ladder — you feel like a fool — and it just said "Yes". Now, at the time, all the avant garde at the time was smash the piano with a hammer and break the sculpture and anti, anti, anti, anti, anti. It was all boring negative crap, you know. And just that "yes" made me stay in a gallery full of apples and nails.

There was a sign that said "Hammer a nail in" so I said, "Can I hammer a nail in?" But Yoko said "No," because the show wasn't opening until the next day. But the owner came up and whispered to her, "Let him hammer a nail in. You know, he's a millionaire. He might buy it." And so there was this little conference and finally she said, "Okay, you can hammer a nail in for five shillings." So smart ass says "Well, I'll give you an imaginary five shillings and hammer an imaginary nail in." And that's when we really met. That's when we locked eyes and she got it and I got it and, as they say in all the interviews we do, the rest is history.

PLAYBOY: What happened next?

LENNON: Of course I was a Beatle, but things had begun to change. In 1966, just before we met, I went to Elmira, Spain, to make a movie *How I Won the War.* It did me a lot of good to get away. I was there six weeks. I wrote Strawberry Fields Forever there, by the way. It gave me time to think on my own, away from the others. From then on I was looking for somewhere to go, but I didn't have the nerve to really step out on the boat by myself and push it off. But when I fell in love with Yoko, I knew, "My God, this is different from anything I've ever known. This is something other. This is more than a hit record, more than gold, more than everything. It is indescribable."

PLAYBOY: Were falling in love with Yoko and wanting to leave the Beatles connected?

LENNON: As I said, I had already begun to want to leave, but when I met Yoko is like when you meet your first woman. You leave the guys at the bar. You don't go play football any more. You don't go play snooker or billiards. Maybe some guys do it on Friday night or something, but once I found *the* woman the boys became of no interest whatsoever other than being old school friends. "Those wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine." We got married three years later in 1969. That was the end of the boys. And it just so happened that the boys were well known and weren't just local guys at the bar. Everybody got *so upset* over it. There was a lot of shit thrown at us. A lot of hateful stuff.

> *"Do you want to go back to school? Why should I go back 10 years to provide an illusion for you that I know doesn't exist. It cannot."*

ONO: Even now, I just read that Paul said "I understand that he wants to be with her, but why does he have to be with her all the time?"

LENNON: Yoko, do you still have to carry that cross? That was years ago.

ONO: No, no, no. He said it recently. I mean, what happened with John is like I sort of went to bed with this guy that I liked and suddenly the next morning I see these three in-laws standing there.

LENNON: I've always thought there was this underlying thing in Paul's Get Back. When we were in the studio recording it, every time he sang the line "Get back to where you once belonged" he'd look at Yoko.

PLAYBOY: Are you kidding?

LENNON: No. But maybe he'll say I'm paranoid.

(The next portion of the interview took place with Lennon alone.)

PLAYBOY: This may be the time to talk about those in-laws. John, you've been asked this a thousand times, but why is it so unthinkable that the Beatles might get back together to make some music?

LENNON: Do you want to go back to high school? Why should I go back 10 years to provide an illusion for you that I know does not exist? It cannot exist.

PLAYBOY: Then forget the illusion. What about just to make some great music again? Do you acknowledge that the Beatles made great music?

LENNON: Why should the Beatles give more? Didn't they give everything on God's earth for 10 years? Didn't they give *themselves?* You're like the typical sort of love-hate fan who says: "Thank you for everything you did for us in the '60s — would you just give me another shot? Just one more miracle?"

PLAYBOY: We're not talking about miracles — just good music.

LENNON: When Rodgers worked with Hart and then worked with Hammerstein, do you think he would have stayed with one instead of working with the other? Should Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have stayed together because *I* used to like them together? What is this game of doing things because other people want it? The whole Beatle idea was to do what *you* want, right? To take your own responsibility?

PLAYBOY: All right, but get back to the music itself. You don't agree that the Beatles created the best rock and roll that's been produced?

LENNON: I don't. The Beatles, you see — I'm too involved in them artistically. I cannot see them objectively. I cannot listen to them objectively. I'm dissatisfied with every record the Beatles ever f . . . ing made. There ain't *one* of them I wouldn't remake — including all the Beatles records and all my individual ones. So I cannot possibly give you an assessment of what the Beatles are.

When I was a Beatle I thought we were the best f . . . ing group in the goddamned world. And believing that is what made us what we were. Whether we call it the best rock and roll group or the best pop group or whatever.

But you play me those tracks today, and I want to remake every damn one of them. There's not a single one . . . I heard Lucy In The Sky with Diamonds on the radio last night. It's *abysmal,* you know. The track is just *terrible,* I mean, it's great, but it wasn't made right, know what I mean? But that's the artistic trip, isn't it? That's why you keep going. But to get back to your original question about the Beatles and their music, the answer is that we did some good stuff and we did some bad stuff.

PLAYBOY: Many people feel that none of the songs Paul has done alone matches the songs he did as a Beatle. Do you honestly feel that any of your songs — on the Plastic Ono Band records — will have the lasting imprint of Eleanor Rigby or Strawberry Fields?

LENNON: Imagine, Love, and those Plastic Ono Band songs stand up to *any* song that was written when I was a Beatle. Now, it may take you 20 or 30 years to appreciate that, but the fact is if you check those songs out you will see that it is as good as any f . . . ing stuff that was ever done.

PLAYBOY: It seems as if you're trying to say to the world: "We were just a good band making some good music," while a lot of the rest of the world is saying: "It wasn't just some good music, it was the *best.*"

LENNON: Well, if it was the best, so what?

PLAYBOY: So!

LENNON: *It can never be again!* Everyone always talks about a good thing coming to an end, as if life was over. But I'll be 40 when this interview comes out. Paul is 38. Elton John, Bob Dylan — we're all relatively young people. The game isn't over yet. Everyone talks in terms of the last record, or the last Beatle concert — but, God willing, there are another 40 years of productivity to go. I'm not judging whether I Am The Walrus is better or worse than Imagine. It is for others to judge. I am doing it. I do. I don't stand back and judge — I do.

PLAYBOY: You keep saying you don't want to go back 10 years, that too much has changed. Don't you ever feel it would be interesting — never mind cosmic, just *interesting* — to get together, with all your new experiences, and cross your talents?

LENNON: Wouldn't it be interesting to take Elvis back to his Sun Records period? I don't know. But I'm content to listen to his Sun records. I don't want to dig him out of the grave. The Beatles don't exist and can never exist again. John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Richard Starkey could put on a concert — but it can never be the Beatles singing Strawberry Fields or I Am The Walrus again, because we are not in our 20s. We cannot be that again, nor can the people who are listening.

PLAYBOY: But aren't you the one who is making it too important? What if it were just nostalgic fun? A high school reunion?

LENNON: I never went to high school reunions. My thing is, out of sight, out of mind. That's my attitude toward life. So I don't have any romanticism about any part of my past. I think of it only inasmuch as it gave me pleasure, or helped me grow psychologically. That is the only thing that interests me about yesterday. I don't believe in yesterday, by the way. You know *I don't believe in yesterday.* I am interested in what I am doing now.

PLAYBOY: What about the people of your generation, the ones who feel a certain kind of music — and spirit — died when the Beatles broke up?

LENNON: If they didn't understand the Beatles and the '60s then, what the f . . . could we do for them now? Do we have to divide the fish and the loaves for the multitudes again? Do we have to get crucified again? Do we have to do the walking on water again because a whole pile of dummies didn't see it the first time, or didn't believe it when they saw it? You know, that's what they're asking: "Get off the cross. I didn't understand the first bit yet. Can you do that again?" No way. You can never go home. It doesn't exist.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that the clamor for a Beatles reunion has died down?

LENNON: Well, I heard some Beatles stuff on the radio the other day and I heard Green Onion — No, Glass Onion, I don't even know my own songs! I listened to it because it was a rare track—

PLAYBOY: That was the one that contributed to the "Paul McCartney is dead" uproar because of the lyric "The Walrus is Paul."

LENNON: Yeah. That line was a joke, you know. That line was put in partly because I was feeling guilty because I was with Yoko, and I knew I was finally high and dry. In a perverse way, I was sort of saying to Paul: "Here, have this crumb, have this illusion, have this stroke — because I'm leaving you." Anyway, it's a song they don't usually play. When a radio station has a Beatles Weekend they usually play the same 10 songs — A Hard Day's Night, Help, Yesterday, Something, Let It Be — you know, there's all that wealth of material, but we only hear 10 songs. So the deejay says: "I want to thank John, Paul, George and Ringo for *not* getting back together and spoiling a good thing." I thought it was a good sign. Maybe people are catching on.

> *"In a perverse way I was sort of saying to Paul: 'Here, have this crumb, have this illusion, have this stroke — because I'm leaving you'."*

PLAYBOY: Aside from the millions you've been offered for a reunion concert, how did you feel about producer Lorne Michaels' generous offer of $3200 for appearing together on the *Saturday Night Live* TV show a few years ago?

LENNON: Oh, yeah. Paul and I were together watching that show. He was visiting us at our place in the Dakota. *(The apartment block in New York in which Lennon and Ono live — they own nine other apartments in the block as well.)* We were watching it and almost went down to the studio, just as a gag. We nearly got into a cab, but we were actually too tired.

PLAYBOY: How did you and Paul happen to be watching TV together?

LENNON: That was a period when Paul just kept turning up at our door with a guitar. I would let him in, but finally I said to him: "Please call before you come over. It's not 1956, and turning up at the door isn't the same any more. You know, just give me a ring." He was upset by that, but I didn't mean it badly. I just meant that I was taking care of a baby all day, and some guy turns up at the door . . . But anyway, back on that night he and Linda walked in and he and I were just sitting there watching the show, and we went: "Ha ha, wouldn't it be funny if we went down," but we didn't.

PLAYBOY: Was that the last time you saw Paul?

LENNON: Yes, but I didn't mean it like that.

PLAYBOY: We're asking because there's always a lot of speculation about whether the Fab Four are dreaded enemies or the best of friends.

LENNON: We're neither. I haven't seen *any* of the Beatles for I don't know how long. Somebody asked me what I thought of Paul's last album and I made some remark like I thought he was depressed and sad. But then I realised I hadn't listened to the whole damn thing. I heard one track — the hit, Coming Up, which I thought was a good piece of work. Then I heard something else that sounded like he was depressed. But I don't follow their work. I don't follow Wings, you know. I don't give a shit what Wings is doing, or what George's new album is doing, or what Ringo is doing. I'm not interested, no more than I am in what Elton John or Bob Dylan is doing. It's not callousness. It's just that I'm too busy living my own life to be following what other people are doing, whether they're the Beatles or guys I went to college with or people I had intense relationships with before I met the Beatles.

PLAYBOY: Besides Coming Up, what do you think of Paul's work since he left the Beatles?

LENNON: I kind of admire the way Paul started back, from scratch, forming a new band and playing in small dance halls, because that's what he wanted to do with the Beatles — he wanted us to go back to the dance halls and experience that again. But I didn't . . . That was one of the problems, in a way, that he wanted to relive it all or something — I don't know what it was . . . But I kind of admire the way he got off his pedestal — now he's back on it again, but I mean, he did what he wanted to do. That's fine, but it's just not what I wanted to do.

PLAYBOY: What about the music?

LENNON: The Long And Winding Road was the last gasp from him. Although I really haven't listened.

PLAYBOY: You say you haven't listened to Paul's work and haven't really talked to him since that night in your apartment—

LENNON: *Really* talked to him, no, that's the operative word. I haven't *really* talked to him in 10 years. Because I haven't spent time with him. I've been doing other things and so has he. You know, he's got 25 kids and about 20 million records out — how can he spend time talking? He's always working.

PLAYBOY: Then let's talk about the work you did together. Generally speaking, what did each of you contribute to the Lennon-McCartney songwriting team?

LENNON: Well, you could say that he provided a lightness, an optimism, while I would always go for the sadness, the discords, a certain bluesy edge. There was a period when I thought I didn't write melodies, that Paul wrote those and I just wrote straight, shouting rock and roll. But of course, when I think of some of my own songs — In My Life — or some of the early stuff — This Boy — I was writing melody with the best of them. Paul had a lot of training; could play a lot of instruments. He'd say: "Well, why don't you change that there? You've done that note 50 times in the song." You know, I'll grab a note and ram it home. Then again I'd be the one to figure out where to go with a song — a story that Paul would start. In a lot of the songs, my stuff is the "middle eight", the bridge.

PLAYBOY: For example?

LENNON: Take Michelle. Paul and I were staying somewhere, and he walked in and hummed the first few bars, with the words, you know *(sings verse of Michelle)* and he says, "Where do I go from here?" I'd been listening to blues singer Nina Simone, who did something like "I love YOU!" in one of her songs and that made me think of the middle eight for Michelle *(sings):* "I *love* you, I *love* you, I *l-o-o-v-e* you . . ."

PLAYBOY: What was the difference in terms of lyrics?

LENNON: I always had an easier time with lyrics, though Paul is quite a capable lyricist who doesn't think he is. So he doesn't go for it. Rather than face the problem, he would avoid it. Hey Jude is a damn good set of lyrics. I made no contribution to the lyrics there. And a couple of lines he has come up with show indications of a good lyricist. But he just hasn't taken it anywhere. Still, in the early days, we didn't care about lyrics as long as the song had some vague theme — she loves you, he loves him, they all love each other. It was the hook, line and sound we were going for. That's still my attitude, but I can't leave lyrics alone. I have to make them make sense apart from the songs.

PLAYBOY: What's an example of a lyric you and Paul worked on together?

LENNON: In We Can Work It Out, Paul

The ayes have it, for Gordon's gin.

Gordon's and orange. Gordon's and soda. Gordon's and dry.
Gordon's and bitter lemon. Gordon's martini.
Gordon's and tonic. Gordon's and water. The gin preferred
internationally by more people who prefer gin.

It's got to be Gordon's.

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did the first half, I did the middle eight. But you've got Paul writing "We can work it out/We can work it out" — real optimistic, y'know, and me, impatient: "Life is very short and there's no time/For fussing and fighting my friends . . ."

PLAYBOY: Paul tells the story and John philosophises.

LENNON: Sure. Well, I was always like that, you know. I was like that before the Beatles and after the Beatles. I always asked why people did things and why society was like it was. I didn't just accept it for what it was *apparently* doing. I always looked below the surface.

PLAYBOY: When you talk about working together on a single lyric like We Can Work It Out, it suggests that you and Paul worked a lot more closely than you've admitted in the past. Haven't you said that you wrote most of your songs separately despite putting both your names on them?

LENNON: Yeah, I was lying. *(Laughs)* It was when I felt resentful so I felt that we did everything apart. But actually a lot of the songs we did eyeball to eyeball.

PLAYBOY: But many of them *were* done apart, weren't they?

LENNON: Yeah. Sergeant Pepper was Paul's idea, and I remember he worked on it a lot and suddenly called me to go into the studio, that it was time to write some songs. On Pepper, under the pressure of only 10 days, I managed to come up with Lucy in The Sky and Day in The Life. We weren't communicating enough, you see. And later on, that's why I got resentful about all that stuff. But now I understand that it was just the same competitive game going on.

PLAYBOY: But the competitive game was good for you wasn't it?

LENNON: In the early days. We'd make a record in 12 hours or something; they would want a single every three months, and we'd have to write it in a hotel room or in a van. So the co-operation was functional as well as musical.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think that co-operation, that magic between you, is something you've missed in your work since?

LENNON: I never actually felt a loss. I don't want it to sound negative, like I didn't need Paul, because when he was there, obviously, it worked. But I can't — it's easier to say what I gave to him than what he gave to me. And he'd say the same.

PLAYBOY: Just a quick aside, but while we're on the subject of lyrics and your resentment of Paul, what made you write How Do You Sleep?, which contained lyrics such as "Those freaks was right when they said you was dead" and "The only thing you done was yesterday/And since you've gone you're just another day"?

LENNON: *(Smiles)* You know, I wasn't really feeling that vicious at the time. But I was using my resentment towards Paul to create a song, let's put it that way. He saw that it pointedly refers to him, and people kept hounding him about it. But, you know, there were a few digs on his album before mine. He's so obscure other people didn't notice them, but I heard them. I thought, well, I'm not obscure, I just get right down to the nitty gritty. So he'd done it his way and I did it mine. But as to the line you quoted, yeah, I think Paul died creatively in a way.

PLAYBOY: That's what we were getting at: you say that what *you've* done since the Beatles stands up just as well, but isn't it possible that, with all of you, it's been a case of the creative whole being greater than the parts?

LENNON: I don't know whether this will gel for you: when the Beatles played in America for the first time they played pure craftsmanship. Meaning they were already old hands. The jism had gone out of the performances a long time ago. In the same respect, the songwriting creativity had left Paul and me in the mid-'60s. When we wrote together in the early days it was like the beginning of a relationship. Lots of energy. In the Sgt Pepper-Abbey Road period the relationship had matured. Maybe had we gone on together, more interesting things would have come, but it couldn't have been the same.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on to Ringo. What's your opinion of him musically?

LENNON: Ringo was a star in his own right in Liverpool before we even met. He was a professional drummer who sang and performed and had Ringo Startime and he was in one of the top groups in Britain but especially in Liverpool before we even had a drummer. So Ringo's talent would have come out one way or the other as something or other. I don't know what he would have ended up as. But whatever that spark is in Ringo that we all know but can't put our finger on — whether it is acting, drumming or singing I don't know — there is something in him that is projectable and he would have surfaced with or without the Beatles. Ringo is a damn good drummer. He is not technically good, but I think Ringo's drumming is underrated the same way Paul's bass playing is underrated. Paul was one of the most innovative bass players ever. And half the stuff that is going on now is directly ripped off from his Beatles period. He is an egomaniac about everything else about himself but his bass playing he was always a bit coy about. I think Paul and Ringo stand up with any of the rock musicians. Not technically great — none of us are technical musicians. None of us could read music. None of us can write it. But as pure musicians, as inspired humans to make the noise, they are as good as anybody.

PLAYBOY: How about George's solo music?

LENNON: I think All Things Must Pass was all right. It just went on too long.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about the lawsuit George lost that claimed the music to My Sweet Lord is a rip-off of the Shirelles' hit He's So Fine?

LENNON: Well, he walked right into it. He knew what he was doing.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying he consciously plagiarized the song?

LENNON: He must have known, you know. He's smarter than that. It's irrelevant, actually — only on a monetary level does it matter. My Sweet Lord is a nice piece of work. He could have changed a couple of bars in that song and nobody could ever have touched him but he just let it go and paid the price. Maybe he thought God would just sort of let him off. *(At press time, the court has found Harrison guilty of "subconscious" plagiarism but has not yet ruled on damages.)*

PLAYBOY: You actually haven't mentioned George much in this interview.

LENNON: Well, I was hurt by George's book, *I, Me, Mine* — so this message will go to him. He put a book out privately on his life that, by glaring omission, says that my influence on his life is absolutely zilch and nil. In his book, which is purportedly this clarity of vision of his influence on each song he wrote, he remembers every two-bit sax player or guitarist he met in subsequent years. I'm not in the book.

PLAYBOY: Why?

LENNON: Because George's relationship with me was one of young follower and older guy. He's three or four years younger than me. It's a love-hate relationship and I think George still bears resentment toward me for being a daddy who left home. He would not agree with this but that's my feeling about it. I was just hurt. I was just left out as if I didn't exist. I don't want to be that egomaniacal, but he was like a disciple of mine when we started. I was already an art student when Paul and George were still in grammar school. There is a vast difference between being in high school and being in college and I was already in college and already had sexual relationships, already drank and did a lot of things like that. When George was a kid he used to follow me and my first girlfriend, Cynthia — who became my wife — around. We'd come out of art school and he'd be hovering around like those kids at the gate of the Dakota now.

> *"I am resentful of George's book. But don't get me wrong. I still love those guys. The Beatles are over but John, Paul George and Ringo go on."*

I remember the day he called to ask for help on Taxman, one of his bigger songs. I threw in a few one-liners to help the song along because that's what he asked for. He came to me because he couldn't go to Paul because Paul wouldn't have helped him at that period. I didn't want to do it. I thought, oh no, don't tell me I have to work on George's stuff. It's enough doing my own and Paul's. But because I loved him and I didn't want to hurt him when he called me that afternoon and said: "Will you help me with this song?" I just sort of bit my tongue and said okay. It had been John and Paul so long, he'd been left out because he hadn't been a songwriter up until then. As a singer, we allowed him only one track on each album. If you listen to the Beatles' first albums, the English versions, he gets a single track. The songs he and Ringo sang at first were the songs that used to be part of my repertoire in the dance halls. I used to pick songs for them from my repertoire — the easier ones to sing. So I am slightly resentful of George's book. But don't get me wrong. I still love those guys. The Beatles are over but John, Paul, George and Ringo go on.

PLAYBOY: Didn't all four Beatles work together on a song that you wrote for Ringo in 1973?

LENNON: I'm the Greatest. It was the Muhammad Ali line, of course. It was perfect for Ringo to sing. If I said "I'm the greatest" they'd all take it so seriously. No one would get upset with Ringo singing it.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy playing with George and Ringo again?

LENNON: Yeah, except when George and Billy Preston started saying: "Let's form a group. Let's form a group." I was embarrassed when George kept asking me. He was just enjoying the session and the spirit was very good but I was with Yoko, you know. We took time out from what we were doing. The very fact that they would imagine I would form a male group without Yoko! It was still in their minds . . .

PLAYBOY: Just to finish your favorite subject, what about the suggestions that the four of you put aside your personal feelings and regroup to give a mammoth concert for charity, some sort of giant benefit?

LENNON: I don't want to have anything to do with benefits. I have been benefited to death.

PLAYBOY: Why?

LENNON: Because they're always ripoffs. I haven't performed for personal gain since 1966, when the Beatles last performed. Every concert since then, Yoko and I did for specific charities except for a Toronto thing that was a rock and roll revival. Every one of them was a mess or a ripoff. So now we give money to who we want. You've heard of tithing?

PLAYBOY: That's when you give away a fixed percentage of your income.

LENNON: Right. I am just going to do it privately. I am not going to get locked into that business of saving the world on stage. The show is always a mess and the artist always comes off badly.

PLAYBOY: What about the Bangladesh,

How could they fit all that* into this beautiful handful?

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concert in which George and other people such as Dylan performed?

LENNON: Bangladesh was caca.

PLAYBOY: You mean because of all the questions that were raised about where the money went?

LENNON: Yeah, right. I can't even talk about it because it's still a problem. You'll have to check with Mother (Yoko) because she knows the ins and outs of it. I don't. It's all a ripoff. So forget about it. All of you who are reading this, don't bother sending me all that garbage about, "Just come and save the Indians, come and save the Blacks, come and save the war veterans." Anybody I want to save will be helped through our tithing, which is 10 percent of whatever we earn.

PLAYBOY: But that doesn't compare to what one promoter, Sid Bernstein, said you could raise by giving a worldwide televised concert — playing separately as individuals or together as the Beatles. He estimated you could raise over $200 million in one day.

LENNON: That was a commercial for Sid Bernstein written with Jewish schmalz and showbiz and tears, dropping on one knee. It was Al Jolson. Okay. So I don't buy that.

PLAYBOY: But the fact is, $200 million to a poverty-stricken country in South America.

LENNON: Where do people get off saying the Beatles should give $200 million to South America? You know, America has poured billions into places like that. It doesn't mean a damn thing. After they've eaten that meal, then what? It only lasts for a day. After the $200 million is gone, then what? It goes round and round in circles. You can pour money in forever. After Peru, then Harlem, then Britain. There is no one concert. We would have to dedicate the rest of our lives to one world concert tour, and I'm not ready for it. Not in this lifetime, anyway.

(Yoko Ono rejoins the conversation).

PLAYBOY: On the subject of your own wealth, the *New York Post* recently said you admitted to being worth over $150 million and—

LENNON: We never admitted anything.

PLAYBOY: The *Post* said you had.

LENNON: What the *Post* says . . . okay, so we are rich, so what?

PLAYBOY: The question is, how does that jibe with your political philosophies? You're supposed to be socialists, aren't you?

LENNON: In England there are only two things to be, basically: you are either for the labor movement or for the capitalist movement. Either you become a right-wing Archie Bunker if you are in the class I am in, or you become an instinctive socialist, which I was. That meant I think people should get their false teeth and their health looked after, all the rest of it. But apart from that, I worked for money and I wanted to be rich. So what the hell. If that's a paradox, then I'm a socialist. But I am not *anything.* What I used to be is guilty about money. That's why I lost it, either by giving it away or allowing myself to be screwed by so-called managers.

PLAYBOY: Whatever your politics, you've played the capitalist game very well, parlaying your Beatles royalties into real estate, livestock—

ONO: There is no denying that we are still living in the capitalist world. I think that, in order to survive and to change the world, you have to take care of yourself first. You have to survive yourself. I used to say to myself, I am the only socialist living here. *(Laughs).* I don't have a penny. It is all John's, so I'm clean. But I was using his money and I had to face that hypocrisy. I used to think that money was obscene, that the artists didn't have to think about money. But to change society there are two ways to go: through violence or the power of money within the system. A lot of people in the '60s went underground and were involved in bombings and other violence. But that is not the way, definitely not for me. So to change the system you need money.

> *"I love chess. I do everything like a chess game. Not on a Monopoly level — that's a bit more realistic. Chess is more conceptual."*

PLAYBOY: To what extent do you play the game without getting caught up in it — money for the sake of money?

ONO: There is a limit. It would probably be parallel to our level of security. Do you know what I mean? I mean the emotional security level too.

PLAYBOY: Has it reached that level?

ONO: No, not yet. I don't know. It might have.

PLAYBOY: You mean with $150 million? Is that an accurate estimate?

ONO: I don't know what we have. It becomes so complex that you need to have 10 accountants working for two years to find out what you have. But we feel more comfortable now.

PLAYBOY: How have you chosen to invest your money?

ONO: To make money, you have to spend money. But if you are going to make money, you have to make it with love. I love Egyptian art. I make sure to get all the Egyptian things, not for their value but for their magic power. Each piece has a certain magic power. Also with houses. I just buy ones we love, not the ones that people say are good investments.

PLAYBOY: The papers have made it sound like you are buying up the east coast of the US.

ONO: If you saw the houses, you would understand. They have become a good investment, but they are not an investment unless you sell them. We don't intend to sell. Each house is like an historic landmark and they're very beautiful.

PLAYBOY: Do you actually use all the properties?

ONO: Most people have the park to go to and run in — the park is a huge place — but John and I were never able to go to the park together. So we have to create our own parks.

PLAYBOY: We heard that you own $60 million worth of dairy cows. Could that be true?

ONO: I don't know. I'm not a calculator. I'm not going by figures. I'm going by excellence of things.

LENNON: Sean and I were away for a weekend and Yoko came over to sell this cow and I was joking about it. We hadn't seen her for days, she spent all her time on it. But then I read the paper that said she sold it for a quarter of a million dollars. Only Yoko could sell a cow for that much. *(Laughter).*

PLAYBOY: For an artist, your business sense seems remarkable.

ONO: I was doing it just as a chess game. I love chess. I do everything like it's a chess game. Not on a Monopoly level — that's a bit more realistic. Chess is more conceptual.

PLAYBOY: John, do you really need all those houses around the country?

LENNON: They're good business.

PLAYBOY: Why does anyone need $150 million? Couldn't you be perfectly content with $100 million? Or $1 million?

LENNON: What would you suggest I do? Give everything away and walk the streets?

The Buddhist says "Get rid of the possessions of the mind". Walking away from all the money would not accomplish that. It's like the Beatles. I couldn't walk away from the Beatles. That's one possession that's still tagging along, right? If I walk away from one house or 400 houses, I'm not gonna escape it.

PLAYBOY: How *do* you escape it?

LENNON: It takes time to get rid of all this garbage that I've been carrying around that was influencing the way I thought and the way I lived. It had a lot to do with Yoko showing me that I was still possessed. I left physically when I fell in love with Yoko, but mentally it took the last 10 years of struggling. I learned everything from her.

PLAYBOY: You make it sound like a teacher-pupil relationship.

LENNON: It *is* a teacher-pupil relationship. That's what people don't understand. She's the teacher and I'm the pupil. I'm the famous one, the one who's supposed to know everything, but she's my teacher. She's taught me everything I f . . . ing know. She was there when I was nowhere, when I was the nowhere man. She's my Don Juan *(a reference to Carlos Castaneda's Yaqui Indian teacher).* That's what people don't understand. I'm married to f . . . ing Don Juan, that's the hardship of it. Don Juan doesn't have to laugh; Don Juan doesn't have to be charming; Don Juan just *is.* And what goes on around Don Juan is irrelevant to Don Juan.

PLAYBOY: Yoko, how do you feel about being John's teacher?

ONO: Well, he had a lot of experience before he met me, the kind of experience I never had, so I learned a lot from him, too. It's both ways. Maybe it's that I have strength, a feminine strength. Because women develop it — in a relationship I think women really have the inner wisdom and they're carrying that while men have sort of the wisdom to cope with society, since they created it. Men never developed the inner wisdom; they didn't have time. So most men do rely on women's inner wisdom, whether they express that or not.

PLAYBOY: Is Yoko John's guru?

LENNON: No, a Don Juan doesn't have a following. A Don Juan isn't in the newspaper and doesn't have disciples and doesn't need anything and doesn't proselytize.

PLAYBOY: How has she taught you?

LENNON: When Don Juan said — when Don Ono said "Get out! because you're not getting it," well it was like being sent into the desert. And the reason she wouldn't let me back in was because I wasn't ready to come back in. I had to settle things within myself. When I was ready to come back in, she let me back in. And that's what I'm living with.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about your separation.

LENNON: Yes. We were separated in the early '70s. She kicked me out. Suddenly I was on a raft alone in the middle of the universe.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

LENNON: Well, at first, I thought Whoopee, whoopee! You know, bachelor life! Whoopee! And then I woke up one day and I thought, what is this? I want to go home! But she wouldn't let me come home. That's why it was 18 months apart instead of six months. We were talking all the time on the phone and I would say, "I don't like this, I'm getting in trouble and I'd like to come home, please." And she would say, "You're not ready to come home." So what do you say? Okay, back to the bottle.

PLAYBOY: What did she mean, you weren't ready?

LENNON: She has her ways. Whether they be mystical or practical. When she said it's not ready, it ain't ready.

PLAYBOY: Back to the bottle?

LENNON: I was just trying to hide what I felt in the bottle. I was just insane. It was the lost weekend that lasted 18 months. I've never drunk so much in my life. I tried to drown myself in the bottle and I was with the heaviest drinkers in the business.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

LENNON: Such as Harry Nilsson, Bobby Keyes, Keith Moon. We couldn't pull ourselves out. We were trying to kill ourselves. I think Harry might still be trying, poor bugger — God bless you Harry, wherever you are — but Jesus, you know, I had to get away from that because somebody was going to die. Well Keith did. It was like who's going to die first. Unfortunately Keith was the one.

> *"Rather than deal with problems in a relationship, I've always moved on. That's why I'm one of the very few survivors as a woman."*

PLAYBOY: Why the self destruction?

LENNON: For me, it was because of being apart. I couldn't stand it. They had their own reasons and it was: "Let's all drown ourselves together." From where I was sitting it looked like that. Let's kill ourselves but do it like Errol Flynn, you know, the macho, male way. It's embarrassing for me to think about that period because I made a big fool of myself — but maybe it was a good lesson for me.

I wrote Nobody Loves You When You're Down And Out during that time. That's how I felt. It exactly expresses the whole period. For some reason I always imagined Sinatra singing that one. I don't know why. It's kind of a Sinatraesque song, really. He would do a perfect job with it. Are you listening Frank? You need a song that isn't a piece of nothing. Here's the one for you, the horn arrangement and everything's made for you. Don't ask me to produce it.

PLAYBOY: That must have been the time the papers came out with reports about Lennon running around town with a Tampax on his head.

LENNON: The stories were all so exaggerated, but . . . We were all in a restaurant drinking, not eating, as usual at those gatherings, and I happened to go take a pee and there was a brand new, fresh Kotex, not Tampax, on the toilet. You know the old trick where you put a penny on your forehead and it sticks? I was a little high and I just picked it up and I slapped it on and it stayed, you see. I walked out of the bathroom and I had a Kotex on my head. Big deal. Everybody went "ha ha ha" and it fell off, but the press blew it up.

PLAYBOY: Why *did* you kick John out Yoko?

ONO: There were many things. I'm what I call a "moving on" kind of girl; there's a song on our new album about it. Rather than deal with problems in relationships, I've always moved on. That's why I'm one of the very few survivors as a woman, you know. Women tend to be more into men usually, but I wasn't . . .

LENNON: Yoko looks upon men as assistants. Of varying degrees of intimacy, but basically assistants. And *this* one's going for a pee. *(Exits.)*

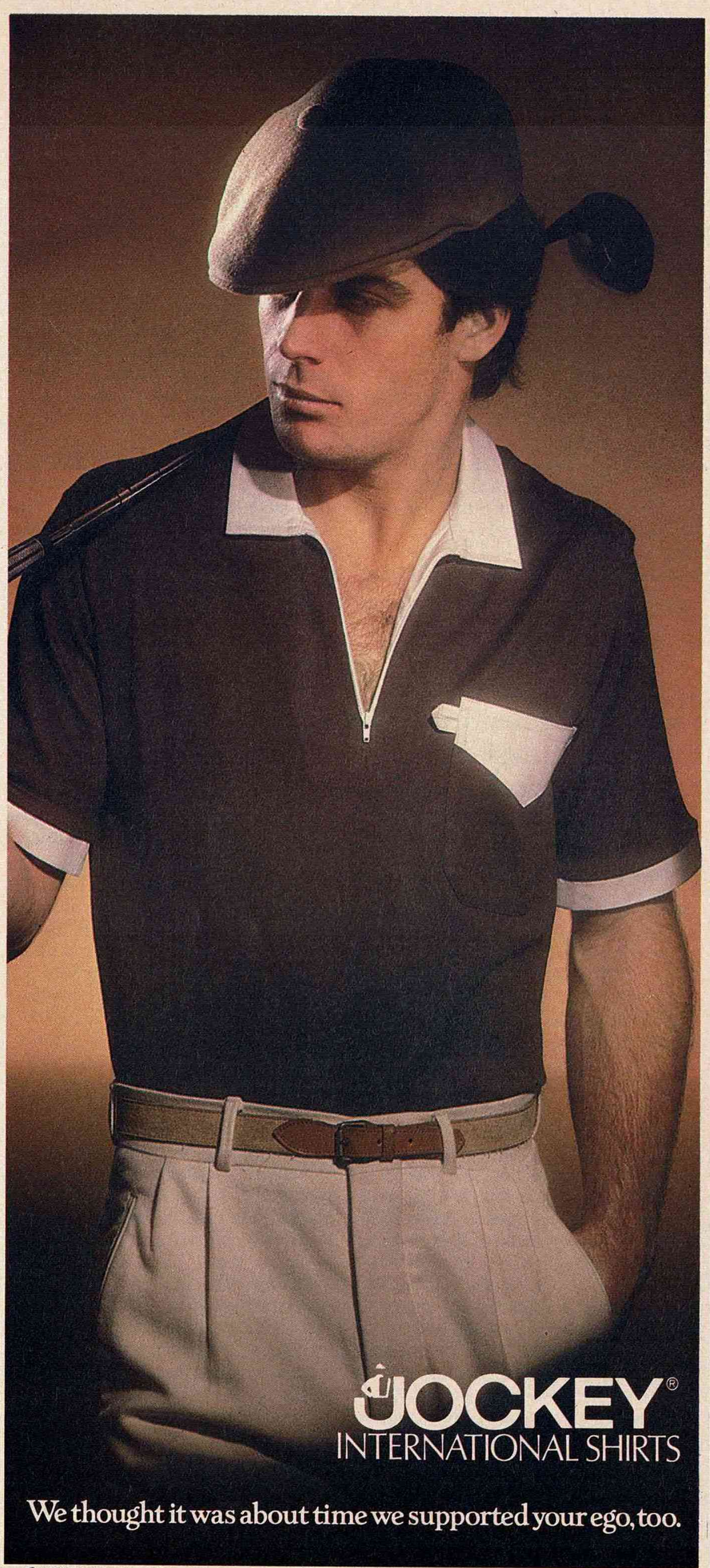
ONO: I have no comment on that. But when I met John, women to him were basically people around who were serving him. He had to open himself up and face me — and I had to see what he was going through. But . . . I thought I had to "move on" because I was suffering being with John.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ONO: The pressure from the public, being the one who broke up the Beatles and who made it impossible for them to get back together. My art work suffered, too. I thought I wanted to be free from being Mrs Lennon, so I thought it would be a good idea for him to go to Los Angeles and leave me alone for a while. I had put up with it for many years. Even early on, when John was a Beatle, we stayed in a room and John and I were in bed and the door was closed and all that but we didn't lock the door and one of the Beatle assistants just walked in and talked to him as if I weren't there at all. It was mind blowing. I was invisible. The people around John saw me as a terrible threat. I mean, I heard there were plans to *kill* me. Not the Beatles but the people around them.

PLAYBOY: How did that affect you?

ONO: The society doesn't understand that the woman can be castrated too.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I felt castrated. Before I was doing all right, thank you. My work might not have been selling much, I might have been poorer, but I had my pride. But the most humiliating thing is to be looked at like a parasite.

(Lennon rejoins the conversation)

LENNON: When Yoko and I started doing stuff together, we would hold press conferences and announce our whatevers — we're going to wear bags or whatever. And before this one press conference, one Beatle assistant in the upper echelon of Beatle assistants leaned over to Yoko and said: "You know, you don't have to work. You've got enough money, now that you're Mrs Lennon." And when she complained to me about it I couldn't understand what she was talking about. "But this guy," I'd say. "He's just good old Charlie, or whatever. He's been with us 20 years . . ." The same kind of thing happened in the studio. She would say to an engineer: "I'd like a little more treble, a little more bass" or "There's too much of whatever you're putting on," and they'd look at me and say: "What did *you* say, John?" Those days I didn't even notice it myself. Now I know what she's talking about. In Japan, when I asked for a cup of tea in Japanese, they look at Yoko and ask, "He wants a cup of tea?" in Japanese.

ONO: So a good few years of that kind of thing emasculates you. I had always been more macho than most guys I was with, in a sense. I had always been the breadwinner because I always wanted to have the freedom and the control. Suddenly I'm with somebody I can't possibly compete with on a level of earnings. Finally I couldn't take it — or I decided not to take it any longer. I would have had the same difficulty even if I hadn't gotten involved with, ah—

LENNON: John — John is the name.

ONO: With John. But John wasn't just John. He was also his group and the people around them. When I say John, it's not just John—

LENNON: That's John. J-O-H-N. From Johan, I believe.

PLAYBOY: So you made him leave?

ONO: Yes.

LENNON: She don't suffer fools gladly, even if she's married to him.

PLAYBOY: How did you finally get back together?

ONO: It slowly started to dawn on me that John was not the trouble at all. John was a fine person. It was society that had become too much. We laugh about it now, but we started dating again. I wanted to be sure. I'm thankful to John's intelligence . . .

LENNON: Now get that, editors — you got that word?

ONO: . . . that he was intelligent enough to know this was the only way that we could save our marriage, not because we don't love each other but because it was getting too much for me. Nothing would have changed if I had come back as Mrs Lennon again.

PLAYBOY: What did change?

ONO: It was good for me to do the business and regain my pride about what I could do. And it was good to know what he needed, the role reversal that was so good for him.

LENNON: And we learned that it's better for the family if we are both working for the family, she doing the business and me playing mother and wife. We reordered our priorities. The number-one priority is her and the family. Everything else revolves around that.

ONO: It's a hard realisation. These days the society prefers single people. The encouragements are to divorce or separate or be single or gay — whatever. Corporations want singles — they work harder if they don't have family ties. They don't have to worry about being home in the evenings or on the weekends. There's not much room for emotions about family or personal relationships. You know, the whole thing they say to women approaching 30 that if you don't have a baby in the next few years you're going to be in trouble, you'll never be a mother, so you'll never be fulfilled in that way and —

LENNON: Only Yoko was 73 when she had Sean *(laughter)*.

ONO: So instead of the society discouraging children, since they are important for society, it should encourage them. It's the responsibility of everybody. But it is hard. A woman has to deny what she has, her womb, if she wants to make it. It seems that only the privileged classes can have families. Nowadays maybe it's only the McCartneys and the Lennons or something.

LENNON: Everybody else becomes a worker-consumer.

ONO: And then Big Brother will decide — I hate to use the term Big Brother.

LENNON: Too late. They've got it on tape — *(laughs)*.

ONO: But finally the society —

LENNON: Big Sister — wait till *she* comes!

ONO: The society will do away with the roles of men and women. Babies will be born in test tubes, incubators . . .

LENNON: Then it's Aldous Huxley.

ONO: But we don't have to go that way We don't have to deny any of our organs, you know.

LENNON: Some of my best friends are organs.

ONO: The new album . . .

LENNON: Back to the album, good.

ONO: The album fights these things. The messages are sort of old fashioned — family, relationships, children.

PLAYBOY: The album obviously reflects your new priorities. How have things gone for you since you made that decision?

LENNON: We got back together, decided this was our life, that having a baby was important to us and that anything else was subsidiary to that. We worked hard for that child. We went through all hell trying to have a baby, through many miscarriages and other problems. He is what they call a love child in truth. Doctors told us we could never have a child. We almost gave up. "Well that's it, then, we can't have one . . ." We were told something was wrong with my sperm, that I had abused myself so much in my youth that there was no chance. Yoko was 43 and so they said: "No way." She has had too many miscarriages, and when she was a young girl there were no pills so there were lots of abortions and miscarriages; her stomach must be like Kew Gardens in London. No way. But this Chinese acupuncturist in San Francisco said: "You behave yourself. No drugs, eat well, no drink. You have child in 18 months." And we said: "But the English doctors said . . ." He said: "Forget what they said. You have child." We had Sean and sent the acupuncturist a Polaroid of him just before he died, God rest his soul.

> *"He doesn't differentiate between the Beatles and daddy and mommy. He thinks Yoko was a Beatle too. I don't have Beatle records on his juke box."*

PLAYBOY: Were there any problems because of Yoko's age?

LENNON: Not because of her age, but because of a screw-up in the hospital and the f . . . ing price of fame. Somebody had made a transfusion of the wrong blood type into Yoko. I was there when it happened, and she starts to go rigid, and then shake, from the pain and the trauma. I run up to this nurse and say: "Go get the doctor!" I'm holding on tight to Yoko while this guy gets to the hospital room. He walks in, hardly notices that Yoko is going through f . . . . ing *convulsions*, goes straight for me, smiles, shakes my hand and says: "I always wanted to meet you, Mr Lennon, I've always enjoyed your music." I start screaming: *"My wife's dying and you wanna talk about my music!"* Christ!

PLAYBOY: Now that Sean is almost five, is he conscious of the fact that his father was a Beatle or have you protected him from your fame?

LENNON: I haven't said anything. Beatles were never mentioned to him. There was no reason to mention it; we never played Beatle records around the house, unlike the story that went around that I was sitting in the kitchen for the past five years playing Beatle records and reliving my past like some kind of Howard Hughes. He did see "Yellow Submarine" at a friend's, so I had to explain what a cartoon of me was doing in a movie.

PLAYBOY: Does he have an awareness of the Beatles?

LENNON: He doesn't differentiate between the Beatles and daddy and mommy. He thinks Yoko was a Beatle too. I don't have Beatle records on the juke box he listens to. He's more exposed to early rock and roll. He's into Hound Dog. He thinks it's about hunting. Sean's not going to public school, by the way. We feel he can learn the three Rs when he wants to—or when the law says he has to, I suppose. I'm not going to fight it. Otherwise, there's no reason for him to be learning to sit still. I can't see any reason for it. Sean now has plenty of child companionship which everybody says is important, but he also is with adults a lot. He's adjusted to both.

The reason why kids are crazy is because nobody can face the responsibility of bringing them up. Everybody's too scared to deal with children all the time so we reject them and send them away and torture them. The ones who survive are the conformists — their bodies are cut to the size of the suits — the ones we label good. The ones who don't fit the suits are either put in mental homes or become artists.

PLAYBOY: Your son, Julian, from your first marriage must be in his teens. Have you seen him over the years?

LENNON: Well, Cyn *(Cynthia is John's ex-wife)* got possession, or whatever you call it. I got rights to see him on his holidays and all that business and, at least there's an open line still going. It's not the best relationship between father and son, but it is there. He's 17 now. Julian and I will have a relationship in the future. Over the years, he's been able to see through the Beatle image and to see through the image that his mother will have given him, subconsciously or consciously. He's interested in girls and autobikes now. I'm just sort of a figure in the sky, but he's obliged to communicate with me, even when he probably doesn't want to.

PLAYBOY: You're being very honest

about your feelings toward him to the point of saying that Sean is your first child. Are you concerned about hurting him?

LENNON: I'm not going to lie to Julian. 90 percent of the people on this planet, especially in the West, were born out of a bottle of whisky on a Saturday night, and there was no intent to have children. So 90 percent of us — that includes everybody — were accidents. I don't know anybody who was a planned child. All of us were Saturday-night specials. Julian is in the majority, along with me and everybody else. Sean is a planned child, and therein lies the difference. I don't love Julian any less as a child. He's still my son, whether he came from a bottle of whisky or because they didn't have pills in those days. He's here, he belongs to me and he always will.

PLAYBOY: Yoko, your relationship with your daughter has been much rockier.

ONO: I lost Kyoko when she was about five. I was sort of an offbeat mother, but we have very good communication. I wasn't particularly taking care of her, but she was always with me — onstage or at gallery shows, whatever. When she was not even a year old, I took her onstage as an instrument — an uncontrollable instrument, you know. My communication with her was on the level of sharing conversation and doing things. She was closer to my ex-husband because of that.

PLAYBOY: What happened when she was five?

ONO: John and I got together and I separated from my ex-husband *(Tony Cox)*. He took Kyoko away. It became a case of parent kidnapping and we tried to get her back.

LENNON: It was a classic case of men being *macho*. It turned into me and Allen Klein trying to dominate Tony Cox. Tony's attitude was, "You got my wife, but you won't get my child." In this battle, Yoko and the child were absolutely forgotten. I've always felt bad about it. It became a case of the shoot-out at the OK Corral: Cox fled to the hills and hid out and the sheriff and I tracked him down. First we won custody in court. Yoko didn't want to go to court, but the men, Klein and I, did it anyway.

ONO: Allen called up one day, saying I won the court case. He gave me a piece of paper. I said: "What is this piece of paper? Is this what I won? I don't have my child." I knew that taking them to court would frighten them and, of course, it did frighten them. So Tony vanished. He was very strong, thinking that the capitalists, with their money and lawyers and detectives, were pursuing him. It made him stronger.

LENNON: We chased him all over the world. God knows where he went. So if you're reading this, Tony, let's grow up about it. It's gone. We don't want to chase you anymore, because we've done enough damage.

ONO: We also had private detectives chasing Kyoko, which I thought was a bad trip, too. One guy came to report, "It was great! We almost had them. We were just behind them in a car, but they sped up and got away." I went hysterical. "What do you mean you almost *got* them? We are talking about *my child!*"

LENNON: It was like we were after an escaped convict.

PLAYBOY: Were you so persistent because you felt you would be a better parent for Kyoko than her father would be?

LENNON: Yoko got steamed into a guilt thing that if she wasn't attacking them with detectives and police and the FBI, then she wasn't a good mother looking for her baby. She kept saying: "Leave them alone, leave them alone," but they said you can't do that.

> *"We did kidnap her and went to court — the judge took her into a room and asked her which one of us she wanted to go with."*

ONO: For me, it was like they just disappeared from my life. Part of me left with them.

PLAYBOY: How old is she now?

ONO: 17, the same as John's son.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps, when she gets older, she'll seek you out.

ONO: She is totally frightened. There was a time in Spain when a lawyer and John thought that *we* should kidnap her.

LENNON: *(Sighing).* I was just going to commit hara-kiri first.

ONO: And we did kidnap her and went to court. The court did a very sensible thing — the judge took her into a room and asked her which one of us she wanted to go with. Of course, she said Tony. We had scared her to death. So now she must be afraid that if she comes to see me, she'll never see her father again.

LENNON: When she gets to be in her 20s, she'll understand that we were idiots and we *know* we were idiots. She might give us a chance.

ONO: I probably would have lost Kyoko even if it wasn't for John. If I had separated from Tony, there would have been some difficulty.

LENNON: I'll just *half*-kill myself.

ONO: *(To John).* Part of the reason things got so bad was because with Kyoko, it was you and Tony dealing. *Men.* With your son Julian, it was women — there was more understanding between me and Cyn.

PLAYBOY: Can you explain that?

ONO: For example, there was a birthday party that Kyoko had and we were both invited, but John felt very uptight about it and he didn't go. He wouldn't deal with Tony. But we were both invited to Julian's party and we both went.

LENNON: Oh, God, it's all coming out.

ONO: Or like when I was invited to Tony's place alone, I couldn't go; but when John was invited to Cyn's, he did go.

LENNON: One rule for the men, one for the women.

ONO: So it was easier for Julian, because I was allowing it to happen.

LENNON: But I've said a million Hail Marys. What the hell else can I do?

PLAYBOY: Yoko, after this experience, how do you feel about leaving Sean's rearing to John?

ONO: I am very clear about my emotions in that area. I don't feel guilty. I am doing it in my own way. It may not be the same as other mothers, but I'm doing it the way I can do it. In general, mothers have a very strong resentment toward their children, even though there's this whole adulation about motherhood and how mothers really think about their children and how they really love them. I mean, they do, but it is not humanly possible to retain emotion that mothers are supposed to have within this society. Women are just too stretched out in different directions to retain that emotion. Too much is required of them. So I say to John—

LENNON: I *am* her favorite husband—

ONO: "I am carrying the baby nine months and that is enough, so you take care of it afterward." It did sound like a crude remark, but I really believe that children belong to the society. If a mother carries the child and a father raises it, the responsibility is shared.

PLAYBOY: Did you resent having to take so much responsibility, John?

LENNON: Well, sometimes, you know, she'd come home and say, "I'm tired." I'd say, only partly tongue in cheek, "What the f . . . do you think *I* am? *I'm* 24 hours with the baby! Do you think that's easy?" I'd say, "You're going to take some more interest in the child." I don't care whether it's a father or a mother. When I'm going on about pimples and bones and which TV shows to let him watch, I would say: "Listen, this is important. I don't want to hear about your $20 million deal tonight!" *(To Yoko.)* I would like both parents to take care of the children, but how is a different matter.

ONO: Society should be more supportive *and* understanding.

LENNON: It's true. The saying "You've come a long way, baby" applies more to me than to her. As Harry Nilsson says: "Everything is the opposite of what it is, isn't it?" It's men who've come a long way from even contemplating the idea of equality. But, although there is this thing called the women's movement, society just took a laxative, and they've just farted. They haven't really had a good shit yet. The seed was planted sometime in the late '60s, right? But the real changes are coming. I am the one who has come a long way. I was the pig. And it's a relief not to be a pig. The pressures of being a pig were really enormous.

I don't have any hankering to be looked upon as a sex object, a male, *macho* rock and roll singer. I got over that a long time ago. I'm not even interested in projecting that. So I like it to be known that, yes, I looked after the baby and I made bread and I was a househusband and I am proud of it. It's the wave of the future and I'm glad to be in on the forefront of that.

ONO: So maybe both of us learned a lot about how men and women suffer because of the social structure. And the only way to change it is to be aware of it. It sounds simple, but important things are simple.

PLAYBOY: John, does it take actually reversing roles to understand?

LENNON: It did for this man. But don't forget, I'm the one who benefited the most from doing it. Now I can step back and say Sean is going to be five years old and I was able to spend his first five years with him and I am very proud of that. And come to think of it, it looks like I'm going to be 40 and life begins at 40 — so they promise. And I believe it, too. I feel fine and I'm very excited. It's like, you know, hitting 21, like "Wow, what's going to happen next?" Only this time we're together.

ONO: If two are gathered together, there's nothing you can't do.

PLAYBOY: What does the title of your new album, *Double Fantasy*, mean?

LENNON: It's a flower, a type of friesia, but what it means to us is that if two people picture the same image at the same time, that is the secret. You can be together but projecting two different images and either whoever's the stronger at the time will get his or her fantasy fulfilled or you will get nothing but mishmash.

PLAYBOY: You saw the news item that said you were putting your sex fantasies out as an album.

LENNON: Oh, yeah. That is like when we did the bed-in in Toronto in 1969. They all came charging through the door, thinking we were going to be screwing in bed. Of course, we were just sitting there with peace signs.

PLAYBOY: What *was* that famous bed-in all about?

LENNON: Our life is our art. That's what the bed-ins were. When we got married, we knew our honeymoon was going to be public, anyway, so we decided to use it to make a statement. We sat in bed and talked to reporters for seven days. It was hilarious. In effect, we were doing a commercial for peace on the front page of the papers instead of a commercial for war.

PLAYBOY: You stayed in bed and talked about peace?

LENNON: Yes. We answered questions. One guy kept going over the point about Hitler: "What do you do about Fascists? How can you have peace when you've got a Hitler?" Yoko said: "I would have gone to bed with him." She said she'd have needed only 10 days with him. People loved that one.

> *"Sid Vicious died for what? So that we might rock? I mean, it's garbage you know. If Neil Young admires that sentiment why doesn't he do it?"*

ONO: I said it facetiously, of course. But the point is, you're not going to change the world by fighting. Maybe I was naive about the 10 days with Hitler. After all, it took 13 years with John Lennon. *(She giggles.)*

PLAYBOY: What were the reports about your making love in a bag?

ONO: We never made love in a bag. People probably imagined that we were making love. It was just, all of us are in a bag, you know. The point was the outline of the bag, you know, the movement of the bag, how much we see of a person, you know. But, inside, there might be a lot going on. Or maybe nothing's going on.

PLAYBOY: Briefly, what about the statement on the new album?

LENNON: Very briefly, it's about very ordinary things between two people. The lyrics are direct. Simple and straight. I went through my Dylanesque period a long time ago with songs like I Am the Walrus: the trick of never saying what you mean but giving the impression of something more. Where more or less can be read into it. It's a good game.

PLAYBOY: What are your musical preferences these days?

LENNON: Well, I like all music, depending on what time of day it is. I don't like styles of music or people per se. I can't say I enjoy the Pretenders, but I like their hit record. I enjoy the B-52s, because I heard them doing Yoko. It's great.

ONO: We were doing a lot of the punk stuff a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: Lennon and Ono, the original punks.

ONO: You're right.

PLAYBOY: John, what's your opinion of the newer waves?

LENNON: I love all this punky stuff. It's pure. But I'm not crazy about the people who destroy themselves.

PLAYBOY: You disagree with Neil Young's lyric in *Rust Never Sleeps* — "It's better to burn out than fade away . . ." about Sid Vicious of the Sex Pistols?

LENNON: I hate it. It's better to fade away like an old soldier than to burn out. I don't appreciate worship of dead Sid Vicious or of dead James Dean or of dead John Wayne. It's the same thing. Making Sid Vicious a hero, Jim Morrison — it's garbage to me. I worship the people who survive. Gloria Swanson, Greta Garbo. They're saying John Wayne conquered cancer — he whipped it like a man. You know, I'm sorry that he died and all that — I'm sorry for his family — but he didn't whip cancer. It whipped him. I don't want Sean worshipping John Wayne or Sid Vicious. What do they teach you? Nothing. Death. Sid Vicious died for what? So that we might rock? I mean, it's garbage, you know. If Neil Young admires that sentiment so much, why doesn't he do it? Because he sure as hell faded away and came back many times, like all of us. No, thank you.

PLAYBOY: Do you listen to the radio?

LENNON: Muzak or classical. I don't purchase records. I do enjoy listening to things like Japanese folk music or Indian music. My tastes are very broad. When I was a housewife, I just had Muzak on — background music — 'cause it relaxes you.

PLAYBOY: Yoko?

ONO: No.

PLAYBOY: Do you buy records?

ONO: Or read the newspaper or magazines or watch TV? No.

PLAYBOY: The inevitable question, John. Do you listen to your records?

LENNON: *Least* of all my own.

PLAYBOY: Even your classics?

LENNON: Are you kidding? For pleasure, I would never listen to them. When I hear them, I just think of the session — it's like an actor watching

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himself in an old movie. When I hear a song, I remember the Abbey Road studio, the session, who fought with whom, where I was sitting, banging the tambourine in the corner—

ONO: In fact, we really don't enjoy listening to other people's work much. We analyse everything we hear.

PLAYBOY: Yoko, were you a Beatles fan?

ONO: No. Now I notice the songs, of course. In a restaurant, John will point out, "Ahh, they're playing George" or something.

PLAYBOY: John, do you ever go out to hear music?

LENNON: No, I'm not interested. I'm not a fan, you see. I might like Jerry Lee Lewis singing A Whole Lot a Shakin' on the record, but I'm not interested in seeing him perform it.

PLAYBOY: Your songs are performed more than most other songwriters'. How does that feel?

LENNON: I'm always proud and pleased when people do my songs. It gives me pleasure that they even attempt them, because a lot of my songs aren't that doable. I go to restaurants and the groups always play Yesterday. I even signed a guy's violin in Spain after he played us Yesterday. He couldn't understand that I didn't write the song. But I guess he couldn't have gone from table to table playing I Am the Walrus.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to have influenced so many people?

LENNON: It wasn't really me or us. It was the times. It happened to me when I heard rock and roll in the '50s. I had no idea about doing music as a way of life until rock and roll hit me.

PLAYBOY: Do you recall what specifically hit you?

LENNON: It was Rock Around the Clock I think. I enjoyed Bill Haley, but I wasn't overwhelmed by him. It wasn't until Heartbreak Hotel that I really got into it.

ONO: I am sure there are people whose lives were affected because they heard Indian music or Mozart or Bach. More than anything, it was the time and the place when the Beatles came up. Something did happen there. It was a kind of chemical. It was as if several people gathered around a table and a ghost appeared. It was that kind of communication. So they were like mediums, in a way. It's not something you can force. It was the people, the time, their youth and enthusiasm.

PLAYBOY: For the sake of argument, we'll maintain that no other contemporary artist or group of artists moved as many people in such a profound way as the Beatles.

LENNON: *But what moved the Beatles?*

PLAYBOY: You tell us.

LENNON: All right. Whatever wind was blowing at the time moved the Beatles, too. I'm not saying we weren't flags on the top of a ship; but the whole boat was moving. Maybe the Beatles were in the crow's-nest, shouting, "Land ho," or something like that, but we were all in the same damn boat.

ONO: The Beatles themselves were a social phenomenon not that aware of what they were doing. In a way —

LENNON: *(Under his breath.)* This Beatles talk bores me to death. Turn to page 196.

ONO: As I said, they were like mediums. They weren't conscious of all they were saying, but it was coming through them.

PLAYBOY: Why?

LENNON: We tuned in to the message. That's all. I don't mean to belittle the Beatles when I say they weren't this, they weren't that. I'm just trying not to overblow their importance as separate from society. And I don't think they were more important than Glenn Miller or Woody Herman or Bessie Smith. It was our generation, that's all. It was '60s music.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to those who insist that all rock since the Beatles has been the Beatles redone?

LENNON: *All* music is rehash. There are only a few notes. Just variations on a theme. Try to tell the kids in the '70s who were screaming to the Bee Gees that their music was just the Beatles redone. There is nothing wrong with the Bee Gees. They do a damn good job. There was nothing else going on then.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't a lot of the Beatles' music at least more intelligent?

LENNON: The Beatles were more intellectual, so they appealed on that level, too. But the basic appeal of the Beatles was not their intelligence. It was their music. It was only after some guy in the London *Times* said there were Aeolian cadences in It Won't Be Long that the middle classes started listening to it — because somebody put a tag on it.

PLAYBOY: *Did* you put Aeolian cadences in It Won't Be Long?

LENNON: To this day, I don't have *any* idea what they are. They sound like exotic birds.

PLAYBOY: How did you react to the misinterpretations of your songs?

LENNON: For instance?

PLAYBOY: The most obvious is the "Paul is dead" fiasco. You already explained the line in I Am the Walrus — "I buried Paul"?

LENNON: I said "Cranberry sauce." That's all I said. Some people like ping-pong, other people like digging over graves. Some people will do anything rather than be here now.

PLAYBOY: What about the chant at the end of the song: "Smoke pot, smoke pot, everybody smoke pot"?

LENNON: No, no, no. I had this whole choir saying, "Everybody's got one, everybody's got one." But when you get 30 people, male and female, on top of 30 cellos and on top of the Beatles' rock and roll rhythm section, you can't hear what they're saying.

PLAYBOY: What *does* "everybody got"?

LENNON: Anything. You name it. One penis, one vagina, one asshole — you name it.

PLAYBOY: Did it trouble you when the interpretations of your songs were destruction, such as when Charles Manson claimed that your lyrics were messages to him?

LENNON: No. It has nothing to do with me. It's like that guy, Son of Sam, who was having these talks with the dog. Manson was just an extreme version of the people who came up with the "Paul is dead" thing or who figured out that the initials to Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds were LSD and concluded I was writing about acid.

> *"I went on holiday to Spain with Brian, which started all the rumors that he and I were having a love affair. Well it was almost a love affair."*

PLAYBOY: Where *did* Lucy in the Sky come from?

LENNON: My son Julian came in one day with a picture he painted about a school friend of his named Lucy. He had sketched in some stars in the sky and called it Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds. Simple.

PLAYBOY: The other images in the song weren't drug-inspired?

LENNON: The images were from *Alice in Wonderland.* It was Alice in the boat. She is buying an egg and it turns into Humpty Dumpty. The woman serving in the shop turns into a sheep and the next minute they are rowing in a rowing boat somewhere and I was visualising that. There was also the image of the female who would someday come save me — a "girl with kaleidoscope eyes" who would come out of the sky. It turned out to be Yoko, though I hadn't met Yoko yet. So maybe it should be Yoko in the Sky with Diamonds.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any interest in the pop historians analysing the Beatles as a cultural phenomenon?

LENNON: It's all equally irrelevant. Mine is to do and other people's is to record, I suppose. Does it matter how many drugs were in Elvis' body? I mean, Brian Epstein's sex life will make a nice *Hollywood Babylon* someday, but it is irrelevant.

PLAYBOY: What started the rumors about you and Epstein?

LENNON: I went on holiday to Spain with Brian, which started all of the rumors that he and I were having a love affair. Well, it was almost a love affair, but not quite. It was never consummated. But we did have a pretty intense relationship. And it was my first experience with someone I knew was a homosexual. He admitted it to me. We had this holiday together because Cyn was pregnant and we left her with the baby and went to Spain. Lots of funny stories, you know. We used to sit in cafes and Brian would look at all the boys and I would ask: "Do you like that one? Do you like this one?" It was just the combination of our closeness and the trip that started the rumors.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting to hear you talk about your old songs such as Lucy in the Sky and Glass Onion. Will you give some brief thoughts on some of your favorites?

LENNON: Right.

PLAYBOY: Let's start with In My Life.

LENNON: It was the first song I wrote that was consciously about my life. *(Sings.)* "There are places I'll remember/all my life though some have changed . . ." Before, we were just writing songs a la Everly Brothers. Buddy Holly — pop songs with no more thought to them than that. The words were almost irrelevant. In My Life started out as a bus journey from my house at 250 Menlove Avenue to town, mentioning all the places I could recall. I wrote it all down and it was *boring.* So I forgot about it and laid back and these lyrics started coming to me about friends and lovers of the past. Paul helped with the middle eight.

PLAYBOY: Yesterday.

LENNON: Well, we all know about Yesterday. I have had *so* much accolade for Yesterday. That is Paul's song, of course, and Paul's baby. Well done. Beautiful — and I never wished I had written it.

PLAYBOY: With a Little Help from My Friends.

LENNON: This is Paul, with a little help from me. "What do you see when you turn out the light/I can't tell you, but I know it's mine . . ." is mine.

PLAYBOY: I Am the Walrus.

LENNON: The first line was written on one acid trip one weekend. The second line was written on the next acid trip the next weekend, and it was filled in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

FORMULA ONE RACING IN OZ...

how when where and why

australia has a new world champion race driver, but we won't watch him defend his title. why not a proper australian grand prix? Rob Luck tells how we could have a round of the world championship here

ALAN JONES is angry. The Italian contingent on the Art Gallery Overbridge are mounting a massive support campaign for "Mad Mario", the new Italian hotshoe. Their cheer squad has drilled fanatically all day to perfectly synchronise their chanted catchcall . . . "MARR-EEE-OHH, MARR-EEE-OHH" . . . which can be heard through the loud-hailers even above the wail of the engines. Their banners are draped from the railings halfway to the tarmac, and they are waved vigorously each time a non-Italian driver hurtles through the dangerous double-action chicanes. It is a needless distraction piled on top of an already-hard task of mastering this mercilessly unforgiving circuit through-the-streets. But a protest to the Clerk of Course has brought no response; the banners are not illegal and it is not worth upsetting the volatile Italian community by trying to confiscate them. Anyway, this spectactor area will be closed off on race-day. And to make matters worse, Jones has just kissed the Armco coming out of the Woolloomooloo Cutting, and he is cooling his heels in the pits while the mechanics work furiously to replace his car's bent suspension arms. The little Italian is going faster and faster, each new lap flashing up on the Centrepoint Needle in bold red lights, fanning the Italian enthusiasm to a frenzy. As the sands of practice time begin to run dry, Jones gazes out across the expanse of Sydney harbor, and wonders if it is remotely possible for an Australian World Champion to really win the first World Championship round of the Australian Grand Prix . . .

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The scene is enough to send a thrill down the spine of any motor racing enthusiast. It's a scene many have worked at for years to witness. A World Championship Grand Prix (WCGP) in Australia.

But could it happen? What does it take to hold one special motor race every year?

Briefly, yes, it could happen. But the people who agree on a WCGP round can't agree on the how, why, when and wherefores — all those unfortunate little "details" that go to making the event possible.

Already, as the prospects of Australia gaining such an event harden, the camps are dividing. The Melbourne push want Calder as the venue. The pilgrims want the Mount. Normie and his mates want a round-

Photographs by Jeff Hutchinson, courtesy of *Modern Motor*

1979 World Champion Jody Scheckter (Ferrari 312 T5)

Jones' nearest rival, Nelson Piquet (Brabham BT 49)

Italian newcomer Elio de Angelis (Lotus 81)

Rene Arnoux (turbo-charged Renault RE 25)

the-milkbars grand prix in Newcastle. Some worthy with wood-wool skull-lining wants to get the Australian Jockey Club to re-open Warwick Farm. Malcolm Fraser wants it at the new circuit at Canberra (what new circuit at Canberra, you may ask). And almost anyone left, with any entrepreneurial sense (except Neville Wran), wants a round-the-houses in Sydney. Hardly an encouraging start, and we haven't yet looked at Oran Park (omigod), Sandown, Albert Park, Longford (Tasmania), Mt. Coot-tha (Brisbane), AIR (Adelaide International Raceway), Surfers Paradise, Wanneroo, Mt Ousley, Village Grand Prix and Ayers Rock.

It is worth noting what our World Champion has to say about circuit requirements. In the interview in PLAYBOY's November 1980 issue, Alan Jones said that an Australian Grand Prix should be run "on the best possible circuit, no matter where that may be: in Sydney, Melbourne, Perth of wherever. And when I say the best possible circuit, I include considerations such as access, hotel accommodation and a safe, fast course."

There are two points that must be considered when putting together a World Championship event. . . One is the necessity for a large number of international-class hotel rooms within the immediate vicinity of the race venue. "Large" is a word not to be trifled with. The 24-car World Championship group alone require around 500 rooms. The local support system would require perhaps another 500 rooms. The international tour groups might require a further 5000 rooms. The Australian interstate tour groups another 5000, 10,000, 20,000 or, who knows . . . even more rooms. So rule out Bathurst, Canberra, Longford. Oh yeah, and Ayers Rock.

Point Two: the relevant circuit must be at least three and a half kilometres long and be internationally ratified — preferably at least 12 months before *approval* for a World Championship round is granted.

Rule out Oran Park, Warwick Farm, and also Surfers Paradise, Sandown, Albert Park and Bulli Pass.

Back to realities. Only two cities are currently capable of handling the back-up and support necessary to accommodate a World Championship Grand Prix round in Australia. One is Sydney, the other is Melbourne. One should perhaps make this statement in reverse, ie, one "other" is Sydney, since at present the Melbourne lobby is fielding the strongest team. Calder is the nominated base. Of course.

Of course, because Calder is the only circuit which has put up its hand, and which has the assumed potential to handle the job. In discounting Sandown, it is appropriate to point out that the Light Car Club of Australia (LCCA) in Victoria has recently done the best promotions job in motor racing (and shown the biggest numbers at the box office as well). But, apart from Sandown requiring a sizable extension spliced-in, with no apparent place to do this, it is likely the safety committee of the Grand Prix Driver's Association would squash the circuit because of all its lovely potential high-velocity crunching corners.

Albert Park, the grand old road circuit on the near-city south side, doesn't fare much better. The shallow expanses of water in the lake might substitute for "sand traps" on some parts of the circuit, but the forests of trees and stanchions would require some massive protective engineering on top of the circuit resurfacing and realignment. One estimate is $3 million at the public works pace of work and spending; this could be enough to discourage the Melbourne City Council.

So Calder is Melbourne's Great Hope. [Read: Only Hope.]

What about Sydney? As a motor racing cynic, you might observe that Sydney's only internationally-rated circuit is the Village Grand Prix at Blacktown. It's franchised from the Malibu Grand Prix group with some 34 similar circuits in the US.

Certainly Oran Park, Amaroo Park and anywhere-else park are not in the running. Bathurst can't front the accommodation (no, rooms in Sydney won't do), and there simply isn't anywhere else, even the old round-the-horses track at Warwick Farm.

Except for one other option: round-the-houses in Sydney. As the premier tourist city with prime in-city tourist attractions (not the least of which is the harbor), Sydney deserves a competitive chance for a Monaco-style GP. And there is a precedent — the US West GP is staged on the streets of Long Beach, California. Although a relatively new event (since 1977), it has already taken over from the traditional Watkins Glen US GP, which now seems certain to be deleted from the 1981 or 1982 round (another lesson for the pro-Bathurst camp here — Watkins Glen, a provincial location, can't provide the accommodation for the circus any more).

There are probably 50 suitable GP sites in the to and fro of Sydney's maze of winding harborside streets. And, at some stage or other, 51 of them have been put up. Perhaps the best is one of the existing "unofficial" circuits, known to the east-side stringback set simply as The Hopetoun Circuit.

This unlikely but "natural" GP venue utilises Old South Head Road to sweep along the craggy Pacific coastline of Vaucluse, past the statuesque Macquarie Lighthouse, diving down the fearful S-bends toward Watsons Bay and The Gap before a double-take hairpin near the Fisherman's Lodge Restaurant and a challenging run through the kinks and curves of Hopetoun Avenue back to New South Head Road, using a short section of this drag to return to Old South Head Road. It is a circuit that has everything: magnificent harbor and coastal scenery, sufficient length, challenge. Everything that is, except the potential stamp of approval from the silvertail set that occupies the houses lining the "circuit".

But such a problem is unlikely to affect the most realistic alternative to this ultimate circuit. This is variously known as the Domain Circuit, the Cathedral Circuit or the Cahill circuit. It uses the sweep of the Cahill Expressway from the Sydney Library to Lincoln Street, the length of Sir John Young Crescent, a choice of routes around St Mary's Cathedral, returning along Hospital Road to Cahill Expressway. A disadvantage is the cost of rebuilding Hospital Road and protecting the park areas. And in either case, Sydney Hospital would be affected during the race weekend. Otherwise there are no residential problems, and it would be a relatively simple task involved in upgrading roads and surroundings.

But this may all be a fool's dream. The City Council has changed hands and may go even more "environmental" than the last mob, thus eliminating any device emitting a noise output of more decibels than a blowfly. And neither Neville Wran, his press secretary nor Sports Minister Ken Booth have shown any enthusiasm in responding to our query. Not surprising, since the same team dropped the ball with The Olympic Games and (nearly) Expo.

Back to Calder. Calder is Bob Jane. And Bob Jane is talking noisily and waving a big money stick. Waving money and parting with it are two different games. Jane is a shrewd businessman, and it's already clear that, if millions are to be invested in this little venture, he'd prefer it to be other people's. Example: the latest official/unofficial (strike out whichever does not apply at the appropriate time) report from Bob Jane Corp and Calder is the concept of selling the land/circuit to a reportedly keen State Government, then leasing it back from them for meetings. A sale figure of, say, some $2 million might not be unreasonable, and would perhaps cover the extension and reconstruction of the circuit to meet full GP standards. A higher figure might cover some other costs . . .

Certainly, Victoria's Youth, Sport and Recreation Minister Brian Dixon is enthusiastic about a World Championship race in Melbourne.

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Shortly before it became evident the Libs would win the latest election, the Minister for Home Affairs, coincidentally also the then Minister for the Capital Territory (Mr Bob Ellicott), floated up a proposal for a GP track in Canberra.

As is common practice among politicians, big money talk slipped out easily, and the right numbers too — an estimate of some $2-2½ million for track, fencing and access, plus another couple for pits, administration buildings, facilities, etc.

The first two or so were to be put up by the Government, while "motor industry and motor racing interests" would tip-in the rest. Since these latter sources haven't been noted for their generosity or liquidity in the past in such ventures, there has to be a catch. There is. Besides utilisation for racing events, the circuit is proposed as a motor industry test track. Hmmmmmm . . .

The announcement gave the nod to a group known as the Canberra International Raceway Committee, a "phantom" body which consisted of some motor sport aficionados and entrepreneurs. One representative of this group, ex-racer/manager David McKay, kept PLAYBOY up to date on developments at the Sydney end.

Indeed, a "preferred" location has already been established — and seemingly a good one at that. The official "unofficial" description puts the circuit on the "west slopes of Beacon Hill", adjacent to a country access roadway known currently as Majura Lane.

This is not particularly impressive until you feed-in the additional data that Majura Lane is slated to become called "Majura Expressway" with the development of a freeway by-pass road that will hook-up directly to the Federal Highway, joining it close to the NSW-ACT border. This clearly underscores the promise to provide a suitable standard of access roads to the circuit.

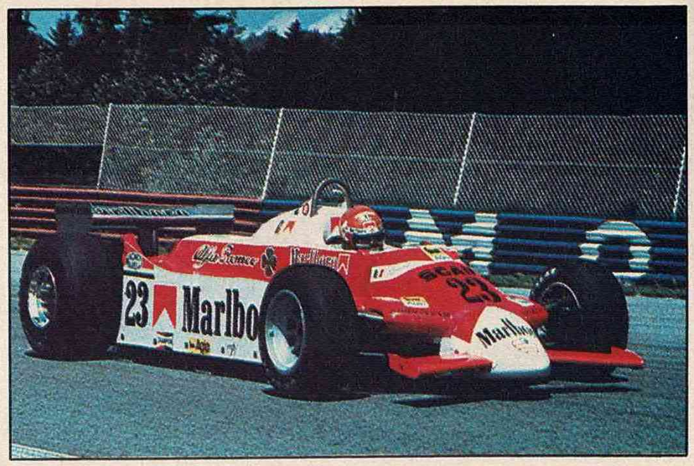
Perhaps more important is the information that the development, wherever it is located (and the Majura Lane property required the Federal Government to resume the lease on some of its own property), is to be a total sporting complex. This seems likely to include a golf course and perhaps other sporting facilities such as tennis courts and a stadium. An international-class motel is also planned — hardly likely to remedy Canberra's room shortage, but a progressive step all the same. And there is talk of a motor museum (we believe GM-H has already been approached re sponsorship).

For motor racing enthusiasts of the four-wheeler kind, it's a little sobering to learn that the entire concept was originally floated off by the two-wheeler brigade. There's some strong four-wheeler influence in the ruck, but the general consensus has Ian Martin, a motor cycle enthusiast and member of the Auto Cycle Union, more or less steering the team.

Other members of the "mystery group" comprising the Canberra International Raceway Committee (CIRC) are Tony Annand, John Studdert and Ian Thompson, all members of the Canberra Road Racing Club.

McKay was called in to act in an advisory capacity, partly because

Former champion Emerson Fittipaldi (Fittipaldi F 7)



The fastest Italian, Bruno Giacomelli (Alfa Romeo 179)

of his contact with the Prime Minister.

CAMS (the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport), represented by John Keefe, has already made its bid to wrest control of the circuit out of any other hands. Among its more fanciful proposals is that the circuit should be designed and managed by CAMS officials. John Pryce has been put up as a likely starter. Now John Pryce, the former BP Commercial manager, long-time CAMS member and motor sport enthusiast, is a lovely chap, but circuit designer he is not.

As the result of the developing tension, a new rumor has sprung up in Canberra — that the Cabinet regards the whole proposal as something less than a *fait accompli* at the present. Alternative proposals have been dragged out and dusted off — including yet another "injection" of funds for Bathurst. This is probably sourced back to several studies conducted several years ago when former World Champion race driver Jackie Stewart visited the circuit, suggested it could be internationally rated, and put forth an idea to utilise the circuit as a Federal and State Government roads-and-landscaping test and development site — thus covering the upgrading and development funds with public monies. And the costs are horrific: they were estimated at $3 million a few years ago.

The future of the Canberra circuit may well depend on CAMS getting their act together and getting on with the business of democratically administering the sport.

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We are left, then, with but a handful of possibly-suitable circuits: Melbourne's Calder, which must be seen as a front runner if only because it staged the recent Australian Grand Prix — a peculiarly Oz race; Canberra, which may, eventually, be able to offer a new circuit; and New South Wales, which could provide Bathurst at great expense or one of a number of round-the-houses circuits, with all their attendant spectacle and approval problems.

But Alan Jones, at the beginning of the article, laid down more conditions than simply a suitable track. Access and facilities and accommodation.

Access: Calder is 33km from Melbourne but just a short run from Tullamarine Airport. Unfortunately, the road degenerates quickly after the airport and could not possibly handle the sorts of crowds who would have to be attracted to make the race worthwhile. It would have to be heavily upgraded — but it can be done. Calder is still in the running. The Canberra circuit, too, is to have a heavily upgraded access road. Bathurst, too, is short on access, particularly when you ask: access from where? Sydney? That's not on. A Sydney round-the-houses has the ultimate access — it's right in the middle of town.

Accommodation: Calder is serviced by Melbourne, the CIRC circuit by Canberra, Mt Panorama by a country town called Bathurst — and there is a lot of accommodation available in Sydney.

As we indicated earlier, a GP requires upward of 10,000 rooms. The latest statistics we could come up with show that Melbourne has, perhaps, 7000 hotel and motel rooms — not including the small suburban motels and guest houses. Sydney can come up with about 11,000 rooms, Canberra 2000 and Bathurst would be hard pressed to accommodate the teams. Of course, all of the major cities have expansion plans. For example, Sydney has 1000 rooms planned and another 2000 in the wind.

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In the high-power world of WCGP, access, accommodation and circuit extensions are in the small-change department. Just getting the Circus here is a sort of Operation Megadollars. The approved 24-car field, drivers, support crew, team, sponsors and entourage, must be trucked-in, courtesy of the host circuit. Of course you will recall Australia's remoteness and the fine-tuning of the time schedule between GPs, so the trucks in this exercise must be of the 747 variety — for both personnel and equipment. The Saudi Williams team might need a Jumbo to themselves.

That's before the drivers/teams do their famous Ned Kelly impersonation to negotiate starting/prizemoney (of which more later). And before all the other related costs of promoting, organising and running a WCGP event are toted up.

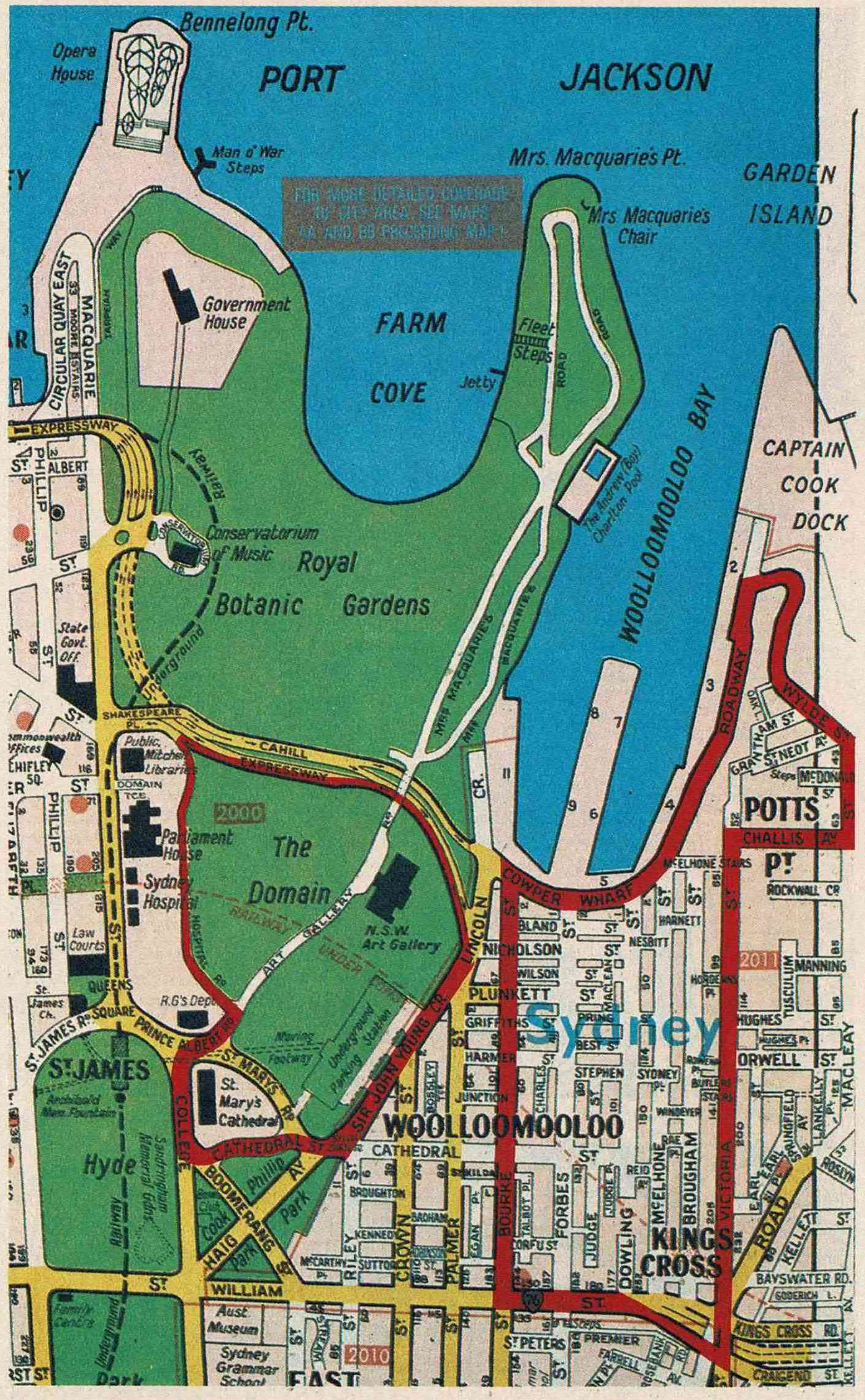
Most experts get around $6-8 million on their pocket calculators, and Calder's Andrew Newton doesn't disagree with $6 million.

That sort of freight doesn't come out of the gate — a "Grand Final" size crowd of 100,000 at $10 a head would only raise 1/6th of the lowest estimate, and there's a limit to how much large numbers of enthusiasts would part with. So obviously the Big Bread must be sourced elsewhere . . .

The most favored victims for the bulk of the ante are government-type bodies. There are precedents for this in the experience of every country in the world which stages GP events. And tourism is the touted motive.

The scenario shows the Federal Government and, say, some State Government fronting $5 million. "A Wealthy Sponsor" might buy "the show" for a couple of million. Some relevant "interested parties" could then pick up some of the more expensive expenses tabs.

Let's expand on that a little. A GP could conceivably bring in 10,000 overseas guests (optimistic maybe but it is possible). Ten thousand people multiplied by, say, $1000 return airfare could put 10 big ones into the pocket of someone like Qantas under an "exclusive rights" airfare deal. Qantas might be persuaded to part with the circus transport costs in return for such an arrangement. An investment of one million or so to get 10 back. A motel/hotel group, or hire car company might be interested in similar contra-deals in order to secure the paying customers.



Map reproduced by courtesy of Gregory's. Copyright Gregory's Guides and Maps

Two of the round-the-houses circuits which have been proposed for Sydney. Shown on the left is the Cahill or Domain circuit and, on the right, the Woolloomooloo circuit. What price State Government and Council approval?

Then there's the overall coverage — the event and circuit package. This could be farmed out to someone like Rothmans or Wills or Coke for about $2-3 million. World TV coverage could mean the costs were split world-wide by a multi-national corporation.

And there's one which has escaped the attention of most observers. It's a good one, it's a big one, and it's tied up to the increasingly rising tide of Australian nationalism.

It's the TNT-Ansett group. It has the qualifications, the potential advertising budget and the support team. Although the Ansett group is still a little wonky on its feet (due to the "new management" flexing its muscles in a field it knows little about), the TNT group is iron-hard.

TNT is already heavily involved in the North American, European and British markets. Ansett has said it intends to have the Australian air transport code re-written. And the first stages — deregulation of parallel servicing — have already been struck. So, by 1983, Ansett will have international air routes — perhaps to the East and some Pacific Islands, perhaps even further afield. The group's wide-ranging road, rail and sea-freight networks are expanding at boom pace.

And in such a total-transport package, motor racing stands as an ultimate medium for promotion — particularly an Australian World Championship event which would have a potential world-wide television audience of some 600 million. Mostly in North America and Europe — the prime market targets.

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Which brings us to television.

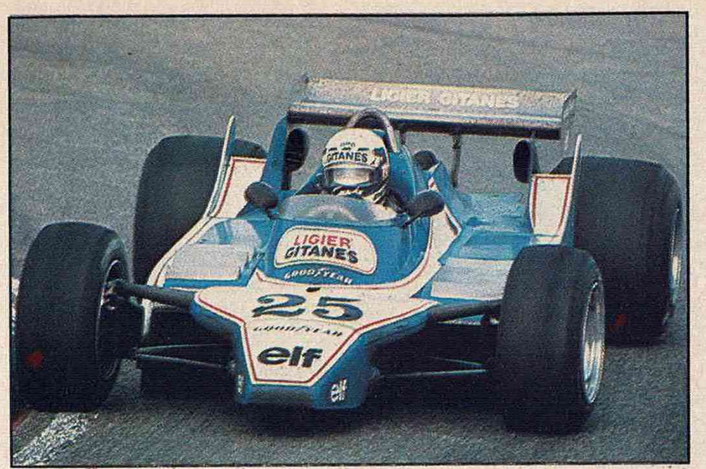
It's already no secret that the Kerry Packer-directed Channel Nine Network has done some homework in this field. The only visible sign of this interest in motor sport is the Bartlett Camaro, hardly a prolific return for the investment, but a valuable exercise even so.

Under the skin, Mr Packer and the Nine Network are scrutinising the World Championship GP prospects, which raises the question of sponsorship from this angle.

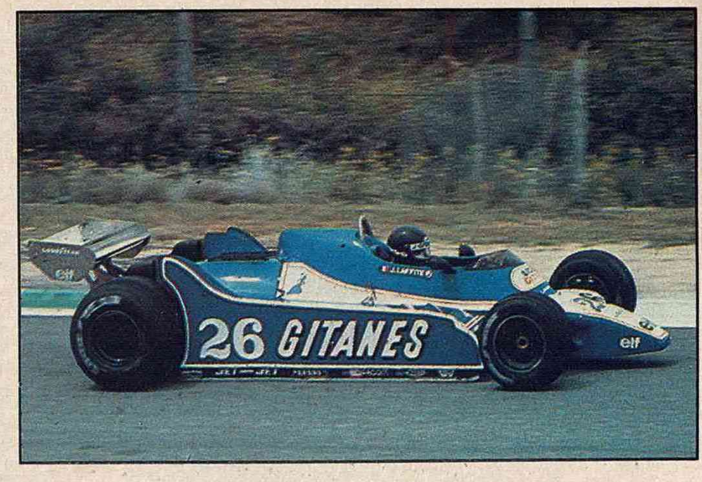
Sporting events — particularly the international ones — frequently command high sponsorship rights from television groups. The realities of these costs and the necessity to produce a satisfactory spectacle for the viewing audience was at the root of the birth of World Series Cricket, which alternately rifted and re-welded international Cricket, perhaps for the ultimate good of the sport.

But the motor racing picture is more complex. For openers, the TV rights fees are negotiated by the Formula One Constructors' Association (FOCA). The numbers involved are undisclosed, and the returns go directly into the FOCA cash-box till for redistribution to drivers. Which moves us on to the unique financial arrangements of this elite motor racing group . . .

Approved by the Federation Internationale de Sport Automobile (FISA), FOCA is the official negotiating body both for teams and drivers. Its numero uno is Bernie Ecclestone (Brabham team manager), a sort of benevolent tyrant charged with the responsibility of extracting the appropriate financial rewards for the teams from each GP venue. Ecclestone reportedly goes to field annually with a baseball bat, clubbing each GP organiser into submission on financial returns. And each year, the "hold-up" is for a higher amount, based on funding a complicated



Didier Pironi (Ligier JS 11)



Jacques Laffite (Ligier JS 11)

World champion Alan Jones (Williams FW 07)

Jochen Mass (Arrows A 3)

formula: the 24 cars and their teams are rated something like this — (1) Finishing order last year; (2) Finishing order so far this year (appropriate to stage of season); (3) Position qualified for race-start; and (4) Position at ¼, ½, ¾ distance and end of race.

The amount for distribution is a closely guarded secret but numbers between $600,000 and $700,000 have consistently slipped through the security screen. Figures as high as $1 million have been mentioned. And every year the demand is upped. Even so, these figures represent a return-per-team of as little as $60,000 to $120,000 per event — petty cash in terms of tyre, engine and chassis replacement costs alone for most teams. Part of this "group purse" is reportedly made up of TV rights, suggesting the TV stations aren't paying much for the privilege.

In the race for the gold, Ecclestone and the teams he represents figure this isn't enough. He proposes to up the figure further, a suggestion which is widening a newly-opened rift in GP racing and threatens to demolish the harmony that has kept this unique sport intact so far.

Raising the cost of supporting the GP teams has enraged FISA, which gave FOCA its modus operandi in the first place, and under whose auspices it has cheerfully operated. But there are other matters. FISA is the governing body — setting the rules and running the race.

FISA has looked to the rising costs, the diminishing crowds and growing disenchantment with WCGP and proposes some simple changes for next season. Not radical changes, rather those that can easily be introduced as part of a long-term program to re-structure the shape of Formula One cars and racing.

FISA wants to eliminate skirts and other ground-effect devices, minimise wing sizes, reduce tyre sizes and increase chassis strength (and safety) with some weight increases. Their objective is to reduce the technical cost of motor racing, and close the gap between cars and drivers in the hope of improving the competitiveness.

A fair amount of objective motor racing opinion-makers support this approach. One such expert, Chris Economaki, editor of *US National Speed Sports News* and ABC (the US network) motor racing commentator for more than 20 years, recently visited Australia to experience the Bathurst phenomenon. Economaki had a number of cutting comments to make about WCGP.

"The sport has to get back to a sport which meets the needs of its public and its supporters. It is a spectator sport and it survives on this. So it always has to satisfy the spectators. That goes for track spectators and TV spectators. Unless both markets are satisfied, the sponsors won't be happy and they'll back out fast.

"Indy (the Indianapolis 500 annual motor race) is the greatest living example. The drivers and constructors have turned it into a technical nightmare. The sport there is sick. The racing is awful. The sponsors and TV are pulling out.

"You have to take motor racing out of the hands of the constructors and the drivers. Never let a driver have anything to do with circuit design. Otherwise you get what we've got now. Boring circuits. In the whole of GP racing, there are probably only four corners on which two cars can get around side by side. If there's no passing, there's no action.

"You also have to change the cars. The man-machine equation must be balanced. This enables the sport to become a man-to-man competition rather than simply a machine-versus-machine event."

Ecclestone and the constructors are against this; they regard it as "tampering" with their interests. This conflict between ideals and interests has split the World Championship interests, and polarised the members into two separate groups. Initially, there was a lot of overlap of ideals. For example, Alan Jones initially supported most of FISA's moves, but, probably under sponsorship/team pressure, took the FOCA viewpoint, particularly over car modifications.

Group One is made up of the Italian and French manufacturers — Ferrari, Alfa Romeo, Renault, Ligier — who appear to support FISA's viewpoints. Group Two consists of the renegades — the constructors like Ecclestone (Brabham), McLaren, Lotus, Williams and Tyrrell — who will side with FOCA.

FOCA has already thrown down the gauntlet. FISA and its President, Jean-Marie Balestre, have been challenged to toe the constructor line or face a breakaway World Championship in 1981. Ecclestone has said there will be two WCGPs in 1981.

At first, FOCA looked to be wheeling about on thin ice. The main problem it seemed to face was circuits — no circuit which ran a breakaway GP event would be approved for other events. And since WCGP events are generally "loser" propositions, most wouldn't want to ditch their revenue-raising events.

But FOCA had done its homework. By the time Ecclestone hinted at his breakaway WC, there were already five circuits apparently available for renegade GPs.

Many people seriously doubt a FOCA breakaway and a second World Championship. Alternative formulas for the cars are being considered, with FOCA indicating that it is prepared to make submissions on some points of car design. However, even those factory teams likely to side with FISA agree with FOCA on a lot of points. In particularly, the turbo-powered teams don't want restrictions introduced which would put their particular machinery at a disadvantage.

The whole issue will get the acid test in December. December 1 is D-day, the registration date for Formula One teams contesting the traditional FISA World Championship. Squabbling could spread on into December, even early 1981, before division issues are resolved. And FOCA spokesmen have recently stated they don't wish to break with FISA if differences can be settled. In particular, they are talking about money differences.

FISA leader Balestre perpetrated this confrontation, striking back at FOCA for its disloyalty on other points. FISA indicated it was going to take over all financial negotiations on behalf of the drivers/constructors. If this point can't be resolved, the split is almost certainly on.

And Ecclestone's power and resolve shouldn't be underrated. As a promoter, he already has a history, organising the German round of the World Championship at Hockenheimring in 1978. Apparently one of the most successful and financially viable meets, it has set the baseline for Ecclestone's proposals to act as promoter for all rounds of a FOCA World Championship.

Meanwhile, the warring factions are mustering their support armies. The clash is likely to be a bloody one.

Both FISA and FOCA seemed to agree on one point — a reduction in World Championship events. This tends to strengthen the impact of events, and reduces the spread of effort by teams, sponsors and drivers.

Curiously enough, this approach could favor a successful application by Australia for a World Championship round, providing it was mounted in the right base. And with the distinct possibility of two rival World Championships, Australia's chances would then be doubled.

Consider the current situation: The World Championship has recently comprised 16 to 18 races. Many of these are "charity events" fully supported by national governments in the direct interests of tourism and other promotion. But many are teetering on the edge of financial disaster: Argentina, Brazil, South Africa, Holland, Watkins Glen, in the US, and even Canada.

Failure of all could drop the GP circuit to about 10 events. Japan wants *entree* again, and Australia has been noted for interest. The criterion for acceptance to this exclusive club seems to be financial viability.

Certainly, FOCA has already told all circuits to "put up or shut up". No promises either. The group reportedly wants up-front money lodged at the start of the season as a guarantee of support at a level nominated and agreed on. Failure to back up would mean forfeiting the "deposit".

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So Australia, if it wants to get into the game, must pay the admission price. More important, it must get its act together and make a concrete and unified proposal.

The target date is 1983. At the present rate of progress, things aren't too promising. Calder is being mooted as the hot prospect. And the 1980 AGP event, with its contingent of international participants, is being mooted as a curtain raiser.

This is just slightly sentimental horseshit, since no international body is likely to take more than a passing interest in half a circuit running half an international meeting. Calder, whether best-rated or not, will have to do the groundwork first, then get the go-ahead. And that probably means building a full-size GP circuit and running a shakedown event.

In order to secure a 1983 event, it will most likely have to achieve this by the end of 1981. And because it operates under CAMS (FISA affiliated), it will have to run a FISA-type event. Almost Catch-22. Especially if Alan Jones runs with FOCA. In the likely event of a WCGP split, the best potential is for a FOCA-style WCGP. Consider this scenario . . .

A completely non-motor racing oriented entrepreneur — Michael Edgley type — stitches together a local World Championship event. This involves buying a now-compacted World Championship circus (say 15 cars instead of 24, five teams instead of 12) at an agreed price (probably inclusive of the Moscow Circus and even the Chicago World Cheerleaders Championship Squad!). This entrepreneur has the financial credibility because of his track (sic) record.

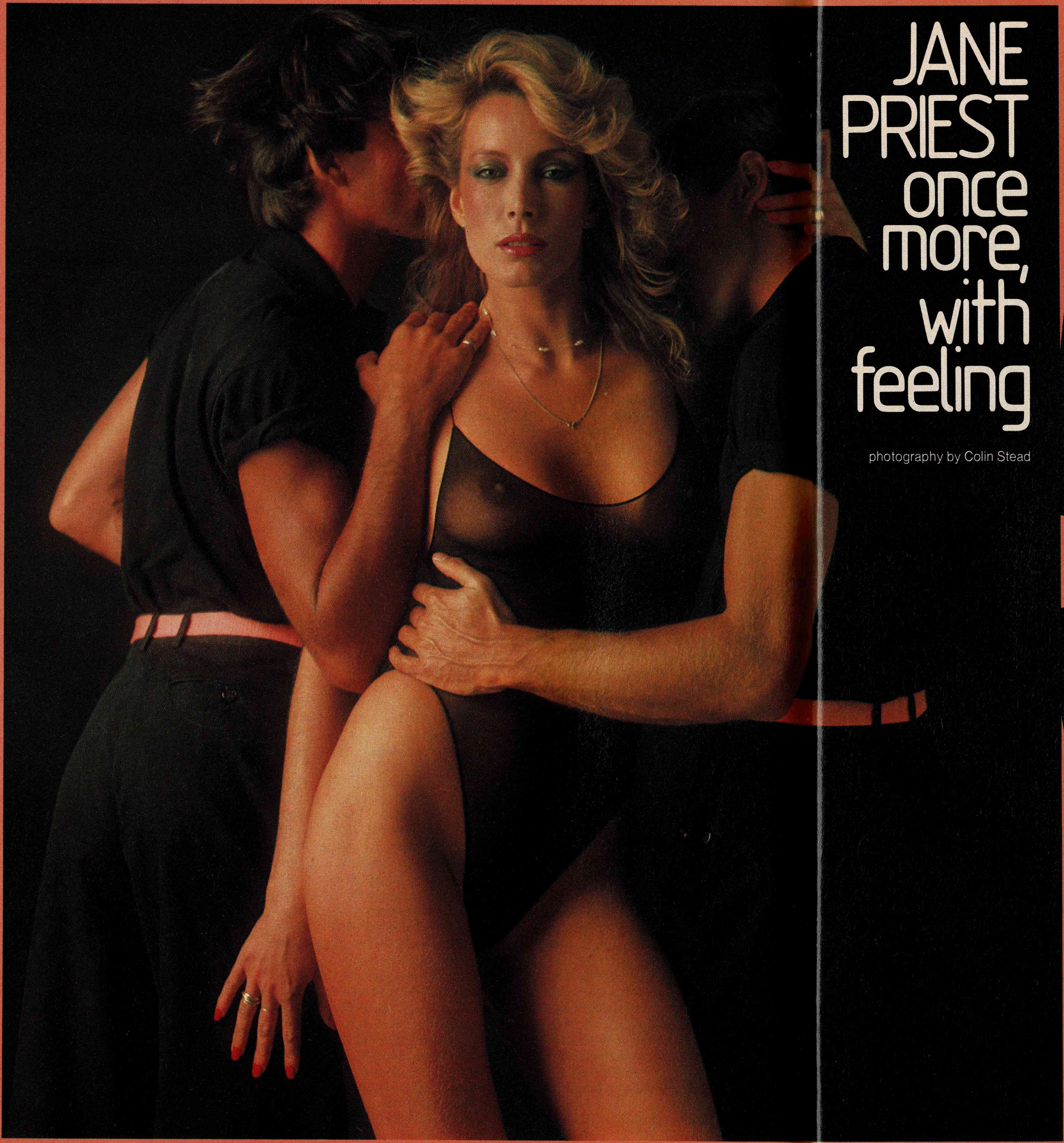
He sells a glamor location on some "neutral ground", say on Sydney's Domain Circuit, avoiding environmentalists, resident action groups, etc. He involves Federal, State and all local government bodies, and then organises newspaper and network support and backing.

Motor racing team demands are also met, but the entrepreneur makes a few of his own: availability for all kinds of promotional work, exclusive control over circuit design (safety only excluded).

Exclusive deals are signed with commercial interests. Charities and sporting groups are mobilised. Tourism groups are involved.

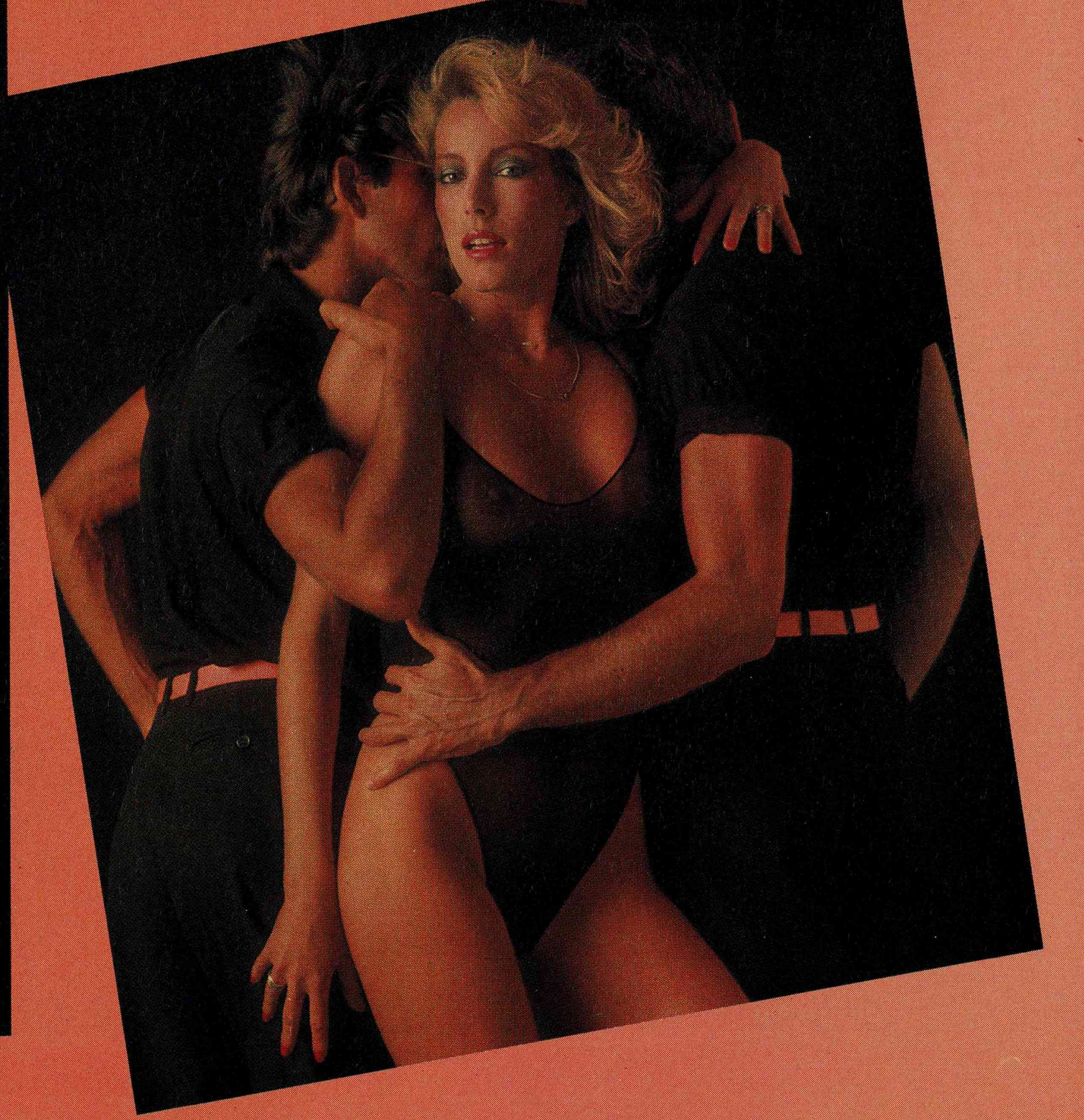
Most important — the event must be a spectacle. Drivers and teams must be integrated into a spectator-oriented promotion. Street-parades, back-up promotions, meet-the-people functions will be as important as a circuit that is modified to squash the field together — even if it doesn't suit the teams/drivers.

If the Grand Prix Circus has become a high-priced act, then the members of the cast must be made to perform, like so many puppets. Only this time, it will be the public who's pulling the strings.



JANE PRIEST once more, with feeling

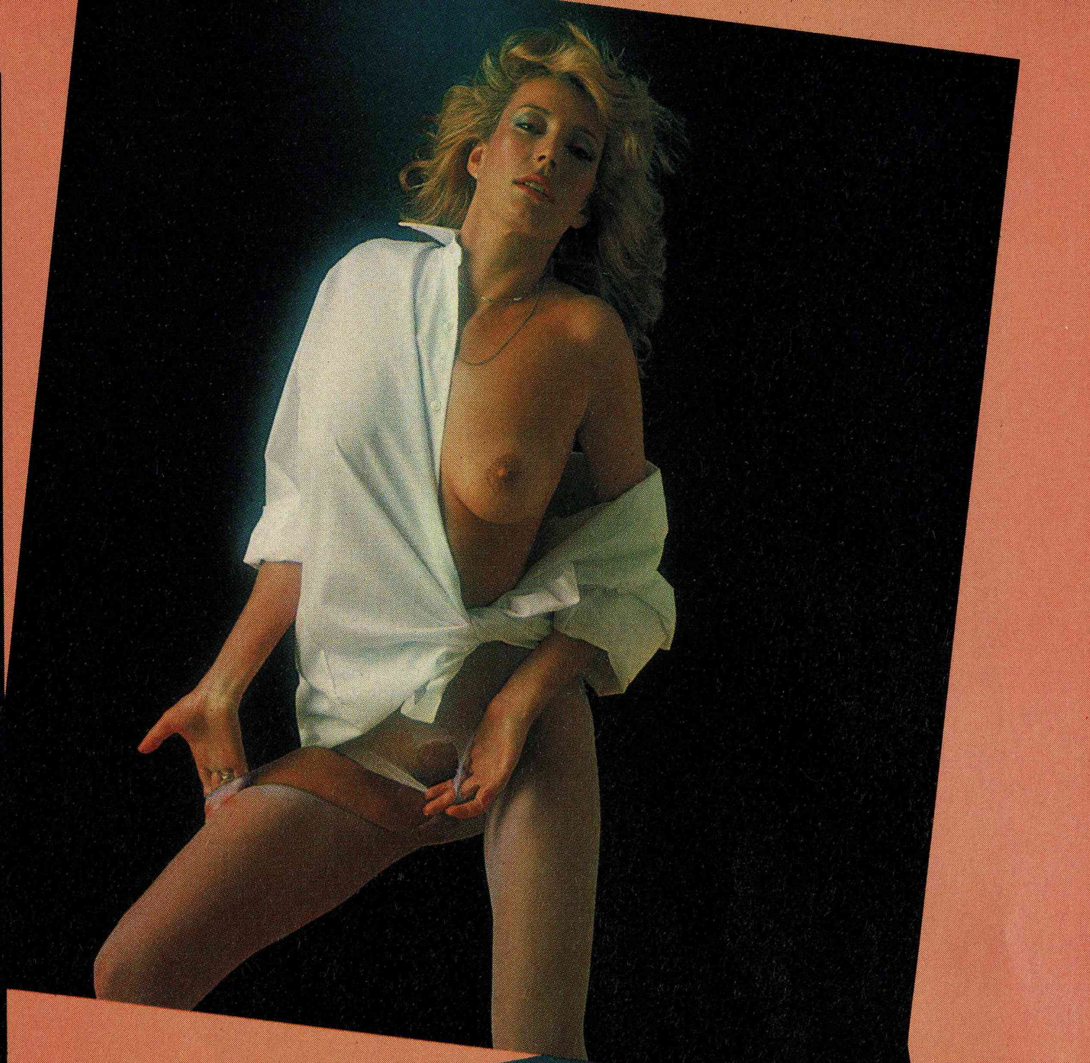
photography by Colin Stead

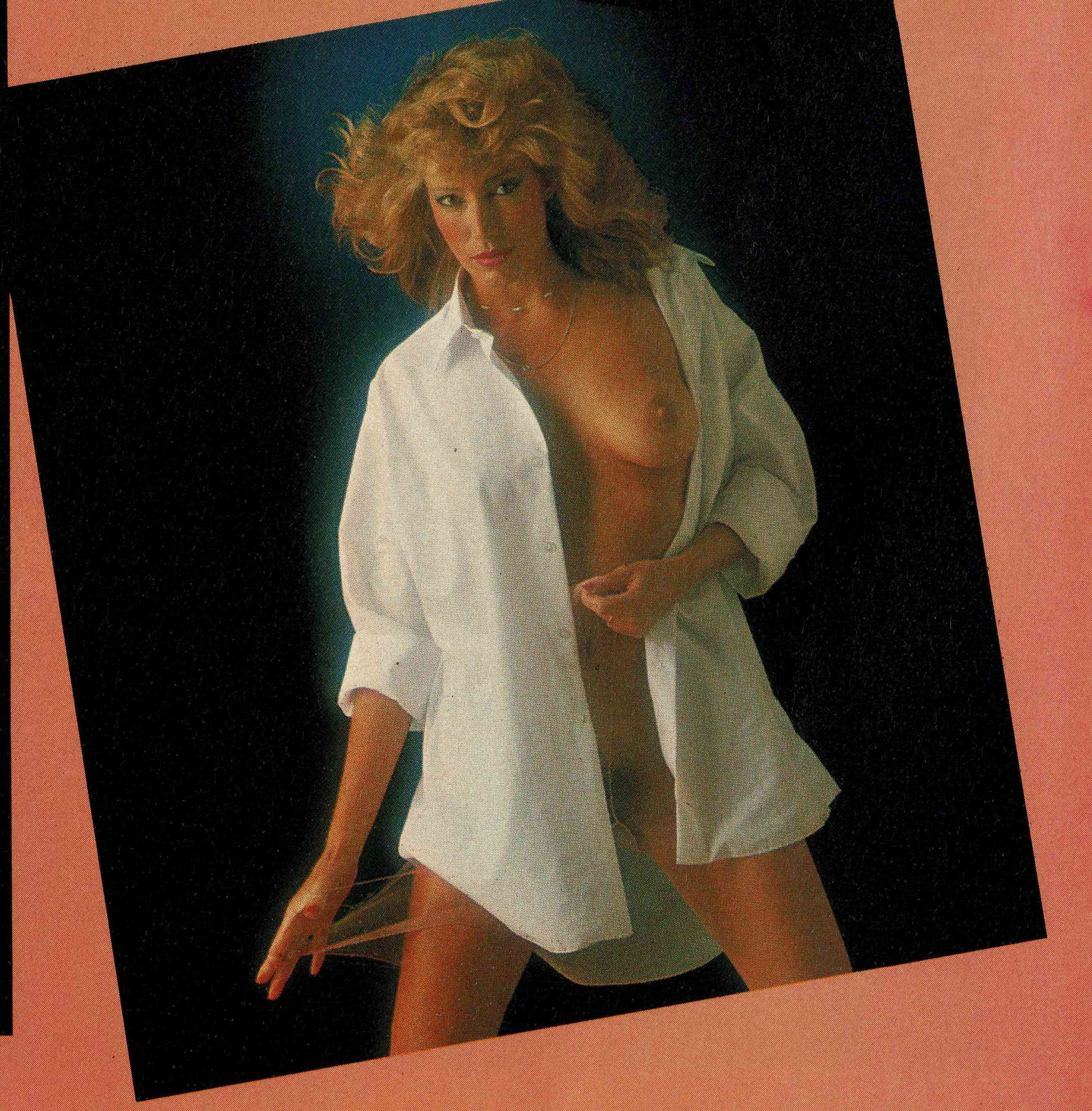


When such a beautiful woman as Jane Priest poses for Australian PLAYBOY, the pictures do the talking. Jane, one of Australia's most famous faces, and bodies, has been a very busy girl since she caught the world's imagination by planting a sexy kiss on the cheek of Prince Charles at Perth's Cottesloe beach nearly two years ago. Ever since she appeared in our centrefold last March our readers have demanded her return. Well, here she is, looking as glorious, winsome and erotic as ever.

Jane's headed for big things. She's just finished screen tests in Hollywood, and Helmut Newton, Europe's greatest photographer of women, has recently finished shooting a portfolio of her.

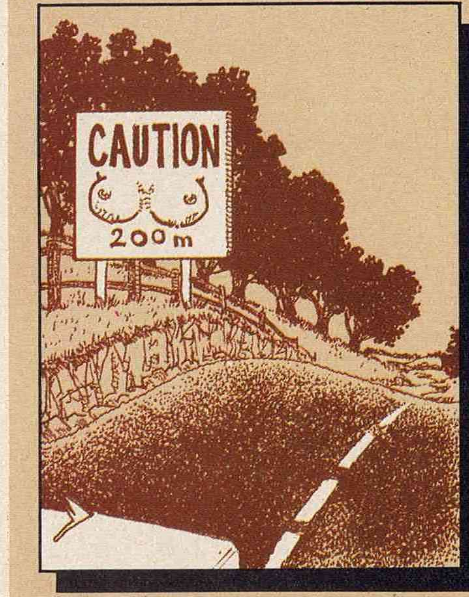
She is gorgeous, and that's all we need for words!





THOSE CRAZY POMS

british humor over the past 50 years — reported with a straight face and a stiff upper lip . . .



NAKED AND THE DEAD

A notice on the highway designed to slow down speeding motorists: CAUTION – NUDISTS CROSSING.

GETTING THE RUN-AROUND

A maze to muddle motorists is the basis of a plan drawn up by Westminster City Council to create in Pimlico an environmental area with traffic kept to a minimum. It is hoped that through-motorists will be so perplexed they will not enter the area again. *(The Daily Telegraph)*

LAMP-POSTS AT FAULT

Of 400 accidents investigated by Ford, 10 percent involved collisions between the vehicles and lamp-posts. The interesting fact, a Ford researcher notes, "suggests the country's lamp-posts generally are badly positioned." (Report in the *Guardian)*

CYCLISTS BEWARE

"During the last six months I have knocked over no fewer than four cyclists. On each occasion the cyclist was entirely to blame. In future I shall let them take the consequences of their own folly, and make no effort to avoid them." (Letter in the *Sun)*

VISION OF UGLINESS

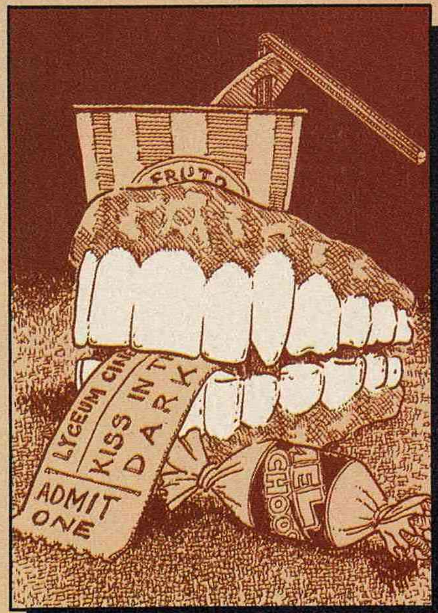
"After a drive by night my wife was bathed in an eerie glow, and the lipstick I had admired turned a horrible yellow. I thought, 'Is this the woman I married?' Street lighting will have to come under a centralised authority." (Parliamentary Secretary to Ministry of Transport, reported in *News Chronicle)*

HORSE NONSENSE

Owing to India's petrol problem, the Indian Prime Minister, Mrs Indira Gandhi yesterday used a horse and carriage instead of a car. The carriage was accompanied by three car-loads of security men, who drove in first and second gear to keep pace with the horse. *(Glasgow Herald)*

JOY OF GIVING

A spokesman for Esso said: "If all other petrol companies ceased giving gifts we should be the first to stop. As it is, we must reluctantly continue." *(Daily Express)*



LAST GREAT KISS

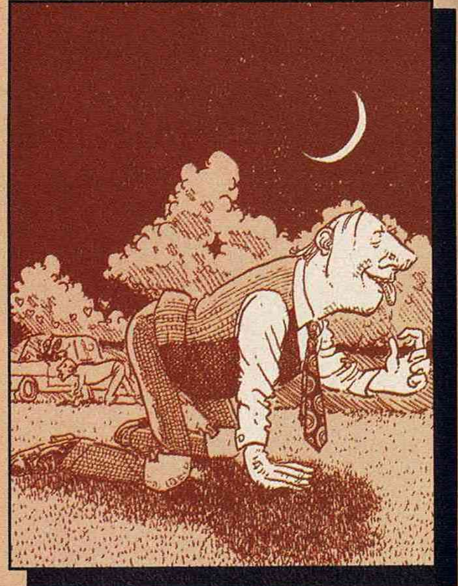
Two dentures found under a seat in a Beckenham cinema after a last performance of *Kiss in the Dark* are still unclaimed. *(Sunday Chronicle)*

WAS IT WORTH IT?

A witness said: "When Mrs —— told me she had been intimate with my husband I refused to give her tea." *(Daily Express)*

SOME LESS EQUAL

While sex prejudice exists in other departments, there is no trace of it in Somerset House. There is complete equality between the sexes, except in pay. (Report in the *Sunday Express)*



CRAWLING VOYEURS

Peterborough police have been patrolling the Nene embankment after complaints that Peeping Toms are spying on courting couples. The leader of the council said these are members of the Kneepad Association. "They crawl around at great speed in the long grass, signalling like tic-tac men on a racehorse to tell each other where all the action is." *(The Times)*

FAMILY REUNION

Man at Willesdon police court: "I have lost several weeks' wages through a fatal accident I sustained, and I have been living in hell with my wife ever since." *(Evening Standard)*

MUNDANE HORROR

"The theme is mundane. British suburban wife, hungry for sex and married to impotent school teacher, mildly assaulted by middle-aged clerk slowly going mad because of redundancy." (*Police*, the monthly magazine of the Police Federation)

SELF-DISCIPLINE

The police sergeant found that the licence for his mongrel terrier had expired. "My very first act," he said in court, "was to take out a summons against myself." *(Daily Express)*

INCOGNITO SHEEP

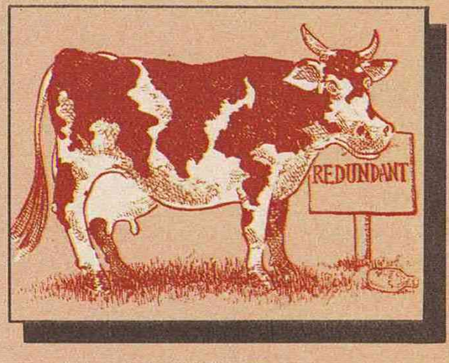
When two men stole six sheep from a farm at Mundford they found they could only get five of them in the back of their van. So the other one had to sit in the cab between the two men. But the men had to pass through a town on their way home. They feared the sheep sitting in the cab would be conspicuous. So they disguised it by putting a trilby hat on its head. *(Eastern Evening News)*

HE ALWAYS LOOKS BATTERED

"My husband did not look any the worse for the punishment he received although his face was bruised beyond recognition." (From a case reported in the *Evening News)*

FAIR FIGHT

Mrs Hinds explained to the Bench that although she did strike Mrs Card first she asked her to remove her glasses before doing so. *(East Anglian Daily Times)*



BY SOME UDDER MEANS?

"The statement by the Minister of Agriculture that milk supplies will not meet demand for several years prompts one to ask whether the cow is the best medium for supplying the demand." (Letter in *The Observer)*

A QUIET SMOKE

Ex-miner and former Labour MP for Merioneth, Lord Maelor, is angry that the Silence Room, the Truro Room, in the House of Lords Library, has been allocated to non-smokers. He told the peers yesterday: "I shall continue to smoke in that room. No one will be able to stop me because if anyone speaks I will say it is a Silence Room." *(Financial Times)*

NATIONAL UNITY

As a last resort the dance organiser told the orchestra to strike up the National Anthem. The men stopped fighting and stood to attention, but as soon as the music ended they began fighting again. *(Sunday Dispatch)*

ALL YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX

HISTORY'S WARNING

The Reverend Dr Quillans said it was with horror that he looked on the very thought of sex education in schools. Sex education, he said, resulted in the fall of the Roman Empire. *(Glasgow Evening Herald)*

DON'T ENCOURAGE THEM

"I contend that you cannot treat sex as a scientific subject, as it is treated in the school. Call it science and the children will want to experiment. I believe there has been trouble with this already." (From speech reported in the *Ruislip-Northwood Gazette)*

HUBBY'S CENSORING HAND

"My husband censors my film-going. Should there be any incident he considers unsuitable, he puts a hand over my eyes till it has passed." (Letter in *Woman's Own)*

LUNCH DATE

Judge Wethered granted a decree in Bristol to a man who, he said, found another man in his wife's bed eating a hot lunch. *(Bristol Evening World)*

IT'S ALL AUTOMATIC

"I am the father of six children, grandfather of 12 and the great-grandfather of four, and I do not discuss sex. The knowledge comes naturally." *(Evening News)*

NAKED DISASTER

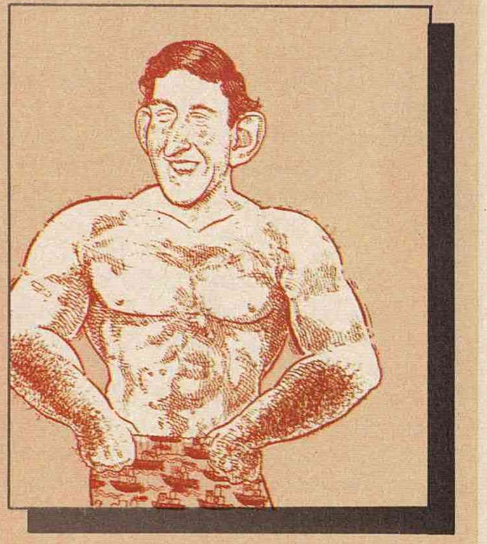
Det-Sergeant Singleton, prosecuting at Tottenham, said that Smith did a most extraordinary thing. He took off all his clothes and asked her to comment on what she saw. She then blew on the horn an SOS, the international distress signal. *(News of the World)*

OUT GETTING WIRED

Mrs Mudge shook an admonitory finger at me. "Don't let your daughter marry an Indian prince. I have had nothing but trouble since my daughter did. I married a wire-walker myself. At least I always knew where he was." *(Daily Herald)*

SALAD DRESSING

In deference to the censor, the original title of the play *Fig Leaves* was altered to *French Salad. (News Chronicle)*



PIN-UP PRINCE

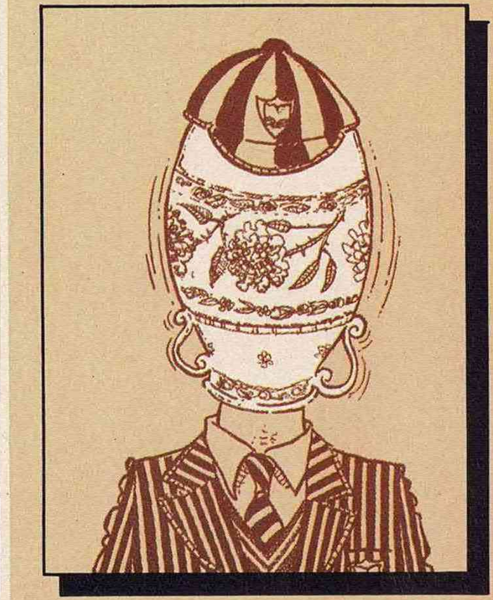
"A copy of the photograph of bare-chested Prince Charles, taken in his swimming trunks on Bondi Beach, Australia, should be displayed overseas, so that the world can see what robust, healthy young men this country needs today. A future king, alert-looking and stripped to the waist for action is the sort of go-ahead image that Britain needs abroad." (Letter in the *People)*

STOP THE PRESSES!

I have dramatic news of the Duchess of Windsor. She has switched hairdressers. *(Evening Standard)*

SHOCKING THOUGHT

The Princess and her husband would have preferred their child to be born at their country house, Windlesham Moor, near Sunningdale, but it was felt that a possible heir to the throne should not first see the light of day in a rented house. *(Daily Herald)*



IF THE CAP FITS . . .

"On the same bus as myself was a schoolboy whose head had become stuck in a vase. His mother was rushing him off to the hospital. Presumably to avoid attracting attention, she had placed her son's school cap on the vase." (Letter in *John Bull*)

HIS LORDSHIP'S DILEMMA

The perils of travelling without a valet are illustrated by an experience which recently befell the Duke of Marlborough as guest of one of his daughters. He complained that his toothbrush did not foam properly and would she buy him another one. He had to be reminded gently that without the aid of tooth powder, usually applied for him by his valet, no toothbrush foamed automatically. *(Sunday Telegraph)*

GET POTTED!

"I have just bought a geranium plant from a chain store and the wrapper says: 'This plant must be fed every time it is watered. "Food" can be obtained in a bottle from the same store.' Aren't we going too far in coddling plants?" (Letter in *News of the World)*

HEAVENLY SLEEP

The Rev Russell Hunt, Vicar of St Gabriel, Leicester, is also, one learns, a qualified anaesthetist. *(Daily Mail)*

PRAYERS ANSWERED

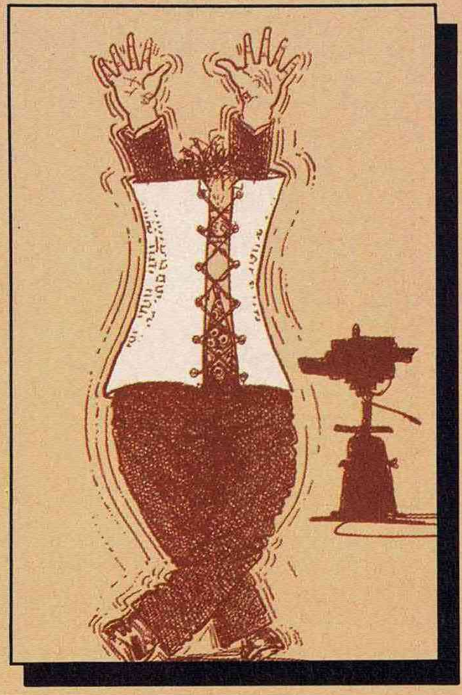
Since the prayers began a few months ago the vandalism at the church has virtually stopped. "But," explained Father Robert Johnston, "We've also put up a six foot wooden fence round the church so I would imagine that helped, too!" *(Bolton Evening News)*

NATIVE FIXTURES

"It was evident that the South African subsidiary was misreporting its figures, and I asked them for an audited report of their total payroll. I discovered that the payroll did not include obvious Bantu names. When I asked them to explain this omission, they replied that Bantu employees did not come under the category of manpower but under Fixtures and Fittings." (Letter in *The Sunday Times)*

NO MORE LUXURY

In the old days the elderly received bread and potatoes plus other small items, but owing to the rise in the cost of living it has been found impossible to continue giving on a lavish scale. *(Bridgewater Mercury)*

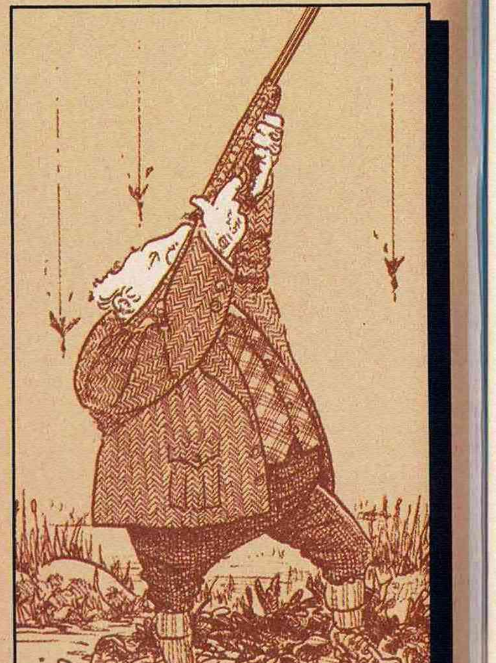


CORSET TEST

"We chose a number of men from the studio audience," said Mr Philip Wedge, AR's manager of Quiz programs. "We tied ladies' corsets round their waists, and the first to get theirs off and hold them above their heads are put in the program. We find this gives the right sort of contestant in a high proportion of cases." *(Evening Standard)*

PROFESSIONAL RESPECT

A husband suffering from influenza saw the doctor kiss his wife at the foot of the stairs. The husband, "under great provocation," nearly hit the doctor with a milk bottle, but out of respect for the doctor's profession he refrained, and punched his wife instead. *(Daily Herald)*



PRACTICAL CONCERN

Without his practical concern for animals, Colonel Forbes's main interests are sporting: shooting, fishing, hunting and racing. (From *Cotswold Life)*

ARAB FIRE POWER

English country gentlemen often hunt birds and no one objected when Shaik Zaid Ben Sultan, Ruler of Abu Dhabi, decided to try his hand at the sport in his luxurious English mansion. What distressed neighbors was that he used a machine-gun. *(Newsweek)*

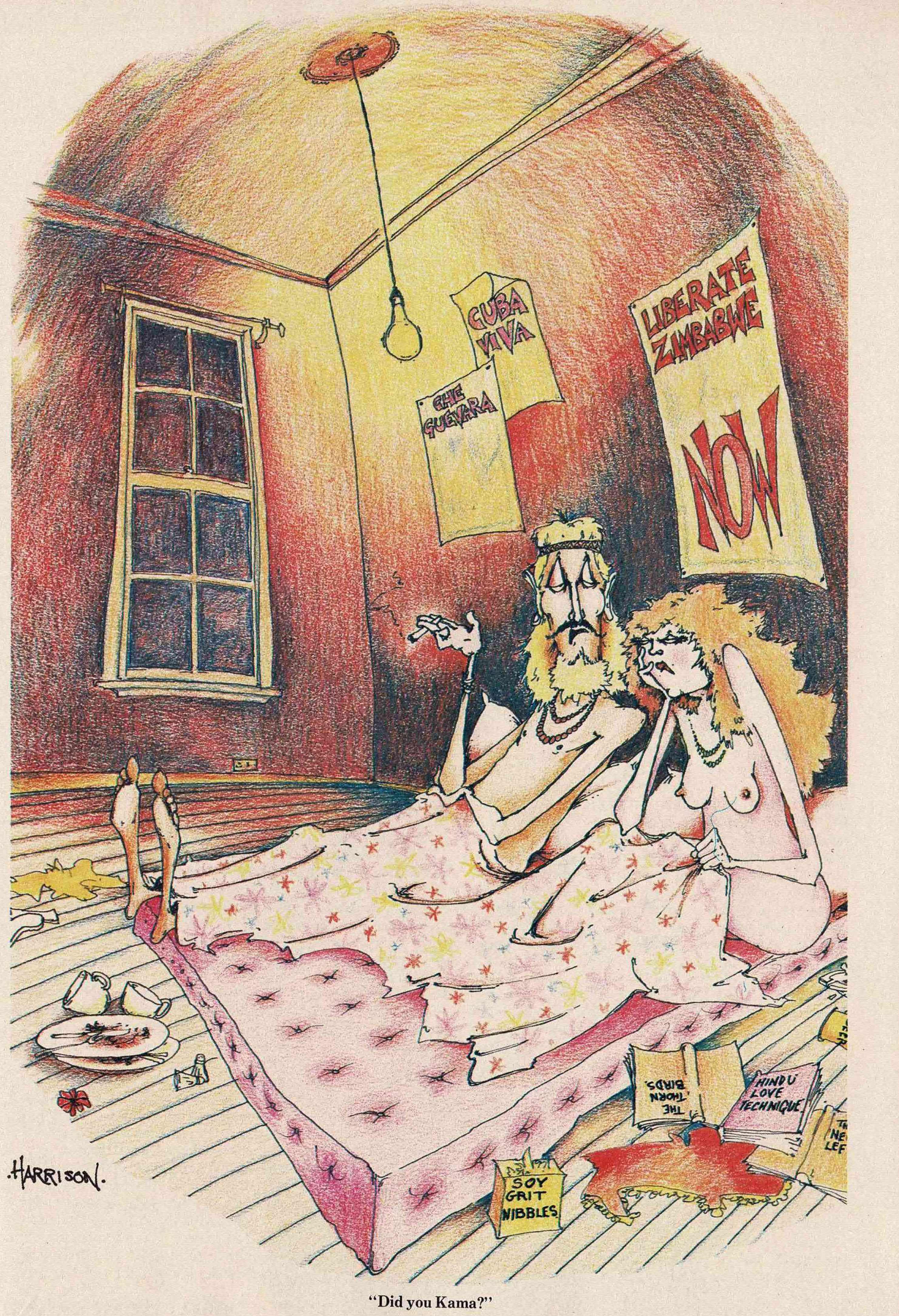
LET'S BE REASONABLE

"If foxes could hear all sides of the debate on hunting I think they would vote solidly for its continuance." (Letter in the *Field)*

COME AGAIN?

We take some satisfaction in the fact that a Lockheed TriStar powered by RB211 engines, with twice the power of those in Boeing 707-type aircraft, generate no more noise at take-off than that of the population of Greater London shouting together. (Report in the *New Scientist)*

From Laughing Matter, by Janet Dunbar and Clifford Webb published by Michael Joseph.



"Did you Kama?"

VOTE 1
WHO CARES?

russell deiley wanted to take a message to canberra, but the electors preferred the party line

LAST OCTOBER, when roughly half of the Australian voters were cheering home Malcolm Fraser and that famous warhorse, Ming Dynasty, I had the dismal distinction of being grouped in a 12-man photo-finish to decide the nation's most unsuccessful House of Representatives candidate.

My 474 votes as the independent candidate for the Sydney suburban seat of Phillip lifted me out of last position, but left me around 29,000 votes short of unseating the Liberal incumbent, battling Jack Birney.

It was all somewhat deflating, particularly in the light of the election-eve polls which promised me one percent of the votes. Mind you, those same polls pledged the ALP challenger, Jeanette McHugh, 53 percent and a ticket to Canberra. But as the good people of Phillip, the nation and the world are now aware, Birney, the Firebrand lawyer who left the bar to become a politician, retained the traditionally swinging seat for a record third successive term; Jeanette McHugh is still Mrs McHugh, housewife; the Australian Democrat, Les Reiss, is now back balancing ledgers; and after my first and last three weeks as a Federal independent candidate, I returned to driving a typewriter. My 474 votes didn't even cause a preferential ripple in an election billed as the most important in history.

Not that unbridled ambition — or even a desire to influence the result of what was seen as a damned close-run thing between Birney and McHugh — moved me to stand. I stood because, after 20 years on the other side of the hustings, I wanted a glimpse of the view from the centre stage of the political platform. I also felt that Australian voters were sick and tired of party hacks; that they wanted a return to the old time MP, who, like the family GP or village cop, was always thereabouts when we needed help, comfort, advice or a new urn for the scout hall. In short, I believed they wanted a rattling good fellow.

I thought the people of Phillip would vote for a candidate they could trust to send an independent message to Canberra. Instead they told me to go to hell. I sought to be seen as the independent crusader, unfettered by party loyalties or sectional interests, with a genuine concern for individual problems, hopes and ambitions. As the result of the real poll showed, Don Quixote had nothing on me. Even as a non-resident of Phillip, I could have done myself a favor by taking a lead from Jack Birney and painting out the nudes on Thompsons Bay beach.

After tramping miles, up and down the hills of Phillip on blistered feet for so little return, I'm convinced that, unless your name is Graham Kennedy or you are stacked like Abigail, standing as a independent is tantamount to attempting to win the Grand National Steeples bareback on a Shetland pony. To the professionals with all their razzmatazz, research resources, unlimited manpower and open-ended budgets, you are little more than a nuisance whose name has to be included on the party how-to-vote ticket. To some 99 percent of the voters, you are precious little more.

I suspect the 474 who voted for me — and I publicly thank them for their support — comprised friends, ratbags and protesters who regarded me as a harmless alternative to the informal ticket. The fact that almost four times as many electors preferred to vote informally rather than independent is a sobering thought. My electoral lance scarcely smudged the paintwork of those powerful mills that grind out both Liberal and Labor policy and promises. All those possessing an independent bent can take little heart from the October 18 poll which reinforced the reluctance of 93 percent of Australian voters to test the water outside the mainstream of major party politics.

But, as a participant last October, I saw the electorate in a totally different perspective. From the time of my formal nomination until the day of my rejection, my two occasional campaign supporters and I met and spoke to hundreds of voters. I met the people in meetings, in their homes, their streets, their shopping malls and their pubs. In the finest Australian tradition of the fair go, no one questioned my right to run or to argue freely according to conscience.

Only twice did I experience anything resembling hostility. One woman at a meeting organised by the Women's Electoral Lobby challenged my right as a writer for "that sexist magazine PLAYBOY" to discuss any women's issues. And framed in the window of her Bondi home, another woman made it quite clear that I was the last person in Phillip, and possibly the world, with whom she wanted to discuss the social issues of the '80s.

At best I was seen and heard as the sentimental bloke hankering for the return of the sixpenny middy, Bondi trams and government of, by and for the people. At worst, I was seen as a lunatic figure of fun . . .

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It is the eight-hour public holiday and I'm pounding the pavement up the hill from Bondi Beach. The heat is making the roadway shimmer and the sweat is oozing. A young woman approaches, one end of a lead in her hand and the other end attached to a skinny dog. Most of the dogs of Bondi have a lean and hungry look, and I prepare to surrender the right of way. But the lady and her dog stop abreast.

"Aren't you the person who is standing as an independent?" she asks. Praise be to St Francis de Salles. I'm recognised. I confess I am. "I thought I recognised you from the meeting the other night. Incredible,"

Illustration by Neil Curtis

she says and the word hangs between us. My assurance melts in the sun. The lady is convinced I am some sort of kook. But we talk. She wants to know if I am in favor of legalising marijuana. I think I am, if only because the legal seal of approval will help blow away the grass houses in the Riverina, Balmain or wherever. She seems satisfied, but then tells me it is immaterial what I think because she is going to vote for Jeanette McHugh. "You know, you really are overdressed for this sort of thing," she says and heads for the Pacific Ocean. My slacks, sports shirt and I continue on the uphill campaign trail.

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No matter whether the people I approached saw me as a curiosity or crank, all but a handful were happy to stand or sit and talk a while. They talked about their expectations of politicians, their fears, their problems, their personal experience and background, now and again about their concern for Australians less fortunate than themselves, and their own political philosophy. The range of attitudes and emotions were as wide and as varied as the electorate itself.

As a slice of electorally unpredictable society, Phillip is unique. It certainly emerged as a rich source of social information, if not votes, for me. If any confirmation was needed of the volatility of an electorate which has sent six different candidates to Canberra since the division was formed following a redistribution in time for the 1949 election, it came within 10 minutes of the nominations closing at noon on September 27.

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The phone rings in my Hornsby home half a dozen electorates away from Phillip. The caller introduces himself as a member of the McHugh campaign team. He wants to know if I am aligned to any party. When I tell him that I'm as independent as any independent can be, he loses interest in both me and my preferences. Mrs McHugh eventually gives me third of the four spots on her ticket. The Libs make their approach three nights later in the saloon bar of the local. The publican introduces me to a flag-wearing member of the Liberal Party which has asked him to run a check on me. The party faithful obviously reports back to headquarters that I pose no threat, because Jack Birney will direct his preferences to me. Independents don't cut much ice in Phillip, but it's nice to be noticed.

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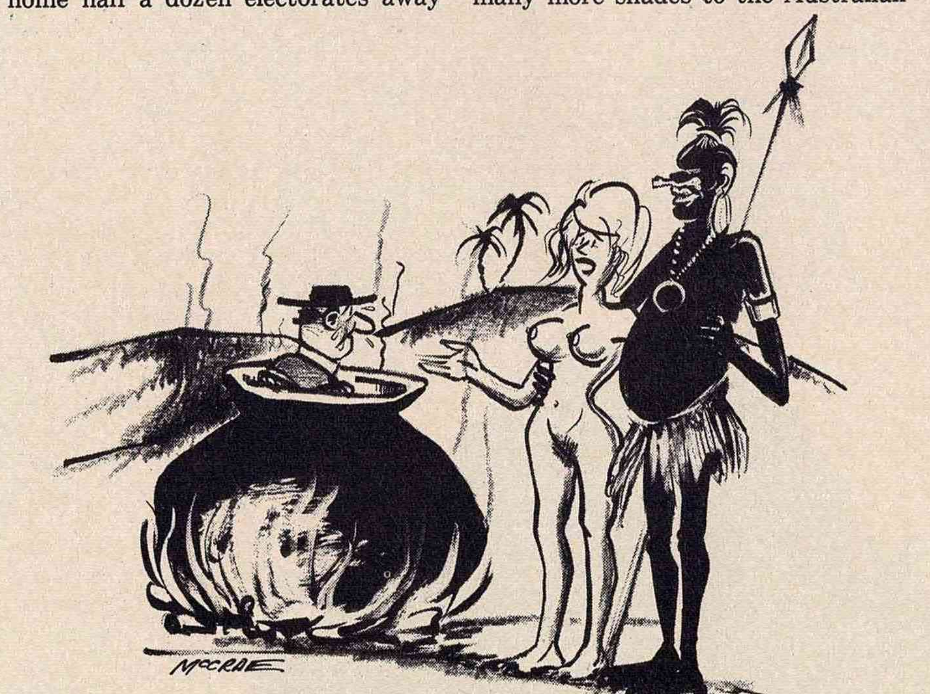
The nervousness of the Birney and McHugh camps became understandable out on the hustings where my preconceived notion that 40 percent of Australians are true blue Libs, 40 percent are solidly Labor and the rest either don't care or are intuitive voters vaporised. I can think of only one who was a genuine, unqualified 100 percenter.

Sure there were many who were staunch party supporters. Men and women who had voted one way all their lives and who would never change their colors no matter how persuasive the random polls, how long the dole queues or what price petrol. Certainly I ran into no one as ambivalent as the woman who rang in to the ABC radio program, City Extra, to say she would find it much easier to make up her mind if Malcolm Fraser headed the Labor Party.

But I did discover that there are many more shades to the Australian voter than black and white. Maybe in these days of electric-politics, there is Buckley's chance of a return to the old-time polie, but a sympathetic ear picks up a wealth of grass-root scuttlebutt. Maybe there isn't all that much difference between the woman who telephoned City Extra and the habitual Liberal voter who was so peeved with the negative election tactics of the Fraser team that he promised me his vote. Or the typical Labor Darby and Joan who liked Hayden's pension deal, but were afraid the profit they hoped to turn from the sale of their cottage would be gobbled up in a wealth tax before they could reinvest in a unit.



"But Henry, I've decided to accept a fate *worse* than death!"

I found people surprised, even flattered, that any candidate — even the rank outsider in the four-runner field — should be bothered to give them the time of day, let alone offer them a soapbox to give their side.

"I can't remember when I last had the chance to sit down and talk to any candidate," said one lonely old-timer after having a bitch about the pension means test, the high cost of medical insurance for the chronically ill and the paucity of jobs for the young who want to work. He did remember Jack Birney dropping into a Kingsford hotel bar three years before. So, too, did he remember Birney threatening to sue him when he accused the Member for Phillip of being seen and heard in the electorate at only three-year intervals. "I'd have welcomed spending a few dollars if he wanted to take me to court for calling him a bastard, but it didn't amount to anything." Nothing, perhaps, save the fact that Mr Birney lost a vote.

If the hate that Gough Whitlam exhorted Labor supporters to sustain following the then Governor-General Sir John Kerr's coup on November 11, 1975, still exists as a divisive force, then I found no strong evidence. There was a brief revival of feeling when the Prime Minister told a Sydney Journalists' Club lunchtime audience that, given similar circumstances to those which existed in 1975, a Liberal-NCP controlled Senate would again consider trying to block supply to a Labor Government. Doug Anthony fanned that same fire in the fern two days later. Several university students to whom I spoke felt even by allowing themselves to be drawn on such a contentious issue, the Coalition leaders were showing contempt for the intelligence of the electorate. The students' viewpoint, however, was expressed more in sorrow than anger.

Rather than political polarisation, I found a widening philosophic and social gap between the haves and the have-nots and the generations. And the differences were voiced more in conceptual than in political terms.

The lines between the so-called advantaged and disadvantaged were indelibly drawn. The acknowledged self-made men and women viewed the continuance of the Fraser Government as securing the buffer protecting their wealth, comfort and material possessions, while any alternative government was seen as a socialist plot to breach that barrier. If there was any concern for the educational, social, welfare and health needs of the impoverished, the unemployed or the Aborigines, then it was token. The chant was repetitive: if there is need for bread, then let them have it — as long as it doesn't come off my table.

"I've worked hard for everything I have," said one self-employed English migrant preparing to vote Liberal in his second Australian election. "There are plenty of opportunities in this country for those who want to work. I'm tired of seeing dole cheques cashed over hotel bars. I don't believe in handouts. That's socialism."

Both the unemployed and the disadvantaged saw the Coalition as the enemy rather than a Labor Government as their salvation. They saw themselves as pawns in Fraser's anti-inflation game rigged so that his friends in the large corporations and the stock market were the only winners. Asked one on his daily visit to the Commonwealth Employment Service office: "I'll be voting Labor because they represent the lesser of two evils. If Jesus Christ would return, I'd vote for him. You're not Jesus Christ, are you?" Sadly, no.

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It's lunchtime in a Kingsford hotel bar. There are four days to Vote Day. In spite of the polls, there is a familiar resignation among the three diggers nursing their middies. If Labor wins, they'll sink an extra glass or two. If Labor loses, they'll accept it has been written in the stars. They've seen it all so many times in the past 31 years. There is more interest in Tommy Smith's plans for the champion, Kingston Town, in the other big one on Saturday, the Caulfield Cup. One, who has just copped an $18 windfall in Lotto, is glassy-eyed about the prospect of getting six to one about the Town. Three days later, Malcolm Fraser appears in a *Sydney Morning Herald* photograph feeding Ming Dynasty a handful of straw. Some men and horses win. Others lose.

The other major sociological phenomenon which emerged from my slog around the hustings (the values gap between the young voters and their parents and grandparents) impressed me as unbridgeable as the division between the I'm Alright Jack brigade and the embattled underprivileged. There was some overlapping of attitudes within the two issues, yet they were quite distinct.

The seeds were sown in the affluent periods of the '50s and '60s. Children born in those times grew up in a wonderland of bountiful supplies of food, cars and electrical labor-saving devices and entertainment gadgetry. And like a bizarre extension of the cargo cult, those children have grown to adulthood believing consumerism and opportunity are rights, not the privileges for which their parents and grandparents worked.

It is a stand-off situation with the older generations espousing the cause of the work ethic which their children and grandchildren don't comprehend. While it has been primarily an inter-family and sociological problem, it was raised as a growing political issue during the election campaign.

"I think the Government does have a responsibility in this area," said one Phillip resident who believed that growth should be aligned to natural demand and not dictated by corporate profit. "The Government did encourage the consumer revolution and there is evidence to suggest that many of the young people who either can't or won't find work are those whose values were shaped during a period when children could have been excused for thinking that the trappings of affluence grew on trees."

It is an interesting if simplistic theory, but whatever the contributing factors to the youth unemployment, many older people did express contrasting attitudes toward those younger people out of work. Only a minority was sympathetic and compassionate toward those unable to find employment, and one grandfather said he had kept a dossier of all the positions pursued by his daughter's child. "My youngest grandson applied, either in writing or in person, for 42 jobs in six months before he was finally taken on as an apprentice painter and decorator thanks to the Wran Government's assistance scheme."

But even this grandfather added his voice to the majority which claimed that, because of the bureaucratic difficulty in differentiating between those genuinely looking for work and the dole bludgers, the Government should not hand out welfare money willy-nilly. Most older people — and the odd member of the peer group — said they favored putting the young unemployed to work on community projects or public utility developments.

Several people said they were convinced that the leaders of all the major parties were pussy-footing around the real unemployment issue. Their prognosis was that large-scale unemployment was here to stay, but no party had the guts to admit it or to face the prospect electorally.

Unemployment and the dole apart, there was a great deal of consensus on other welfare issues. There was almost a unanimous condemnation for the Fraser Government's high-handed treatment of people whose invalid pensions had been slashed. Aged pensioners, as well, had widespread support for a better deal from the Government, and nine out of 10 pensioners told me they felt a vote for the ALP would get them a bigger slice of the national welfare cheque.

As the demographic line pushes the median age of Australians older,

"The Russians will never suspect a microphone concealed in your IUD!"

pensioner power will become more persuasive in the electorate. Although he appeared to be outbid in the auction of promises in the last campaign, Prime Minister Fraser got away with the election with a minority vote from the pensioners. But in each future election the pensioner vote will become increasingly critical, and it could well be that so many elderly Australians will ultimately be hauled above the breadline.

And if this Fraser Government does show more compassion toward the pensioner, it won't be before time. More than one elderly woman of Phillip was in tears as she told me of the struggle she faced to get through every fortnight.

"I've been a widow for a number of years and it is harder when you are alone," said one woman. "I have my own home and I try to put away a little of the pension each week in case something goes wrong. But I often have to dip into that money just to put food on the table until it's time for the next pension cheque to arrive in the post."

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The hate might be gone, but events that occurred during the Whitlam years still evoke passion, although the Lib deserters who helped vote Labor into power in '72 and have vowed never to make the same mistake again still pine for Medibank and those lavish education handouts. By their reckoning, it was all right for the Whitlam Government to spend on the setting up of a national health scheme and education, but that is where the buck spree should have stopped.

The loyal Laborite, of course, has never doubted that the increased education vote and Medibank were two of the great reforms of modern times. Of all the people who had their say to me during my campaign, I can remember only one who did not regret the passing of Medibank, and, by his own admission, he was the kind of young man who saw red every time he heard someone mention raising the standard.

Typical, however, of the majority view was the once-in-his-life ALP voter who said: "Medibank was one of Whitlam's genuine reforms and I still support the concept — providing it is financed by an across-the-board levy. Despite their promise, the Liberals broke up Medibank and, in the confused and reconstructed scheme, we are paying a lot more than we would have under the levy proposed by Whitlam and blocked by the then Opposition. Why should the Government be propping up the private medical insurance industry with their huge buildings, huge advertising budgets and huge staffs? Their superheated costs just increase the price of medical insurance to everyone."

As an example of that cost, one superannuated pensioner pulled out his chequebook to show me the stub of the cheque he had just signed to pay his quarterly medical insurance bill: $221.16. He would have liked to have opted out on the insurance for he and his wife, but could not afford to take the gamble because of his own serious and debilitating illness.

Ignoring all other issues, DOGS (Defence of Government Schools) and their supporters made it quite clear that they would be at war with any Government that continued to erode the education grant. The DOGS lobby might be making the most noise, but the clamor for more Federal money for the public education system echoed across the electorate and party lines.

The Fraser Government's petrol pricing policies, too, had won few hearts and minds. Yet, despite Paul Keating's eloquence, the voters didn't seem entirely convinced that Labor's alternative policy was going to leave them much better off. The people tended to be very basic on the kind of petrol pricing policies they wanted. A Palestinian migrant to Australia, via Europe, for example, felt a realistic maximum retail price for the item that keeps Australian wheels turning would be 25 cents a litre.

Although the Palestinian didn't have a formula for cheaper petrol, a Bondi milko did: "Why don't we play the Arabs at their own game and try blackmail? We've got tremendous coal reserves and everyone wants to buy our coal. So let's jack up the price and use the profits to subsidise the oil."

Oil was the Australian resource on most people's minds, with uranium a distant second, while the memory of the late Rex Connor's campaign to buy back the farm was tinged not with the issue of whether Australians or foreigners should develop the nation's vast mineral wealth but rather with the faintly rotten smell of shady Arab loan deals.

Interestingly, the anti-uranium movement made two public stands in New South Wales during the election — in the main shopping areas of Kingsford and Randwick. One of the organisers explained that they chose Phillip because it was a swinging seat and because they hoped to tip the weight of votes in favor of McHugh and the ALP. Having disarmed when they thought the argument against uranium mining had been won during the Labor Government's reign, the organisers admitted they had been a little slow to regroup. They would have liked to have developed the anti-uranium cause into a moratorium issue in time for the election, but for that, they realised they needed the full-hearted support of the union movement and students.

The unionists, however, were committed primarily to winning Government for the ALP on economic and unemployment issues, and the students, while generally in favor of leaving uranium in the ground, had other things on their minds: things like lobbying on a united front for more money for education and concentrating on studies in pursuit of top marks at a time when even university graduates have to compete for limited job opportunities.

Significantly, perhaps, because they will be providing a substantial proportion of our community and political leadership over the next few years, the senior and post-graduate university students whom I talked to strongly supported constitutional change. They believed there was an urgent need to reduce the powers of the Senate and that there should be gradual movement to an Australian republic with a president elected by the House of Representatives as a ceremonial head of State. They also advocated that a straight majority of voters only should be needed to make constitutional change instead of the two-thirds of the States as currently required under the Constitution.

The Catch-22 situation of trying to persuade the less populous States to surrender their checks and balances on constitutional change strikes me as being as difficult a commission as trying to win votes as an independent in the seat of Phillip.

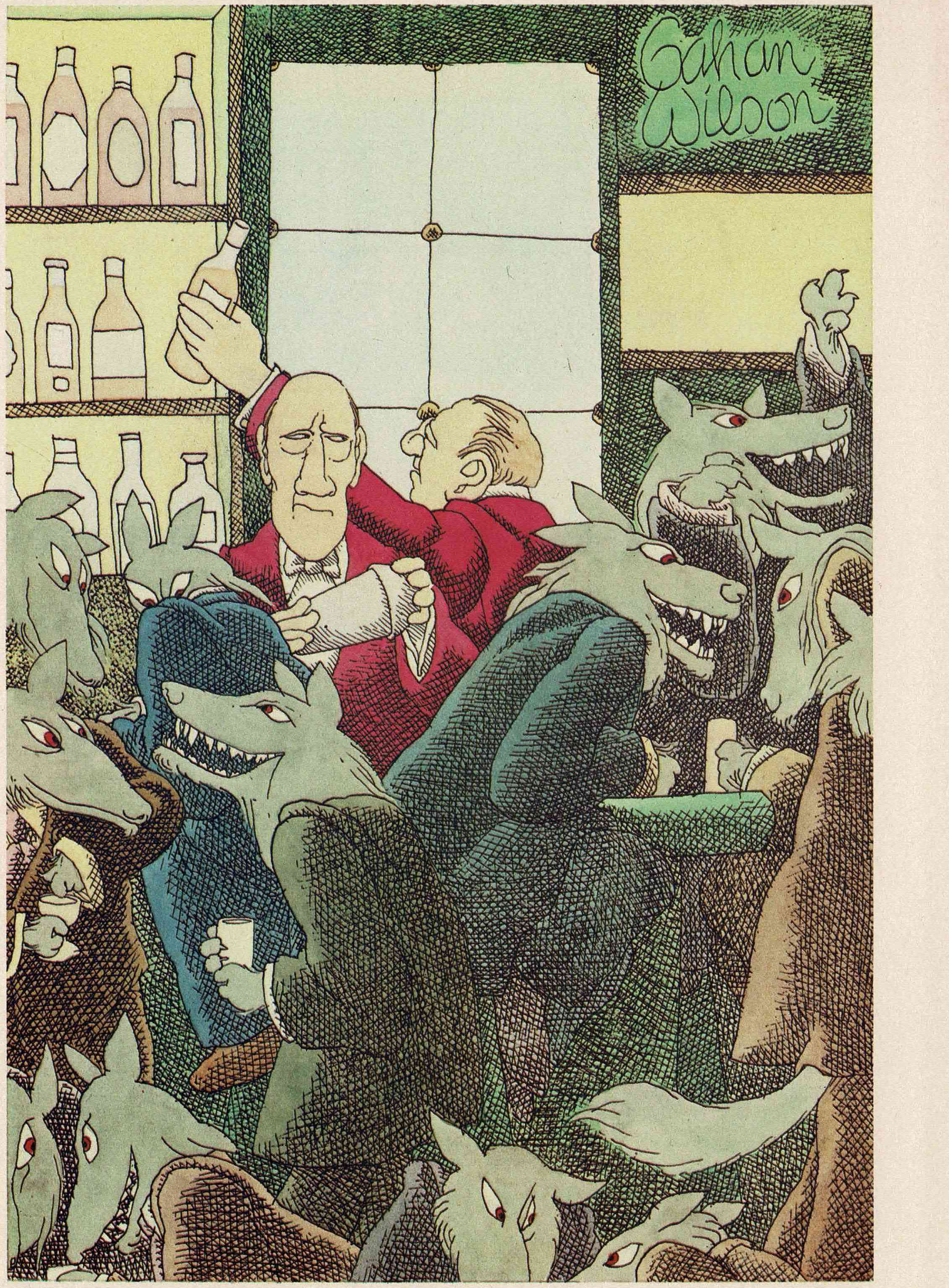
And while Mr Jack Birney, MHR, stows away the Combi Camper from which he conducted much of his electioneering — looking for all the world like a tank commander with only his head and shoulders protruding through the roof hatch — and settles in for another three years in Canberra, I retire from politics.

Blisters apart, my campaign bill was modest compared to the cost of $11.1 million it cost the Australian Electoral Office to stage the elections and the estimated $6 million spent on the campaign by the major parties.

A breakdown of my total campaign costs is:

Nomination fee (forfeited)	$100.00
Printing	199.00
Letter box drop	50.00
Petrol	33.00
Electoral Map	1.50
Total	$383.50

By my calculation that means each of my 474 votes cost 81 cents.



"To tell the truth, I wish the place hadn't caught on with the werewolves."

BOSS WOMEN

AND HOW TO HANDLE THEM

the tender trap of the '80s will be sprung by powerful businesswomen who'll challenge you in the boardroom and in bed

A FEW YEARS AGO, when I wrote *POWER!: How to Get it, How to Use it,* I acquired a certain gurudom by suggesting a number of ways in which ambitious men could make their way to the top by observing how the top-dogs placed their desks, wore their clothes and carried into every phase of life a concern for the power style.

I have every reason to believe it worked for a lot of guys — after all, if the boss wears Gucci loafers and a blue suit, it seems pretty obvious that he's going to like seeing the people around him in the same kind of clothes, and therefore a bad idea to turn up in jeans and running shoes.

I must confess with hindsight, however, that I didn't give enough thought to a problem of the '80s: What do you do if the boss is wearing a neat skirt slit up to the thigh, a silk blouse with the top three buttons unfastened and a fetching pair of high-heeled sandals?

It hasn't happened to you? Rest assured, it probably will. And when the sexual roles are reversed, don't suppose that it won't hurt. I recently heard a woman executive dismiss one of her eager subordinates as "just another pretty face" and another, in an unguarded moment, describe a man in her department as "a great screw but a lousy manager".

When a woman was recently picked to oversee a large entertainment conglomerate, it was astonishing to see how the men whose jobs and salaries she now controlled began to preen themselves, trying to catch her eye, flattering her, telling her how great she looked, though to an outside observer it was interesting to note that she accepted all the attention with a winning smile (or possibly a *winner's* smile) marred only by a pair of the coldest baby-blue eyes I'd seen in a long time. The eyes told the story. What they said was, "Eat your heart out, baby, I've got you by the balls."

If you supposed that women would be nicer, or at any rate *different* when they got power, forget it. Kipling took care of that a long time ago ("The female of the species is more deadly than the male," remember?), and it's worth bearing in mind that, since women usually have to put up with a certain amount of humiliation, sexism and male resentment on the way to the executive suite, they're not only very tough when they get there — probably tougher than a man because the odds against them were greater — but also determined to *prove* that they're tough.

Also, women don't live in the semi-tribal *camaraderie* of male bonding, and therefore aren't naturally given to bullshit. Men talk tough — it's the *macho* success style — but largely it's a pose. Women *mean* it.

When I wrote *POWER!* there were very few women in a position to get it, let alone to *use* it. Back in those days, I assumed, as most people did, that sex in the office, for instance, was basically a question of exploitation or harassment. The big question then was what a woman should do (or say) if her boss made a pass at her, and whether she'd be fired (for some other reason, of course) if she discouraged him, or kneed him in the groin.

Nowadays, the problem is what *you* should do, sitting there in your power suit and your Guccis, if your boss brushes her long blonde hair out of her eyes, unbuttons the top of her blouse and licks her lips invitingly while you're asking for a raise. Or how you should respond to a smouldering look of sexual invitation from a stunning young woman poised just opposite you at a meeting, when she also happens to be the hotshot lawyer for the other side. Or what to do when you take the great looking woman in the office across the hall out for an after-work drink only to discover that she's after your job and had a cosy little dinner the night before with your boss, who has a roving eye . . .

Perhaps the thing that most scares men is the possibility of a woman using sex to get ahead of them in business. When men slept with their secretaries, the worst that could happen was a little bit of gossip; but now that women are competing with men at the top and filling positions of high responsibility, there is a certain residual fear that pillow talk can be a deadly weapon. What happens if your rival for a promotion is a man who is having an affair with your boss, who's a woman? Does this improve his chances? Should you make a pass at your boss, if only to show that you're not sexually indifferent to her? Will she be flattered, or will she fire you? And what if you *do* go to bed with her, and she thinks the other guy is a better lay? It's enough to give a man migraine or premature ejaculation.

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The etiquette of sex at work has changed radically in the past decade, and taking your secretary (or someone else's) out for an intimate little after-hours drink is a different proposition

article by Michael Korda

Illustration by Dave McMacken

from asking out a woman who is making $45,000 a year, has her own parking space with her name on it, and may be in a position to decide what your salary and bonus for the coming year will be — or even if you're going to be around to receive them.

Until recently, men had office affairs (or one-night stands) with women who had, almost by definition, less power than they did. The old come-on was not only sexual but also a way of getting ahead.

The basic rule of the game was that women had something to *gain* from men (besides sex or a good time), and that men held the power, from raises and promotions to the key to such exclusively masculine prerogatives as the executive washroom. These days, however, the executive washroom is as likely to contain a bottle of Chanel No 5 and a box of Tampax as Bay Rum and an electric razor. The rules have been changed — in fact they have been discarded altogether.

A good indication of this is contemporary advertising. Women are now shown, in ads for perfumes or clothing or cosmetics, in positions of power — seated behind desks (but still looking sexy and glamorous), driving a Ferrari at top speed (skilfully and with leather racing driver gloves) to come to a squealing stop in front of a corporate Learjet, where the male pilots and a couple of male executives with briefcases wait for her, or coming in through the door, a vision of loveliness, to sit down at the head of the table and take charge of the meeting . . .

Needless to say, there is a certain amount of fantasy in all this. The majority of women still work in subordinate positions, still earn less than similarly qualified men and have fewer chances for promotion, but the fantasy itself tells us a great deal about what women want and what is beginning to happen. Airlines are beginning to come to grips with the travelling woman executive by providing *male* stewards, instead of the ubiquitous stewardesses, whose traditional duties are to make the travelling *man* feel pampered. Even executive health clubs, the former bastions of sweaty male supremacy, are opening up to women.

Office designers have finally begun to develop furniture and decoration for the successful woman, instead of simply giving her what the male executive wants — dark colors, heavy leather furniture, a desk the size of a Sheridan tank and a chair so big that anyone under two metres appears like a dwarf. Helen Gurley Brown, for instance, wields absolute power at *Cosmopolitan*, the powerful American women's magazine, from an office that is done in flowered chintz, antiques and cut glass; and one publishing executive recently celebrated her rise to the top by having her whole office decorated in white, with the furniture scaled to her own 128cm *petite* size, which has the additional advantage of making most men ill-at-ease and uncomfortable, since the chairs are too small and too low for them, and the general feeling is that of having entered the ladies' room by mistake. Women have learned that you don't have to sacrifice your femininity to be a success.

A very large number of successful, ambitious women are beautiful, strikingly — even provocatively — dressed, and very conscious of their sexuality. In fact, as it turns out, success seems to increase the sex drive and the predatory sexual instinct in women, just as it does in men. Achievers in the boardroom are by and large achievers in the bedroom, irrespective of sex.

A quick scan of women's magazines reveals that power is the new turn-on, which shouldn't come as any surprise to men. For years, after all, we've known that winning makes you feel good, at the very simplest and most *basic* level. Several studies have shown that the usual picture of the success-oriented executive is mistaken on a number of counts. It's generally assumed that the achieving personality is a "workaholic" whose sex drive is diminished by ambition, and who has no time for pleasure; but in fact most achievers are determined to get the best out of life in every area, and sexual success is as important to them as any other.

Achievers maintain an active sexual life to a significantly later age than non-achievers; and they're more likely to exercise, keep to a diet, care for their appearance and their body as well. At 60, the average non-achiever is overweight, washed-up, ready for the garbage heap of retirement and old-age (with the prospect of having to eke out life on social security). Achievers at 60 are very often ready to take up a new career, determined to remain fit and tough, socially, financially and sexually active.

Women have come to understand this, if only because they were usually the victims of it. Until recently, a woman of 60 was a grandmother, with no career and no training for one, while her husband had reached his peak earning power, and was getting into gear for a burst of second-wind, very often leading him to divorce and remarriage to a younger woman. Now women are tasting the joys of achievement, and the choices it offers them, and women like Sylvia Beech (who owns and runs the largest manufacturer of business aircraft in the United States) or like Katherine Graham (who is the boss of the vast *Washington Post* empire, which includes *Newsweek*) are maintaining their power and keeping up a busy schedule that more than matches those of their male counterparts. Grandmothers they may be (or of grandmotherly age), but they put in a 14-hour day, and run their businesses with an iron hand.

For many men having a woman as boss is a worrying proposition. Most men instinctively know how to rate their position with other men. Like wolves in a pack, we are born to smell out the dominant individuals, to sense who is weaker than we are, who is stronger, who is a rival for leadership and who is not. In wolf packs, the females do not participate in this Darwinian struggle, except that they mate with the stronger wolves.

We are not so lucky. In the business world, females now compete in the leadership struggle for dominance on equal terms, but men have few, if any, instincts to guide them when their opponent or rival is of the opposite sex. Men, who may be pretty sure how to interpret sexual signals from a woman, often fail to recognise that a woman is a rival or that she's using sexual signals to disguise the fact.

You may be looking at those pretty little fingers toying with the buttons of her blouse, as she exposes just a little more cleavage, or a flash of well-tanned thigh as she crosses her legs, but *beware.* Even if her eyes are fixed on yours, wide-open and inviting, her mind may be on your job or on beating you out of a couple of crucial points on a deal. More complicated still, women who want to win, and many do, want to win it all. She may in fact be giving you a sexual signal, she might even respond to an invitation and end up in bed with you, but she may also *still* want your job or to win out over the deal. Modern women don't trade sex for gains; they want equality in bed *and* equality at work; and the woman who goes to bed with you may well cut your throat for you in front of the board of directors the very next day, without connecting one thing to another. As one woman said: "What I do in bed doesn't have anything to do with what I do in court, and the fact that I've had a good time with a guy doesn't mean I'm going to go easy on him if we're on opposite sides of a case, or even if we're trying to impress the senior partner. I play to win, and I expect everybody else to."

Women intensify this by adopting accoutrements of men. I remember

LOVERS

Illustration by Pat Nagel

"The look of love be damned. *This* is the look of lust."

attending one meeting of crusty, tough old lawyers, who were waiting for the other side's attorney to show up, and ready to make mince-meat of him. The door opened, and in walked a very attractive young woman in her 30s, with a bosom that was, to put it mildly, overdeveloped. There was a dead silence as she walked in. Then she placed on the table possibly the largest, most expensive and heaviest briefcase I've seen — lavishly equipped with buckles, straps and zippers — and began to remove from it files, a yellow legal pad, a gold pencil, a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, which she put on, and several law books with place markers. "Well, gentlemen," she said, sitting down and staring at them, "shall we get down to it."

Needless to say, she quickly made her case. She had thrown the men off balance, first by being a woman, second by being attractive, but finally because her briefcase was a masculine status symbol, a male badge of power and potency. And here it was, bigger than their own and *in her hands:* a totem defiled. If she'd had a handbag, the assembled business vultures would have eaten her alive.

Women are getting harder for men to pigeon-hole. You see a man, and after a minute you can sum him up, if you're any good at these things. "Melbourne Grammar, sports freak, probably plays golf," for instance; or "Aussie Rules fan, a good-ol' boy who's concealing real shrewdness and toughness with a lot of 'good on yer mate' crap." Or "throws bullshit, is smart, pushy, but basically a weak guy trying to look tough." And so on.

Men are pretty familiar with male weaknesses and strengths, and quick to observe them; but, faced with a woman, they are at sea. They can't read the signs or, worse yet, they *misread* them.

One consequence of this is that men tend to be somewhat frightened of women — they represent an unknown quantity. A woman in the meeting throws them off balance, particularly if she's young and pretty.

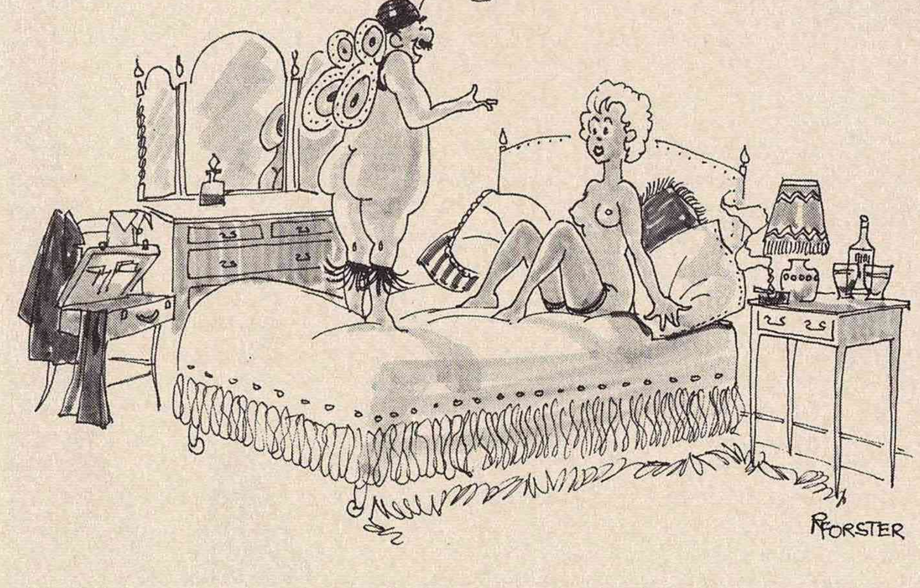
Men therefore develop ways of dealing with this particular loose cannon on the ship, the most popular approach being to cut her down to size by treating her as a little girl, or to embarrass her by making overtly sexual remarks, the object being to see how far you can push her. If the woman doesn't answer back, she has lost face; if she *does,* she's a bad sport, a "libber", or simply has no sense of humor. Either way, she loses.

This pre-emptive strike is a very popular move in business of the 1980s. The man looks at the young woman and says: "Hey, that's a terrific looking dress you have on, and you look really sexy in it, you know that?" thus turning the woman executive into a sex-object in the eyes of the rest of the men at the meeting, who will now pay more attention to her thighs than her ideas. This puts the woman in an embarrassing position; but even so, she can fight back. At a recent meeting I attended where this took place, the young woman coolly stared back at the man and replied: "Thank you, I think *you* look very cute too." Having thus reduced *him* to a sex object, she proceeded to mop up the floor with him.

Beware of the fact that a woman can easily make you look like a dummy in front of your colleagues, if you press your attack too hard. Very few women will resort to tears these days, but tears remain an effective weapon for making a man look like a fool *and* a bore, though one woman executive has found it more useful simply to look an opponent in the eye and ask him, point-blank: "Does my being a *woman* make you nervous?" which effectively undercuts his masculinity.

One threatened male executive relied on a rich knowledge of sports to make the lone woman on his executive committee feel out of place; and it's true that men can usually freeze out a woman by talking about football, cricket or tennis. In this case, however, he misjudged his opponent. She simply took a crash course in sports, and became a greater expert than he was.

Another way men often exclude women is by the use of obscene language, which is a kind of basic male bonding device; but the New Woman is very often capable of holding her own in this area. One woman lawyer, a comely girl in her 20s, sat through an hour of this at a contract meeting, listening to the men talking like troopers so as to put her in her place (this is macho-land, honey, so don't mess with us), then calmly brushed her long hair out of her eyes, smiled sweetly, and said: "If you guys think my client's going to accept this, you're out of your f—ing minds." *Instant silence.* Not another obscene phrase or word was uttered during the rest of the meeting. Afterwards, one of the men said to her: "You're a tough girl, Shirley," and she looked at him calmly and replied: "And you're a tough *boy!*"



"But I am a psychiatrist."

Still, men *are* fighting back; in fact sexual combat in business is becoming increasingly sophisticated these days. One man I know found himself locked in combat with an attractive woman over a contract negotiation. At a critical moment, she leaned back, thus exposing a very fine pair of breasts and began playing with the top button of her blouse, which was already unbuttoned to the cleavage line. Calmly, he took off his tie, unbuttoned *his* shirt, and scratched his muscular chest; then he rolled up his sleeves and said, "Shall we move on to the next point?"

I think this is probably the right approach for the 1980s. The put-down is out — it's *gauche,* blatantly male-chauvinist and in the long run a losing proposition. Equality is in. When you think a woman is giving you a sexual come-on while you're doing business with her, say: "How about a drink this evening — *after* we've concluded this?" Equality means the freedom to respond to (and also initiate) sexual approaches while still competing as equals, and men simply have to learn how to do it. When you walk into your boss's office to ask for a raise and *she* sits down beside you on the couch exposing a pair of very attractive legs and gives you a close scrutiny, it is perfectly okay to say, for example: "You know, you're a very attractive woman, and I'd like to get to know you better, but in the meantime let's talk about my salary needs . . ."

In the office of the 1960s and 1970s, it was necessary to watch out for the power games of the guys around you. It's still necessary; but today you have to be on the look-out for the sudden come-on, the sexual innuendo, the inviting glance that is designed to take your mind off the business at hand. Bear in mind that — in women executives — beauty, sexuality, elegance and femininity have become success/power symbols.

It used to be said, in the days when Henry Kissinger was US Secretary of State, that "power is the ultimate aphrodisiac", by which it was meant that women find powerful men sexually attractive even when the man in question is physically unremarkable by any rational standards. These days, the saying still holds true, but with a different meaning. Power is a *direct* aphrodisiac for women. They have discovered that power is not only the next best thing to sex, but closely linked with sex. Power, in short, *feels good,* and while it may be nice to be taken out to dinner (or even bed) by a powerful man, it's even better to beat him at his own game, which is the real high of the '80s; or better still to go to bed with him *and* then smoothly beat him at his own game.

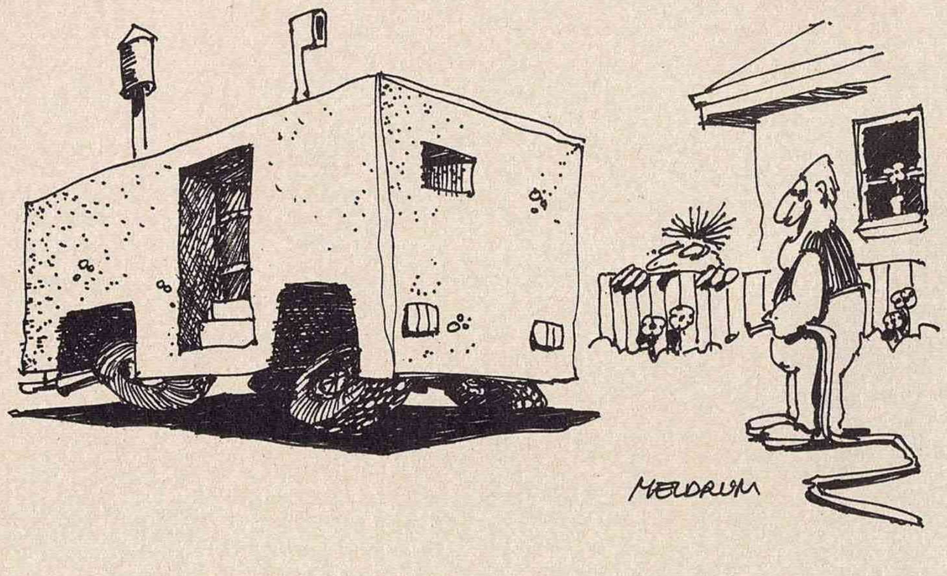
It is reasonable, I think, to count on a certain natural intensification of the War Between the Sexes, since men can hardly give up their prerogatives without some bitterness and women can't help but feel a certain resentment at the way they've been held back for centuries. When Marilyn Monroe became a star and signed her first big studio deal, she is reported to have said: "Thank God, I'll never have to give head to a producer again!" a sentiment which probably applies more to the movie business, in which women and sex have always been commodities, than to any other. Still, a woman who becomes successful in *any* business is bound to feel that power frees her from a number of hitherto obligatory pretences, if nothing else. She no longer needs to pretend to be dumb, or to fake admiration for guys who aren't as bright as she is, or to worry about what will happen to her if she turns down a pass from some dummy who just happens to be in a position to fire her, or live up to all the stereotyped expectations men have of women.

Not so long ago I had the pleasure of interviewing one of the first women generals in the United States Army, and I was struck by the fact that nobody had any trouble accepting her in that role. When she walked across the parade ground, burly sergeants came smartly to attention and saluted; her aide, a male lieutenant, followed her, carrying her briefcase, and making sure the red flag with two silver stars was unfurled from the fender of her car as she stepped into it; her driver, a grizzled veteran with a chest-full of combat ribbons, fetched her coffee, opened doors for her and seemed to have no difficulty in adapting to the situation. I asked her why, and she seemed, quite frankly, surprised by my question.

"You have to understand," she said after a moment's thought, "in the Army what counts are *these!*" She patted the stars on the epaulettes of her tunic. "I'm a *general.* I happen to be a *woman* who's a general, and that's unusual, but even the dumbest, most male-chauvinist soldier recognises those stars, and knows what they mean. I sometimes see a major or a colonel looking at me, and I know he's annoyed about being given a command by a woman, but when push comes to shove, he'll salute and say, 'Yes, general,' because we're both part of the system and *I outrank him.* And in the Army that's all that matters. Civilian life may be different, of course . . . I wouldn't know. Once, when I was out of uniform, at a seminar, a captain asked if I'd get coffee for the group. He didn't know who I was. Then he realised that everyone was staring at him in horror, and he said, 'Oh my God, General, I thought you were just a *woman!*' " She laughed, a deep hearty laugh.

In civilian life women are also more and more in control. I spoke to one senior woman executive in her 40th floor New York office suite, long after most of her employees had gone home. Her limousine was waiting downstairs to take her to a meeting; there were photographs of her husband (himself a successful lawyer) and her children on the desk. She was a woman who had succeeded in every way, still handsome, a demon tennis player and skier, a formidable competitor in everything. "It's going to be a very different kind of world," she said, pausing for an instant while her secretary prepared her briefcase. "It's going to challenge men to be more secure in their masculinity, more open in their relationships with women. It's going to develop a new breed of women, I think: tough, ambitious, successful, but still very feminine. You unleash all that energy that's been held back for years, cooking meals and changing nappies.

"The competition is going to be a lot hotter. And I'll tell you something: when women are competing equally with men, you're probably even going to have better sex! Women have always used sex as a substitute for power, a way of fighting back; and men have always thought of sex as a way of keeping women in their place. That's gradually changing, oh, not for everybody, by a long shot. We're still talking about a small number of people, but eventually it's going to make a big difference . . . Sex between equals...*that's* a revolutionary idea!"



"We've had the Commodore nuke-proofed."

SUGAR AND PRICE

so that's what little girls are made of! and january playmate karen price really is everything nice

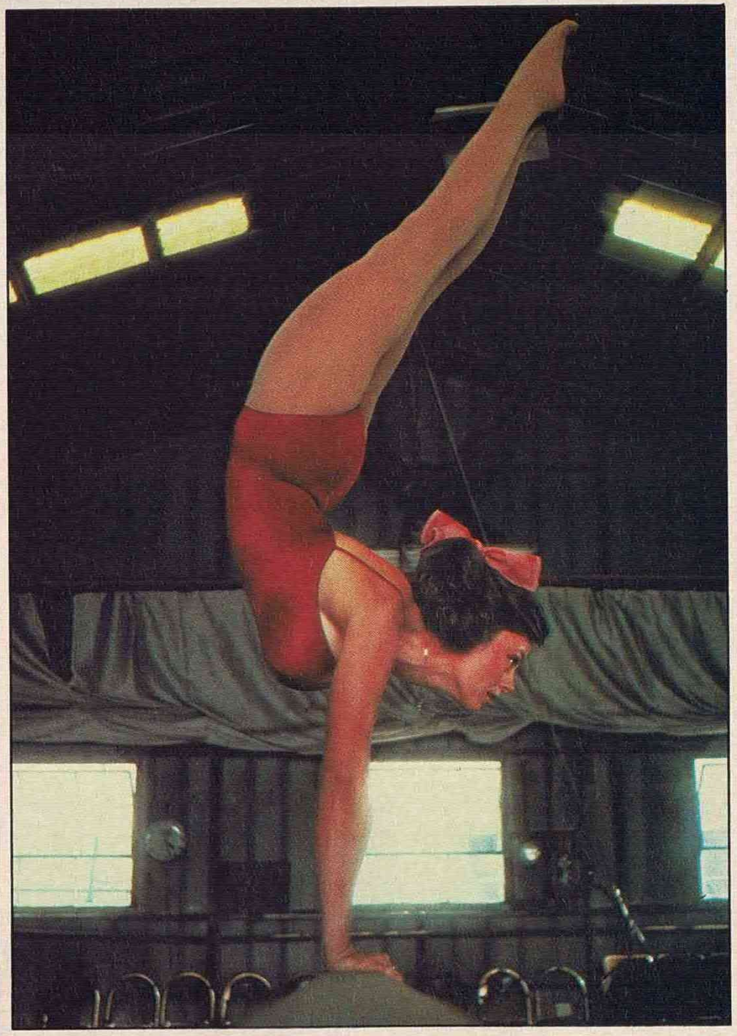
“I DON'T drink, smoke or take drugs,” says Karen Price. “I never have and I never will.” It's not that Karen aspires to sainthood. The fact is that she's allergic to cigarettes, cannot tolerate the taste of alcohol and won't even take an aspirin to relieve a headache. “Maybe I'm a health nut,” she says, “but I just don't believe in putting certain substances into my system.” Unlike many health fanatics, Karen keeps in shape with a standard, balanced diet (hold the exotic health food concoctions) plus lots of athletic

Photography by Ken Marcus.

Karen and friends: shown above with some of the boys after a heavy acrobatic session.

involvement. At the ripe old age of 12, she was introduced to the rigorous sport of gymnastics and took to it like a duck to water. After winning first prize in several local competitions, Karen became a teacher of gymnastics — developing, along the way, an interest in acrobatics as well. (Gymnastics is an individual sport; acrobatics involves two or more people.) Since the age of 15, she has taught children aged three to 16 the nuances of her sport; she has also coached many school teams. Karen has a definite soft spot for stray animals. When we met her, she had just adopted a baby squirrel whom she named JR (after her boyfriend, not the star of *Dallas*). In

"Large breasts can cause gymnastic hassles and throw you off balance."



the past, she has taken in many injured animals and baby birds. Does Karen Price have any vices? "Sugar," she says. "I have a definite sweet tooth. And I do swear sometimes, though not very much. But I guess my only real vice — if you want to call it that — is sex." Actually, we wouldn't call it that.

"I was flat-chested until I was 16, and then — boom! — all of a sudden in three months I developed."

"I'm very simple when it comes to things that turn me on sexually. I like the basics — romance, kissing, gentleness. And I prefer to call sex 'making love'. That is really what it is, isn't it?"

MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Karen Price

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Karen Elaine Price

BUST: 38 WAIST: 26 HIPS: 37

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 123 SIGN: Cancer

BIRTH DATE: 17-7-60 BIRTHPLACE: Pasadena, California

AMBITIONS: To open my own gymnastics & acrobatics school, To have a happy family

TURN-ONS: Smiles, great laughs, active people, the water, the sun and kissing

TURN-OFFS: smoking, drinking, negative attitudes, cussing and lazy people

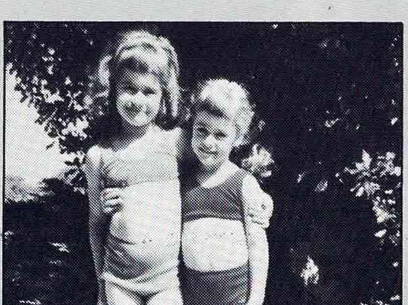
FAVORITE PLACE: Santa Monica Muscle Beach

FAVORITE MOVIES: Heaven Can Wait, The Blue Lagoon, Starting Over, Airplane! & Hangar 18

FAVORITE SPORTS: Gymnastics, Acrobatics, diving, volleyball, roller skating, water ballet, softball and dancing

SECRET FANTASY: To start a fashion magazine & open a designers' clothing shop for big-busted women! How it would sell!

always smiling
age 1 1/2



With my big
sister, age 4

Bird lover
age 17

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Goodness!" gasped the well-bred young lady in the taxicab when her escort's hand slipped up under her skirt and between her legs, and then moved unhesitatingly up to the heart of her womanhood. "This certainly seems to be one of those nights when feeling is running high!"

Sign in a lingerie-shop window: SPECIAL BRAS FOR JOGGERS. YOUR BOUNCE CHECKED.

Ah-h-h-h, oh-h-h-h," sighed the small-town bachelor girl as she experimented with the vibrator she had just received in the post. "Now I know what it feels like to be one of those 'mail-order brides'!"

Just between us, Tony, what are the plans for my bucks' night next Friday?" the groom-to-be asked his best mate.

"There'll be plenty of drinks, Neil," revealed Tony, "and then we'll sit down to lobster cocktail, steak Diane, chocolate cheesecake and coffee, followed by brandy. After that, naturally, we'll be showing a blue movie."

"It sounds great, except for one thing," replied Neil. "Isn't a blue movie a bit inappropriate in this day and age?"

"Not when it features your fiancée."

There are female police in our nation
Who play house with the guys at the station;
Which is saying, of course,
That they screw with the force —
After all, folks, the term's copulation.

Martha, I simply must tell you that I dickered for the services of a gigolo yesterday afternoon," the still-lusty widow confided to her best friend, "and I got him for only $10 an hour!"

"Was he — well — satisfactory?"

"Indeed he was! That young man certainly drove a hard bargain!"

You may have heard about the weak-willed teenager who was forced into voyeurism by his Peeping Tom friends. It was peer-group pressure.

Each time the shapely exotic dancer who was performing for the isolated troops removed another veil, there was a thunderous response. But then, when she had whisked away the final bit of concealing cloth, there was no applause from the tropical darkness in front of the brightly lit makeshift stage. "Just what's the matter with you guys?" the nude woman yelled at the shadowy audience. "Don't you appreciate my art?"

"It's pretty difficult," said a strained male voice, "to clap with one hand."

Having been informed after a regular medical examination that he was virtually certain to die within 24 hours from a rare and obscure disease, the doomed man rushed home, told his wife and proceeded to make love to her as often as he could manage until late into the night. He finally fell asleep, but then awoke, fondled his spouse awake and pleaded, "Darling, I want to make love to you one last time!"

"That's easy enough for you to say, Roy," was her exhausted, yawned response. "*You* don't have to get up in the morning."

A mad scientist attempted to clone himself, but the experiment failed. The end result was an ugly and perverted monster which the scientist eliminated by pushing it off a cliff. He was later arrested by police for making an obscene clone fall.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nymphomaniac* as a groin-operated sex machine.

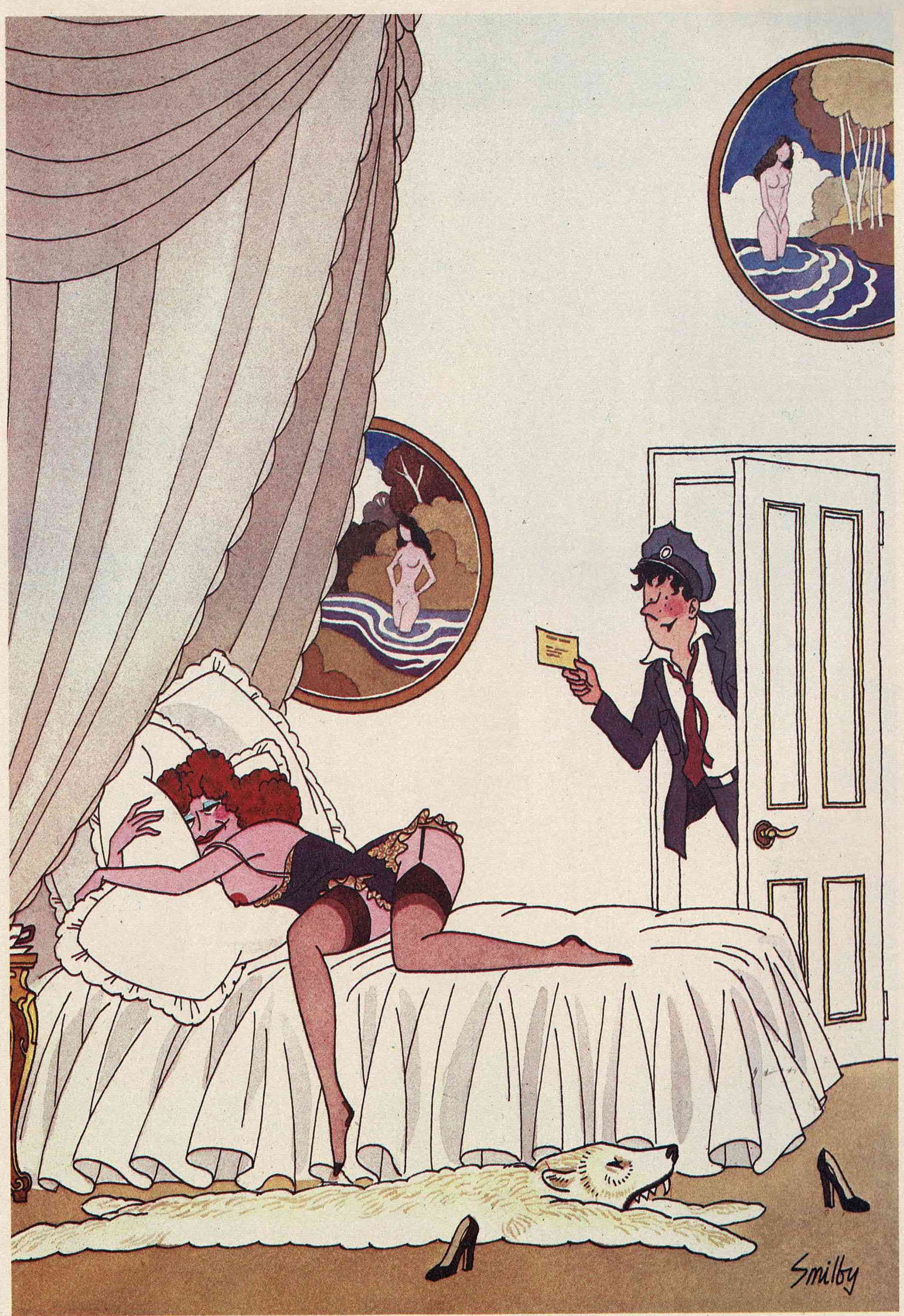
What is the significance," asked the game-show host, "of the numerical progression — or maybe it's a numerical recession — 10 . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five — ?"

"That's pretty easy," interrupted the contestant. "It's Bo Derek getting older."

Worried about their lack-lustre sex life, the young wife persuaded her husband to undergo hypnotic treatment. After a few sessions, he began to respond with renewed interest, but during lovemaking would occasionally dash out to the bathroom.

Overcome by curiosity, she followed him one night, stood outside the door, peering through the keyhole. He was staring fixedly into the mirror and repeating, "She's not my wife . . . she's not my wife . . . she's not my wife . . ."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*



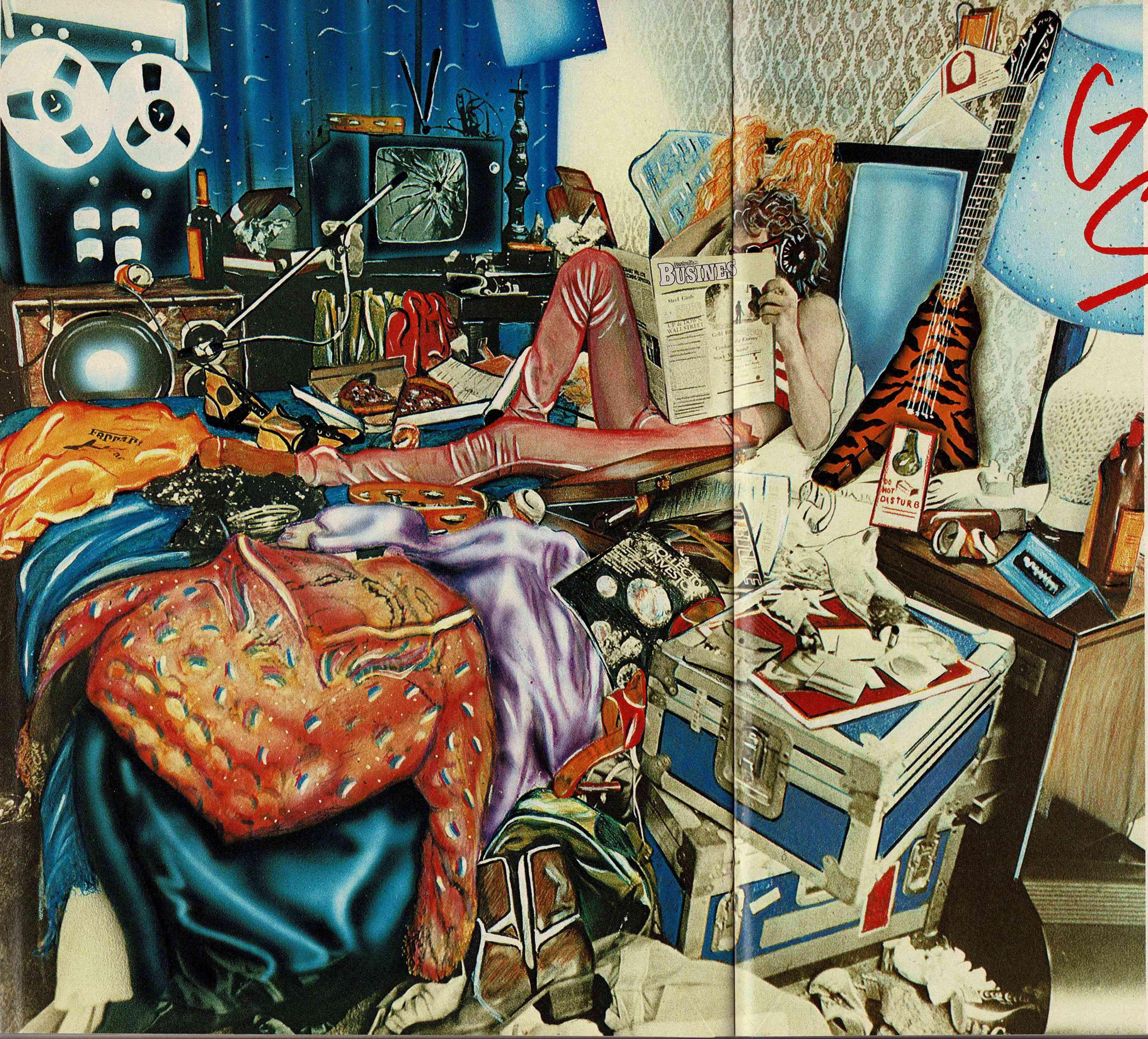
"By gosh, Miss Armitage, I darned near forgot to give you your telegram."

Gimme Shelter

The rock stars' financial empires

the stewarts and mccartneys of the rock world are no longer just musicians — they are the figureheads of huge corporations

article by Peter Greenberg



DONNA SUMMER is now concerned about rent control and Pink Floyd gets a sinking feeling following every maritime disaster. Peter Frampton is checking attendance at soccer games. And Seals and Crofts are keeping a close eye on the Costa Rican coffee market. Welcome to the *real* new wave in the music business. It's called business.

Paul Simon may still be crazy after all these years, but he has a friend at Chase Manhattan. Paul McCartney is a capitalist too. And Linda Ronstadt fully understands what the words diversified portfolio mean.

Yes, it's only rock and roll, but life — and big amounts of money — in the fast lane has transformed the anti-establishment/outlaw music heroes into prime candidates for a place in *Fortune* magazine's list of the top 500 money earners.

"Ten years ago, artists didn't want to admit that they made money in the music business," says Ken Fritz, who describes himself as the personal manager as well as the chief executive officer of George Benson. "Today, no one's ashamed of the money. Show me a guy in the music business for the 'art' of it," Fritz challenges, "and I'll show you a guy who doesn't have a recording contract. Today, we're no longer in the business of music. We deal in bottom lines, just like everybody else. And if we mess up, then the same red ink that got written at Chrysler also applies to us."

So far, Fritz hasn't blown it. "George Benson is functioning as a mini profit centre," he claims. "I've never had a client who

Photo Bill Arsenault color Laurie Rubin

retained more of his income before taxes than George." Benson is now heavily investing in real estate (a favorite investment with top rockers), cars and a guitar distributorship.

But Benson can't even come close to the Doobie Brothers, who are more of a full-service music corporation than a rock group. In 1971 they were a struggling bar band in a California student ghetto. But from the moment they began to sell records (more than 21 million to date), they started a financial plan. And, in 1973, they incorporated the group. "We were the first rock 'n' roll group to start pension and profit sharing within a corporation," boasts manager Bruce Cohen. "And it wasn't just for the members of the band but for everyone who works for the corporation, including the roadies." Next came real estate deals. Nearly four hectares in California, leased to Volkswagen for its distribution centre. Then shopping centres in Texas, multi-story office buildings, a record store, a Hereford ranch and a vineyard. Some group members, such as Mike McDonald, restore brownstone cottages. Others are into apartment blocks. Patrick Simmons owns an antique motorcycle shop. "We're set for the rest of our lives," says Cohen. "When we started, I thought the Doobies would last three or four years. Now the struggle is over. If they want to go play in clubs, that's fine — but at least they'll know the rent is covered."

And then some.

No one can touch Paul McCartney and John Lennon. The pair made more money than the fellow Beatles Ringo and George because Lennon and McCartney — jointly or solo — wrote most of the Beatles' songs. In the music business, retaining all the publishing rights to your songs is considered the ultimate investment, because every time your song is performed — whether it's on radio, in concert or on a Muzak box in a doctor's waiting room — a royalty is paid out.

In McCartney's case, there has never been a need to be a one-man band on the run — except to the deposit window. He's not only kept the publishing rights to his own songs but he's invested thousands of dollars and has scooped up entire music-publishing catalogues that include the rights to hit songs from Broadway shows and a smorgasbord of the all-time standards.

Two years ago, CBS tried to lure McCartney away from his expiring Capitol Records contract. In order to get him, they not only promised him a three-album contract guaranteeing him an incredible $8 million but also threw in another big publishing catalogue to sweeten the deal. Not surprisingly, it's been the gift that keeps on giving.

Then there's John Lennon, the Howard Hughes of rock. Not content with just one expensive apartment in New York, John and Yoko now own six apartments on five floors of another building. Each month they pay more than $54,000 in maintenance costs alone. Then there's a one hectare $850,000 mansion on New York's Long Island and a 15-room, $725,000 Florida mansion (at one time, the Lennons rented it out for $1000 a day). In addition, there is a 19-metre cruiser, a private aeroplane and half a dozen other homes, including one on 40 hectares in New York State which Lennon bought for a meagre $178,000 in 1978 as a vacation retreat. He also raises champion Holstein cows there.

Lennon and McCartney are the lucky ones from the '60s. When it came to rocking to the big-money beat, few groups from that time have survived, let alone prospered. A look at the financial records of once-successful acts such as The Rascals, Blood, Sweat and Tears or the Mamas and the Papas could easily be a depressing experience.

"Success," maintains Ken Fritz, "is a financial curse for many people in the musical business."

The Mamas and the Papas' John Phillips shifted into Jeanette MacDonald's former mansion the day he got his first royalty cheque for $65,000. He furnished it with his second. A few months later he was out — he couldn't afford it. (In fact, none of the original group has much to show for their efforts today). And Phillips is now looking at real estate of a different kind: a furnished jail cell in connection with his recent drug sales arrest in New York. At least there won't be high monthly payments.

Martha Reeves and the Vandellas was a glory name in the Motown dynasty; Martha recorded 15 albums and 11 top-20 hits for the label. Today you can find her living alone with those memories in a small, dark and cramped one-bedroom apartment in West Hollywood. A few old black-and-white pictures hang on the wall next to a quintet of well-used tambourines. Cardboard moving boxes cover the stained carpet.

Martha Reeves is broke. Soon she will have moved from her ninth to her 10th apartment in less than 10 years. She's not exactly dancing in the streets nowadays.

When she left Motown in 1970 — or, as she likes to put it, when Motown left her in Detroit to move west — the money stopped. In the process, she had also signed away all her rights to royalties. Then, in 1972, the taxman came knocking. By the time the audit was over, Reeves was in debt for more than $250,000 — money she claims was actually an advance from Motown against studio and recording time billed to the artist. But records from the company had been lost or misplaced. To the taxman, it was all taxable income.

"The best I could do was to keep from going to jail," she now says. "I finally was able to pay the money over a three-year period. So whenever I think of Motown these days," she laughs, "I think of the Rolls-Royces I could have had."

Soon after the tax debacle, Martha had no other choice but to declare bankruptcy. "At one time" Martha recalls, "I had four managers suing me, all for $20,000 each.

"When people ask me where my money went, I can not tell them," she now laments. "I still can't imagine what monies are still being made off my voice right now. I'm not receiving any royalties from any company, and I've been on four major labels. I have no investments where I'm recouping any money. So up to now," she sighs, "it's just all been fun, I guess."

Martha gets an occasional booking these days to appear on "oldies but goodies" shows around the country, but the performances are barely enough to make ends meet. "An artist puts his heart into the words he sings," she likes to say, "and I have become a victim of those words. People hear you sing about a low-down rotten lover and they want to treat you that way. Or they hear you sing about hard times and difficulty and they want to pity you. I have become a victim of my lyrics and bad management of my money."

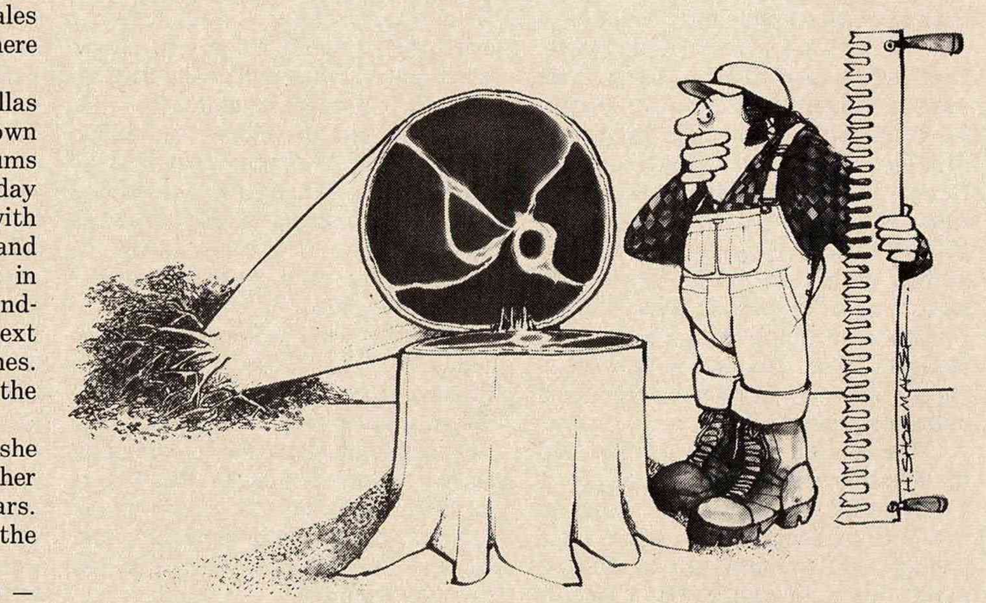
Now, in spite of the financial hardships, Martha says she's on the right track. She is an active member of the Los Angeles Mount Zion Baptist Church, and most of her singing takes place there, where, for the time being, the Gospel royalties are going to God.

A few thousand kilometres away, in New Jersey, Phoebe Snow is also probably wondering where it all went. Last July, Miss Snow also filed for bankruptcy, claiming no assets. She's also being sued by her former laywers, alleging non payment of $30,000 in legal fees. "It's hard to say what she's doing right now," says Robin Prinz, spokesman for the agency that still represents her. "She's without a manager at present and we hear from her only about once a week."

"In so many of these tragic cases," says one manager, "it's very difficult to know if the artist wasn't advised properly or whether the artist didn't listen. A lot of these people are broadcasting when they should be tuning in," he says. "Often in this business, people aren't trapped by a lack of money but by too much of it."

Grace Slick has never had trouble handling money. She simply has mastered the fine but rather unproductive art of earning millions while managing to live a precarious hand-to-mouth existence for more than a decade.

In her career with the Jefferson Airplane, Jefferson Starship and as a solo performer, Slick recorded more than 16 hit albums. Today, she lives with her husband-manager Skip Johnson in a small, mortgaged two-bedroom house in California and



SLIM PICKINGS OFF THE OZ ROCK PILE

IN AUSTRALIA, the vast majority of rock artists do not have to worry about stock market fluctuations or the health of their real estate investments. Their principal business concern is *survival.*

As a rule, Australian performers have to make it in the US before they can think about channelling money into anything other than their own acts. The reason for this is the relatively small number of record buyers in this country.

After years of being penniless on-the-roaders, Glen Shorrock and fellow Little River Band members are now enjoying US success, owning their own homes and channelling some of their liquid assets into other business ventures. Shorrock and drummer Derek Pellicci each have a share in the Melbourne radio station EON FM, although Shorrock's main investment would have to be his $250,000 house at Birchgrove, Sydney.

Air Supply are about to follow in LRB's footsteps by cracking the US market with an eight-album contract worth $1.5 million. Lead singer Russell Hitchcock says: "It will be a while before we start to see any of the money, and when we do I'll be happy to simply buy a nice house. Our manager may have other things planned for us, but I'm not concerning myself with any business ventures until it all happens." (Indeed, Air Supply manager Lance Reynolds has in mind the formation of both a production and record company).

Says Peter Rix, who manages Jon English, Marcia Hines and Richard Clapton: "A gold album (20,000 sales) is worth $7500 to $12,500 in this country if you've got a good deal. That's peanuts once the profits are split. Even with a double platinum (100,000 albums), you have to split about $40,000 royalties between the manager and perhaps six band members, so an artist still hasn't got the deposit for a house."

Jon English and Marcia Hines have become wealthy on a domestic following through Rix's astute management and a great deal of hard work. Both have supplemented record sales and live performances with a lot of TV work, English diversifying still further with his acting career. English now owns a farm at Windsor, NSW, which he plans to turn into a horse stud, and Marcia Hines has a $250,000 house in the Sydney silvertail suburb of Centennial Park.

Rix also manages Richard Clapton, an act with a strong domestic following whom one might expect to be doing well financially. Rix says: "Richard has nothing. He lives in a rented flat in Vaucluse and all his money goes into the next tour and the next record."

Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons are another talented and locally popular act whose members have yet to reap any substantial riches. International success has eluded them so far, and the cost of the band's last tour of Europe and the US was almost $70,000. "Technically, it was money down the drain," says manager Michael Roberts. "But like any other business, you have to keep injecting money into it, taking a calculated risk that it will pay off in the long run."

The Angels, however, *have* now managed to consolidate their position by investing some of the money made from Australian concerts and record sales into real estate in Adelaide.

Then, of course, we have expatriate Australian musicians such as Peter Allen and Billy Thorpe, and quasi-Australians like Olivia Newton-John and the Bee Gees. Performers-turned-expatriate song writers are also doing sensationally well, a prime example being John Farrar, who wrote half the Xanadu album. (Farrar was lead guitarist with the Strangers).

As these people take their expertise back to Australia and more acts aim for the international market, the local musical scene is starting to look much healthier.

Hopefully, there will not be so many bands going the same way as Hush, which basked in the success of 13 gold albums before their break-up in 1977. Somehow, Hush never made any real money, and today its former members are eking out livings as pub musicians, home renovators, and in the case of bass player Jaques Down, as a restaurant waiter. Meanwhile, Keith Lamb, who was the band's lead singer, has formed a new group called Taxi, which has just cut a single called *Peoples' Rock 'n Roll.* He's confident it will earn him more than his last single, which he recorded as a solo artist. It was an ill-fated revamp of the Cole Porter classic *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire.*

— TONY MAGUIRE

drives an 11-year-old Aston-Martin that's been through three engines.

"We never looked at ourselves as anything more than San Francisco hippies," Slick now says. "After the *Volunteers of America* album, we saw some real money. So everybody got a house. Everybody got a car. And then it went up noses, it was inhaled and drunk. We did stupid things," she laughs, "like spending $100,000 on a swimming pool. I gave a Mercedes to one of the people who handled our paperwork. I was real dumb, but then I was almost going to write a song, 'What Are You Saving it For?' I still feel that right now is where it is. But I guess that's not real bright."

At one point, the Starship tried to assemble a financial plan. "We got together," Slick recalls, "and said: 'Well, this is ridiculous. We should make some investments.' Then this guy came over and said he had a great deal, a trailer park in Arizona. But who cares about a trailer park? Then for about two minutes we were considering buying California bonds. Then everybody went to sleep. I remember that, when I was with Starship, Gene Simmons from Kiss was amazed that we didn't pump stuff out at concerts. He said to me: 'Why don't you guys put out belt buckles and comic books? You guys could make $3 million a year just on the junk!' But we couldn't get together on which belt buckle we liked, so it didn't happen. But I have never had a real problem with money," she laughs, "because nothing's a problem if you don't pay attention to it."

Michael Nesmith didn't pay attention to it in a different way. One day in 1966, he saw an ad in *Variety.* The next day he was one of the four Monkees, a fabricated rock group backed by Screen Gems to headline a new TV series. In the next two years the "group" recorded 75 songs, nine albums. Then there was a massive merchandising campaign featuring Monkees T-shirts, Monkees lunch boxes, Monkees buttons and everything short of Monkees condoms. By 1969, Nesmith had made almost $3 million from the show. Two years later, he was $500,000 in debt.

First he bought a Hollywood mansion. And then came a host of expensive cars, expensive trips and outrageous hotel bills.

"The money came so quickly and my lifestyle changed so radically that I developed an incredible overhead without realising it. I went from paying $300 a month rent to $2000 a month for a mortgage. The numbers didn't seem staggering at the time," he says, "but what was important were the multiples. I had increased my standard of living by factors of tens. The biggest single problem was that almost no one outside the oil business understands the influx of cash. Because, all of a sudden, the influx stops. In my case," he says, "I wasn't prepared for it. I had to start telling stories to the tax men as they were putting little red tags on all the furniture I'd bought."

When the taxman asked for $330,000 in back taxes, Nesmith had no choice. He surrendered the cars and the house to his creditors, packed a VW and drove away from it all. At 26 he was busted.

Well, not quite. "I was lucky," he says. "I was able to drastically reduce my own lifestyle without losing everything." Now Nesmith is back on his feet again. He lives in Carmel, California, with his wife and three children. "I've got an office building, a good stock portfolio and four hectares in downtown Santa Monica." He is also heavily involved in a cable-TV series called *Pop Clips* featuring five-minute visual promotions of the latest record hits.

> *"My phone is constantly ringing with calls from stars who want me to manage their money after they have lost it. It's too bad sometimes."*

"Most people in the music business have yet to realise that, with few exceptions, their major income will be very short-lived," Nesmith cautions. "You're not looking at $1.2 million a year over a steady long-term period where you can justify blowing $30,000 a month. You're looking at a five-year run where you may make $5 million and that's all the money you'll make in a lifetime. Aside from drugs, money has to be the biggest single hazard in the industry. If you're going to succeed, you need a basic money-management plan."

"Nobody was really smart about money in the 1960s," says Shep Gordon, who manages Blondie, Alice Cooper and Teddy Pendergast. He explains. "Nobody was into managing money — only making it. But things are different today. Any one of my acts can stop working right now and live for the rest of their lives on their investments."

Gordon relies heavily on the advice of Bert Padell, a New York business manager and one of the elite new cadre of specialised money managers for the top entertainers.

Padell's business is booming. He occupies an entire floor of a large Broadway office skyscraper in Manhattan and boasts a staff of 70. Padell, who likes to tell people he was the first Jewish bat boy for the New York Yankees baseball team, now handles more than 200 clients, including Pink Floyd, Foreigner, Elvis Costello, Blondie, The B-52's, the Cars, J. Geils Band and sports stars such as Earl Monroe and Spencer Haywood, not to mention movie stars Faye Dunaway, Ben Venreen and Madeline Kahn.

When Alice Cooper went to Padell in 1974, he was far from being a billion dollar baby. In fact, although he had already sold millions of records, Cooper was an Alice in disasterland.

"He didn't have any money," says the 46-year-old Padell. "He had just blown it being nice to people. When he came to me, he didn't even own a house and all the furniture he possessed was being rented."

All that soon changed. The income and expenses were tightly controlled, and before long, Alice Cooper was in movie tax shelters, financing films like *Funny Lady, Shampoo* and a host of movies released by Columbia. Then he got into art, antiques and tax-free municipal bonds. He's been burned occasionally, too: an apartment complex in Minneapolis that went bankrupt, coal mine in Wyoming, an oil-mining venture and a cosmetics line that went nowhere.

"But at least he had the other investments to offset the losses," says Padell. "As a business manager, I can only lead the people to the water. They don't always listen to me."

"One of the recurring problems with some rock stars, says Padell, has been in reconciling their cash flow with their cocaine flow. One business manager jokingly likes to call this the "deviated septum" factor. But, to Padell, it's no laughing matter, especially when it comes to the money. One major artist's cocaine bills are currently driving his business manager to drink. "We looked at the figures and couldn't believe them," the manager says. "Then we added again. Five thousand dollars *a day!* Some days fifteen thousand! The guy is very wealthy, but these are real dollars he's spending and it's gotten out of control. That guy is now beginning to sell off assets to support the coke. It's crazy. And he'll be the guy who cries foul when he's got nothing; but the bottom line is that he's ripped himself off."

"My phone is constantly ringing," Padell laments, "with calls from stars

"Excuse me. Does anyone know where I can find the Commonwealth Employment Service?"

who want me to manage their money after they've lost it. It's too bad sometimes. But if we can get in there early enough, we are often able to save them from ruin."

A few blocks away, the phones are also ringing for David Krebs. Along with partner Steve Leber, Krebs runs one of the more successful music-management companies in the US What keeps him going isn't just the records or the concert tours but the brave new world of tie-ins — mail-order merchandise, video, posters and a host of vanity biographical books of the stars he manages.

Most of the acts he manages are million-plus sellers such as Aerosmith and AC/DC. Some are even richer — such as Ted Nugent. The 32-year-old Michigan native can boast seven gold and five platinum albums, but that's just the past. The future, according to Nugent and his advisors, is in the agriculture business.

It may have taken him some long, hard years to finally make it to the cover of *Rolling Stone.* But it took only a few short months for Nugent's face to adorn the cover of another major magazine: *Fur Rancher. Fur Rancher?* That's right, all you semi-aquatic rodent lovers. Ted Nugent is heavily into mink.

Three years ago, on the advice of his attorney and financial advisor Bob Weed, Nugent bought the King Mink Ranch near Marcellus, Michigan. Not only does he raise thousands of the furry animals (his operation will sell 15,000 pelts this year), but the 45 hectare ranch is also the site for Nugent's very prosperous Clydesdale draught horse operation.

And if that isn't enough, not far from East Lansing, Michigan, is Nugent's rainbow-trout farm operation. "All of this fits in with Ted's plans for acquiring land," says Weed, a former criminal lawyer who has advised Nugent for the past eight years. "Sure, we're involved in some oil and gas lease tax shelters, but when I tell him about property, that's something he understands.

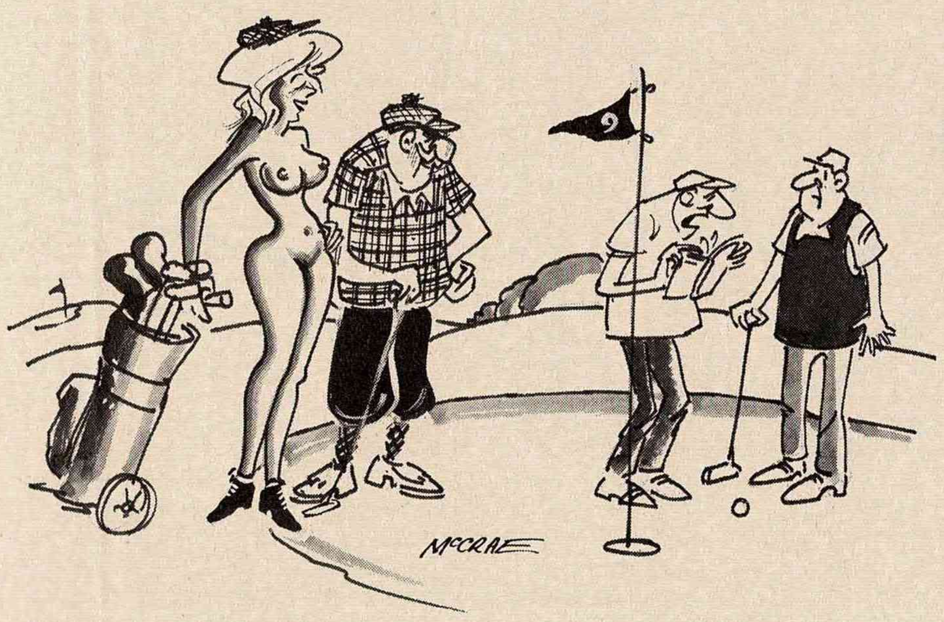
"Besides," Weed argues, "Ted's got the cash to get involved in this kind of specialised farming without being confronted with the tremendous debt service that has ruined so many other farmers. It also allows him to have his expenses offset income."

At least on paper, the Nugent agribusiness is at present a losing operation, thanks to accelerated depreciation and tax investment credits and food bills and animals. Then there are some Nugent over-the-counter investments. He is, for example, a limited partner in a newly constructed Hyatt Regency Hotel in the State of Michigan.

"Within a year," boasts manager David Krebs, "Ted will be financially protected for the rest of his life. But I guess it won't do great things for his image if his fans find out that he reads *The Wall Street Journal* instead of *Rolling Stone.*

Group investments for rock stars have become very popular among business managers who want their clients to diversify and spread their financial liability. Then again some group investments sound great on paper — but don't always work out according to plan.

Enter the Lutine bell. It is not a musical instrument. It hangs in the underwriting room of Lloyds of London and is one of the only salvaged items from the frigate Lutine that went down with all hands off the Dutch coast in 1799.



"There's nothing in the Royal and Ancients' rules to say he can't have his caddie standing there!"

By tradition, every time there is a disaster involving a Lloyd's client, a clerk walks into the underwriting room and rings the bell.

Lately, the old Lutine bell has been clanging off the wall. A mighty computer-company loss, a host of airplane crashes and the mysterious disappearance last year of a tanker and its cargo of oil with an insured value of $56.3 million have all combined to give the venerable British company a whopping loss. This information does not please Pink Floyd. You see, the rock group is an absentee underwriter with Lloyd's and, as such, the losses, as well as the gains, are divided. And while the group refuses to talk about its investments, the word is that they will soon be out of their insurance deal before the group is forced to become Floyd's of London.

But the group investments that *have* paid off have almost always been directly tied to real estate. And almost every major rock group, including Pink Floyd, can boast some major real estate partnerships. Donna Summer and some two dozen partners own a 226-unit apartment complex in Houston, Texas, and another 216-unit operation in Dallas, Texas.

"It's a proper investing approach," says one business adviser, "because it gives the artist diversification and flexibility. If the units go belly up tomorrow, Donna's risk is limited. She'll survive."

Still, there are some stars who prefer sole ownership and ignore the old Monopoly game rule that you can't build a hotel until you build four houses first.

In 1971, Rod Stewart exploded on the scene when his first solo album, *Every Picture Tells a Story,* went to the top of the charts in both England and the US. Now, picture this: a 30-suite luxury hotel on the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles called the Bella Riva. Its owner: Rod Stewart.

"I've always said that Rod isn't a rock star," says his manager, Billy Gaff, "he's a growth industry." Gaff is sitting at the pool of LA's Beverly Wilshire Hotel, waiting for the contractors and the decorators to finish his own mansion in Bel Air in the foothills of LA. (Rod has two — one in Bel Air, one at the beach.)

"Rod is essentially very conservative," says Gaff. "He doesn't invest in football (soccer) clubs or crazy movies or record financing schemes. Tax shelter scams are a little scary, so we stick to art and real estate."

The current Stewart breakdown shows him with land or buildings in England, Spain, California and in Houston. "We don't even buy bonds," Gaff explains.

"For us," Gaff says, "the answer is property. But the real salvation was in leaving the oppressive tax situation in England. Now we concentrate on a slow, deliberate investment plan. Investing to us doesn't mean making money. It means keeping it. What we struggle to do is to hold on to it and make sure that the millions that we're saving today will buy the same 20 years from now. It's not to get income, because it's taxed about 75 percent anyway. I could take $1 million and put it in the bank and get 17 percent on it, or $170,000 a year. But what good is that? Because at the end of the year, that $1 million will buy only $800,000 worth. So what good's your $170,000? You're $30,000 worse off. And from the $170,000, the Government is going to tax you $140,000, anyway. So what's the point? But a good piece of land will keep going up, even if you're not making anything out of it."

Even Barry Manilow may be getting land crazy. Lately, he has confided to friends that he's seriously interested in purchasing a small town in California.

For those rock stars who love mass visibility without the feeling they have to be responsible for a whole town, there's a slightly less risky investment approach: that with the right combination of money and ego, every music star should own his own bakery, restaurant or nightclub. Lou Adler (who produced Carole King, and Cheech and Chong) was an original investor in a number of Los Angeles eateries, not to mention The Roxy on the Sunset Strip. Helen Reddy was a prime backer of Roy's (a super chic LA Chinese restaurant where the stars go to get estimates on egg rolls). She was also behind the Famous Amos cookie empire. And now there's the Acme restaurant in LA, owned by a group including Elektra Records president Joe Smith, rock manager Irv Azoff and a few of his clients, Jimmy Buffett and the Eagles. The Doobie Brothers lease out space to a Northern California chain of seafood restaurants; Donna Summer holds the lease on Au Petit Cafe, a very exclusive French restaurant in the heart of Hollywood.

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But the unforgiving economics of today's music business have eliminated many of the extravagances of the late '60s and early '70s. Take the case of Elton John. In 1972, he gave his agent a $48,000 Rolls-Royce and boasted one of the largest collections of glitter shoes and eyeglasses. (Who could forget the pair with the windshield wipers or the $5000 model that lit up to spell E-L-T-O-N)! Captain Fantastic toured in a lavish chartered 707 called Starship and his weekly entertainment budget was rumored to be close to the gross national product of Upper Volta.

As a favor to friend Billy Jean King, Elton invested in something called team tennis. To hype the new tennis franchise in 1976, he also recorded *Philadelphia Freedom* in honor of the Pennsylvania team. The song was a big hit. Team tennis was a loser and is now history.

Then Elton invested in a new franchise with the LA Aztecs, a soccer team. After three financial partnerships failed to get the team into the black, Elton pulled out. In the meantime, he was slightly more successful in picking up artwork (ranging from Rembrandt etchings to originals by English painter David Hockney) and original Bugatti furniture.

In the late '70s, Elton's album sales started to slip, and for a while he stopped touring. But his huge overhead remained the same. Finally, last year he went on the road again. Gone was the 707, the expensive hotel suites and the entourage. "He had to go back on tour," says one close friend, "because he finally came to the realisation that once you have created that kind of lavish lifestyle, you have to support it."

Part of that lifestyle now includes yet another soccer team. Five years ago, Elton bought the losing Watford football club — complete with stadium — north of London. "He's come to understand that it's only a hobby for him," said manager John Reid. "But it's an expensive hobby because Elton's carrying about 100 people. It's a successful club. And we're doing really well. We've kept the loss down to only $30,000 a year."

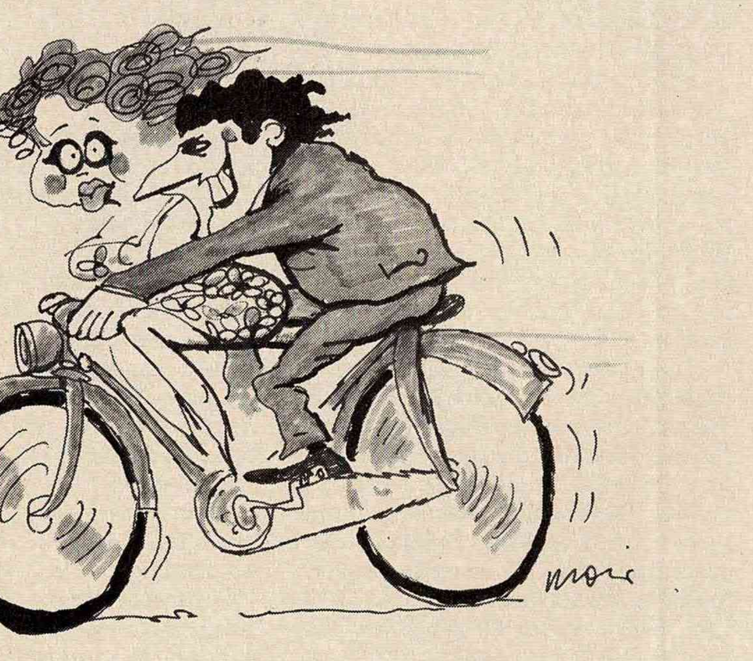
Elton isn't the only heavy to have financed soccer teams. The team directory of the New York Cosmos lists Rolling Stone Mick Jagger as an "international consultant".

Other groups have discovered the value of the lithographic-plate tax dodge boogie. In this strange shelter, the rock star is offered an original litho plate, usually made by an unknown artist. The star then pays $200,000 — $30,000 in cash and the balance in a note due in 12 years. "The way we figure it," says one business manager, "my clients would more than recoup their out-of-pocket costs in tax savings and credits the first year. In the second year, the benefit would double."

Then, for those stars who have discovered religion and tax write-offs simultaneously, comes the Bibles game. A performer buys 1000 Bibles for $10 each wholesale, holds them for a year, then donates them to his private church, retaining a retail deduction of $3 per Bible.

The tax department has a word for these shelters: abusive. But none yet has been tested in court. "Until that happens," says one manager, "we'll keep doing it. If the court rules against us, the most that will happen is that we pay a penalty and some back taxes at an interest rate much lower than we could have even gotten from a bank."

Not everyone in the music business believes in tax shelters. A sign above Aaron Russo's desk at Paramount Pictures, where he now produces films, asks visitors to REMEMBER THE



"What d'you mean, 'Lucky it's not a girls' bike . . .' "

GOLDEN RULE. WHOEVER HAS THE GOLD MAKES THE RULES.

When he was managing Bette Midler, Russo says he put almost everything they made into gold. "Paper money was worthless," he says. On numerous occasions, when gold was selling for a reasonable $168 an ounce, Russo tried to write Midler's contract in ounces, not dollars. "But her lawyers intervened and told me I was crazy," he says. "Do you know," he starts to yell, "how much we would have had today?" Russo shrugs. He's made enough and, after all, it's only money.

Another rock manager has an even better idea. "I have an artist who wants to tour for $1 million. But I don't want $1 million. I want the official contract to read only $60,000 because I want them to pay me $60,000 in silver quarters which," he snorts, "have a market value of $1 million. Is the taxman going to tell me it's not $60,000?"

The answer is yes. "If he tries it," says a top litigation lawyer for the US Internal Revenue Service in Washington, "he'll get nailed. We interpret everything based on value, and he'll get busted. In fact," says the taxman, "we're looking closely at all the abusive tax shelters — especially the art scam and real estate where the accelerated depreciation claimed for is beyond belief."

It was the accelerated depreciation that got Helen Reddy and her manager-husband Jeff Wald into trouble last year. "We had a tax-shelter deal for Helen in College Station, Texas," says Wald, "and the Internal Revenue Service ended up auditing everybody in it." The audit, by the time Wald finished negotiating with the IRS, cost him $130,000 in deductions that the Government questioned between 1975 and 1978.

But Wald isn't worried. Reddy has more than enough investments to keep them going for a long time. Recently, they bought KDEO, an AM radio station in Hawaii. "We even have our own transmitting tower," Wald boasts. "But the best part of the deal is that the property is zoned so we can now put up a seven-storey apartment block."

"What saved us," Wald admits, "is that Helen and I acquired most of our assets pre-inflation." Seven years ago, the pair bought a house in Brentwood for $600,000. Today, it's worth $4 million. They bought a warehouse and turned it into an office building when space was selling for 55 cents a square foot. The Walds just leased it to Time-Life Television for $2 a square foot. "We'll make a $2 million profit by accident," Wald laughs. Then there's the house in the Rockies resort of Tahoe, and the his-and-hers matching Mercedes, and . . .

"Rock stars like to collect houses," explains Elektra-Asylum Records president Joe Smith. "Anybody who makes it out here wants a big car and a big house. Don Henley of the Eagles is very deeply into real estate," Smith repeats. "He's got houses stashed all over Los Angeles."

Smith, as a record company executive, often finds himself these days in the role of loan officer. Last year, when Linda Rondstadt wanted to purchase a $1 million estate, her business people went to Smith. Interest rates were soaring and she wanted to avoid an outrageous mortgage by paying for the place in cash. "They deal with us almost as a bank," Smith says. "We lend it to them at a lower interest rate than any bank would, and it's essentially an advance against royalties. They'll pay us for the use of the money and take it up front. When it's someone like Linda Ronstadt, we'll always oblige an artist."

> *"If you're smart enough to hire somebody to handle your money, then he's smart enough to also take you."*

But, when the artist is Helen Reddy, who hasn't had a hit in a while, the going gets tough. "For seven years, I was able to go to Capitol and get $200,000 to $400,000 in advances without any interest," says Wald. "Today, I can't even get it from them *with* interest."

The answer has been to reduce the monthly overhead from $80,000 to $20,000 until Helen Reddy soars up the charts again.

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"I get really weirded out by all the money," says Ann Wilson of Heart. "It's become almost as much of a job keeping the money we make as it is making it. When you're *nouveau riche* like we are, you think you have to have all this stuff, but then comes the moment when you depend on it."

So far, the Wilson girls are doing just fine, thank you. In addition to Seattle houses for themselves and their parents, Ann and Nancy own a 100 hectare Arabian horse-breeding ranch on the southern Oregon coast, a number of antique cars and a tremendous amount of money stashed safely in municipal bonds, high interest accounts and in Treasury bills.

"A lot of people know we have money,". Ann says, "And so they come running to us with these crazy deals or new inventions. We back off. Things like that give us the willies."

Jim Seals believes the entire US economy unreliable and he's decided to protect himself. The first half of Seals and Crofts has decided to liquidate many of his assets, including two apartment units, some gold coins and his home in Los Angeles, and has bought a large coffee plantation near San Jose, Costa Rica. Dash Crofts is doing likewise and moving to an estate in Cuernavaca, Mexico.

"The US is a dictatorship of a different kind," the 38-year-old Seals argues. "You're free to make as much money as you want, but not free to spend as much." Seals has made another discovery as well. "If you're smart enough to hire somebody to handle your money, then he's smart enough to also take you. So then you hire somebody else to watch him, and then you hire somebody to watch the watchers. Then one day you go down to the Beverly Hills Hotel and they're all sitting at the same table together. We have arrived at the point where we are handling everything ourselves."

Seals and Crofts now have their own in-house bookkeeping staff in LA and are slowly but surely developing the proper tax shelters. "Right after *Diamond Girl*," says manager Marcia Day, "we had a real problem. There was no way to shelter the money and a lot of it went right back to Uncle Sam." After Seals and Crofts started making big dollars, Day took a large advance from Warner Bros and put it into a $2 million recording studio, apartment buildings, African art and even a Convair 500 prop jet. Then, last year, they sold the plane, the houses and the apartment units.

"The US economy is too scary," says Day. "So Jim and Dash have decided to live elsewhere for a while. Jim knows absolutely nothing about coffee, but he's learning," she reports. "He even bought himself a tractor."

While the duo will stay together, returning to the States to record in Los Angeles and perform in Las Vegas, Seals sees the brightest future for himself south of the border. "I feel that Central and South America are on the upswing. They may go through revolution and change, but they are going to grow rapidly. Right now, I'm just trying to pick the softest place to land." One way or another so is everybody in the rock business.

"Quick Blanche, call the fire brigade.
I can't hold on to this ledge all night."

PART II

CAT BURGLAR

CAT BURGLAR

australia's most successful thief tells the true story of how he stole millions

By night he robbed Melbourne's most affluent homes. By day he was a "successful businessman" in Sydney and Melbourne society.

by John Rider, the man who did it

NEARLY 10 YEARS ago, when I was at my peak, so to speak, I sometimes would pause in the early hours of the morning, admire the moonlit sky, then reflect upon the affluent houses and their contents. I had come to think that this was my own private fiefdom, overflowing with riches for me to siphon.

And what a very large and rich fiefdom it was! Approximately 450 square kilometres prosperous well cared for and middle-class real estate supplying what was at the time regarded as an enormous income to a very diligent, conscientious, orderly and organising man. Myself.

I was diligent because I sometimes worked six nights a week. I was conscientious because I never let my concentration lapse for a moment — except for once. We'll get to that eventually. I was orderly because I never created a mess or committed undue damage or acts of vandalism. I never crapped on the carpet like some burglars do — the depraved types who I never knew until I was sent to jail. And I was an organiser because, at the end of it, I had about 10 people working for me, if you ignore the fence who received an estimated $1.5 million in jewellery over the eight years.

The $1.5 million estimate was made by the Victoria Police. Someone was lying. I reckoned it at nearer to half a million but I guess that the people I robbed saw the opportunity to make a few dollars — like maybe 200 percent — on the insurance claims they invariably filled out the day after I robbed them.

Things balance out. Yin and Yang, according to the Celestials. Often those people lost a couple of thousand in cash as well. They wouldn't report the cash loss because the Australian Taxation Office might have concluded that they were evading their fiscal responsibilities. Which they were — all the time; the world is full of cheats. So they'd add the cash loss to the value of their missing jewellery, then triple the total amount for good measure. If you see it my way, then the majority of the 4000 households in Melbourne I robbed during those years should have welcomed me back with open arms, even the very next night — provided, of course, that they could have gone out and bought another heap of jewellery and insured it all at inflated values before I took my encore. Incidentally, the 4000 is a police estimate too. I wouldn't know. I lost count.

When you think of it, the people who were most put out were the various insurance companies — and the police. Some insurance companies might still like to do something to me. They're welcome to try but it's too late now because I'm bankrupt. I don't have an asset in the world. I was declared bankrupt in jail after the

63

Photography by Colin Beard

Australian Playboy December 1980

by John Rider, the man who did it

FROM THE late '60s, Melbourne boomed. Stock market profits were rampant. The Australian Taxation Office was ill-equipped to keep track of the tide of profits flowing into the pockets of the residents of the more affluent suburbs. Many of these people converted the money into jewellery. That's when I came into the act.

Soon after I had settled in Melbourne, I robbed a house that had just been sold. In a study, I found a signed contract: purchase price $77,000 — cheap for this particular real estate! Then, under the contract, I found a bundle of $10,000 in $20 notes. I have no doubt that the 10 grand was black money paid under the lap as part of the sale.

Not only was the Australian Taxation Office missing out on income tax, the Victorian Government Stamp Duties Office was losing out on a contract which had a deflated figure. Well, the bureaucratic gentlemen will be pleased to know that, although these dishonest, upright citizens had failed to pay tax and stamp duties, I had fulfilled the role of a surrogate tax collector most efficiently.

The money didn't remain out of circulation for long, that's for sure. But lest you think it was like that every night I worked, don't. Sometimes I merely made a few hundred. I've racked my brains trying to work out how much I did make — I'll never know. In my line of business, you didn't keep books.

But as I said before, during the latter half of my career, I probably averaged a grand a week in cash — with the occasional big lump — and a net average of three grand in jewellery a month after delivery to Jerczy the fence. At today's values, in a year that makes it something like 200-to-250,000 bucks, about what a really top professional, lawyer or medico, would make. It's strange, isn't it, how top professionals, no matter in what field, seem to hit the same income level?

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Jerczy was a legitimate diamond trader who had, maybe, two illicit clients like myself. I had known him for years. He was utterly trustworthy, highly respected in business and, as far as I could tell, possessed of an untainted reputation. Jerczy made a legal fortune and another illegal one. If the police/insurance claim estimate of $1.5 million was half correct, then Jerczy made the most money of all. Whatever I sold Jerczy, he resold for twice the amount, but it was a fair arrangement because he had a lot to lose too. Now he lives in retirement in Switzerland, a very old and rich man.

Jerczy was extraordinarily tough. He once, just after we made our first deal, drove me to a country car racing fixture. Although he drove fast, a carload of young thugs kept driving right up against his rear bumper. A bunch of real heavies. Finally, they nudged him. He slammed on the brakes, leapt out and, before I had even approached the offending car, had with one sweet punch knocked out the driver — through the window! Needless to say, the other four thugs couldn't be enticed from the car. They eventually emerged, but only after Jerczy had agreed to accept a cash settlement for damage to his car.

Jerczy once remarked that my career seemed to be proceeding nicely but hoped I wasn't being incautious. I replied that I was developing a sixth sense about the material prospects of the houses I considered. I was actually performing the same number of jobs but, through some sort of intuition, selecting only the richest of money-bins.

"Good," replied Jerczy, "and it's perfectly understandable, too.

I appreciated Jerczy's dependability. Only on one other occasion did I ever entrust a person with jewellery, and that was a disaster. A man, Peter, who was later to be a valued "helper" after I moved to Melbourne full-time, took some jewellery out of the country for me. But he was so hopeless, so inept, that I really did believe him when he claimed to have been cheated of the proceeds.

Jerczy never cheated me. After a few years, I learned to correctly estimate diamond and other gem values and, of course, it's not too hard to value gold, silver and platinum. In all honesty, I occasionally feel the odd twinge of anguish when I look at contemporary commodity prices; if I had kept only a quarter of what I'd stolen, I would be a millionaire. Most of the gold that passed through my hands had a value of about $40 an ounce as bullion at the time. What's it today? Six, seven hundred? By the time this is published, it may be worth even more.

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Apart from my own house (I was settled very comfortably in a large Toorak mansion), I was planning to set up a network of houses across Melbourne's better suburbs so that I could pursue my career always within three kilometres of a safe haven.

Times had changed. In my earlier days, I delivered myself to work, driving to the edge of the territory of operations, then doing a quick change in the privacy of a dark garden. Later I engaged "chauffeurs". What I now wanted was to establish several headquarters so that I could switch from one area to another, thereby confusing the pursuing law.

The Misappropriator would live where I told him to live. He provided premises so strategically placed that I could cover great chunks of Caulfield and Brighton. My former lover Diana was sited in Windsor, very well situated indeed because I could foray through Windsor, Toorak and the previously inaccessible parts of Caulfield. And of course, my own house permitted wide access to South Yarra and to Toorak. I recruited additional people. There was Peter (who is mentioned above as the fellow who so hopelessly acted as my international gem selling agent). Peter was the son of a very rich man who, unwisely, failed to support his son fully. Peter, who didn't like to work hard when it wasn't his own business, felt that his father kept him on too tight a financial string. He leapt at my offer to pay half the rent. Peter's location provided the access to Balwyn and environs. Then next there was Sal, a perfectly respectable businessman (he's still respected and successful) who was intrigued by my exploits and happy to provide his St Kilda premises as a base but who took no further part. Sal was a good friend who declined to share in the spoils. He was satisfied to be apprised of the adventures which I enjoyed. The world is made up of vicarious people.

> *"I was so absorbed in my work, I forgot the time. I would have head down and my arse up, and suddenly, streaks of light would appear in the sky."*

And I became infatuated with Louise, a Canadian girl who somehow ended up sharing my bed and, later, my affections. Louise, blonde, lissom and smart, worked for a stockbroker. She also, I subsequently discovered, slept with him, and the occasional client as well. I could hardly complain about this, never having quite succeeded in learning the secret of fidelity.

Louise willingly helped. Like all of my "helpers", she suffered from the weakness of greed so badly that it corrupted the law-abiding part of her nature. She was a share trader — with sources like hers, she certainly did well — and she drove me around, sometimes acting as a courier to Sydney. She also managed to rip extra amounts out of me in the form of baubles and fur coats. I thoroughly enjoyed indulging the little vixen. She's back in North America, having left before the crap hit the fan.

I'll call my final group of "helpers" the "Ewes" family. The two senior "Ewes" provided premises which rendered Caulfield completely accessible, while their daughter and son-in-law managed a sub-station in Brighton. I believe, without doubt, the senior "Ewes" were the worst people, apart from The Misappropriator, that I ever met. They were disgustingly grubby-handed and devoid of any redeeming features — apart from an unsophisticated instinct for self-preservation which guaranteed their silence. The "Ewes" had discovered a way to make easy money: they ran an old persons' home in low-grade premises. I had originally met them through their daughter, who had sailed briefly through my emotional life in another time.

Their home for the aged had its Dickensian qualities. They kept these old people alive — in return for pension cheques and anything else they could rip off from them — on buckets of tea and plateloads of bread and margarine. Because I correctly suspected that these poor, confused old people were occasionally persuaded to transfer their remaining assets and estates to the "Ewes" while in the process of slipping out of life, I knew the "Ewes" would be into just about anything.

I remember once waking up mid-morning after a hard night's effort and wandering into the ironing room to find one dear old thing carefully pressing my black tights, black skivvy, and other sundry items of clothing used during the night. It gave me a fright because I thought I'd hidden the stuff. She couldn't remember where she'd found them, but since they were soiled, she'd simply washed and pressed them. I gave her flowers and chocolates, making sure that the rapacious "Ewes" didn't deprive her of those too.

I am not proud of my association with those "Ewes"; it embarrasses me. My other "helpers", even The Misappropriator, could hardly be regarded as criminals in the conventional sense. They may well have been a little bent but everyone has that potential. The "Ewes" were evil.

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Within 12 months of settling in Melbourne, I had established a flexible network of operations which covered 450 square kilometres of wealthy Melbourne. Because police attention was becoming intensive, I would vary the pattern of robberies, and their timing.

I would put in two nights in Kew, then shift to Brighton. I'd have a rest for a week, then do Brighton, Kew, Caulfield, Toorak and Glen Iris in successive nights. More rest. Caulfield and Brighton again. Rest. Brighton. Several weeks of random robbery before taking a few nights off in Sydney, Cairns, Mallacoota or wherever.

Like all good professionals I was, without fully realising it, becoming completely obsessed with my work. I lived it and dreamed it. I was totally dedicated, so much so that, when I later had the time to reflect on my behavior, I became convinced that my subconscious self actually craved capture. Perhaps it was that I was maturing, and that this process was slowly ameliorating the streak of wildness in me. I don't know, but my behavior was leading to a confrontation with authority and perhaps this is what I really wanted. The fact is that now I am no longer a criminal and perhaps this decriminalisation process began before my *denouement.*

My lifestyle was secretive. I never released my phone number to anyone because I couldn't afford chance calls late at night when I was out working. I would patronise the Toorak Hotel, drinking orange juices until closing time, maybe go to a party for a short time, before slipping away to work.

The press began capitalising on my activities. The Cat Burglar became something of a public celebrity. The headlines and the exploits, the near escapes — all excited much comment at parties and social engagements. One theory I overheard discussed suggested that the Cat Burglar was a wealthy scion, trained at Melbourne Grammar and at the University of Melbourne, who was also a champion athlete with a bit of a Raffles complex. This wasn't exactly me, but it had smatterings of apocryphal truth.

I grew contemptuous of the police. They started stopping motorists at random — they even stopped me once, in Toorak — and making checks. They began to concentrate their efforts in one particular area, ignoring all parts of Melbourne except for a few blocks of choice real estate in one suburb, the theory being that eventually I'd work that area and play into their hands.

The problem with their theory was that unmarked cars were easy to spot because they always parked so that their occupants had good sight-lines down the streets. And the patrolling officers were invariably rigged out in track suits. Nothing was more certain to provoke suspicion than a plethora of joggers at two in the morning.

This technique never worked, although it was a logical enough attempt to make. The problem for the police was that by this time I had tremendous experience, had developed a sixth sense about "atmosphere", and when pursued, I had the training and local knowledge to outdistance my trackers in any steeplechase involving back yards, fences, roofs, any other suburban obstacle you can possibly envisage.

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But there were very close shaves. One night I was so absorbed in my work that I forgot the time — this was always a problem of mine. I would have head down and my arse up, as they say, and I'd forget the time. Suddenly little streaks of light would be spreading over the sky and I'd be in some bedroom two-and-a-half kilometres from home.

That was very dangerous because it meant negotiating streets already coming to life. A man loping along a footpath in Melbourne at four or five in the morning could only be one person: me, Public Enemy Number One. In such circumstances, even the milkmen became my hounds.

Anyway, I slipped out of this Toorak money-bin, glanced around, and I was spied by two young policemen. Wham . . . off I go — down the side of the house, over a fence, across the yard, hurdling over the second fence while these two blokes are climbing the first. The sun's relentless progress began to play on my mind. We took five or six fences like that, and all the time it seemed to be getting lighter. In a back yard, with capture only 20 metres away, I stopped to seek haven. Nothing but an old mattress leaning against a fence near a compost heap. I rolled under the mattress into a most extraordinary position — the only way it could conceal me yet remain upright. I was lying on the back of my head and shoulders with the rest of my body pressed upward against the fence.

That was a harrowing morning. I lay there while those two policemen were joined by others who put a dragnet through the neighborhood. And do you know what happened? I went to sleep, for God's sake! Asleep! Virtually standing on my head. I don't know how a man can sleep standing on his head. Maybe it was tension, maybe it was the blood that settled there. That was the closest shave I ever had.

But I had loads of nerve. As I've said, I was never frightened while on a job. I once snatched a packet of jewellery just as the householder woke up. He bellowed and I bolted. The police were on the scene in minutes, no kidding. There was this suburban steeplechase with me playing the fox to a herd of coppers yelling: "We'll get you . . . we'll get you . . . we'll get you". Then they roared: "We've got you now . . . we've got you now . . . we've got you now."

This yelling technique was often used, "often" in the sense that it happened nearly every time I got chased by the police — which didn't happen every night. Apparently the idea is to demoralise the fugitive, to erode his confidence. It obviously works with some people or they wouldn't do it . . . but it only made me run faster.

On this particular chase, I actually lost the packet of jewellery. I was livid with myself — I hadn't time to button up the stuff in my money belt — so I resolved to go back that night and make a search. The newspapers had put quite a figure on the value of the haul, so it was worth a try.

The problem was: had the police found the stuff and concealed the information from the press so that I might be enticed back to retrieve it? To hell with it, back I went — there were no police — to retrace the route. I found the packet in long grass against a fence. Incredible!

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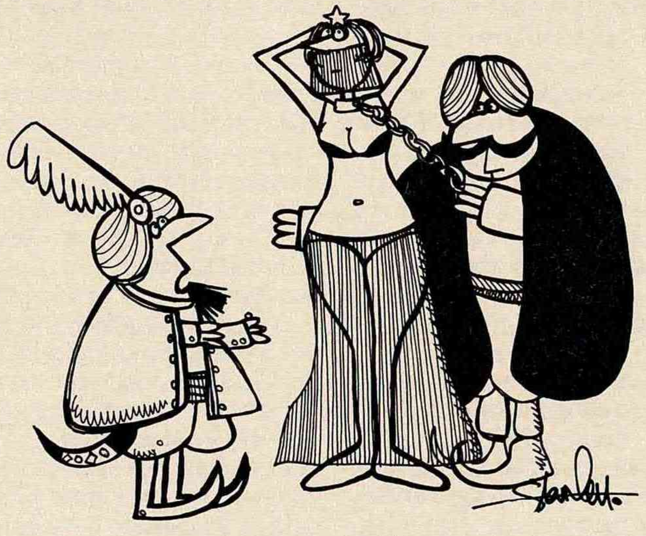
By the early '70s, the publicity was astounding. It's a piquant experience to be driving down Toorak Road and passed by a Melbourne Herald truck plastered with posters proclaiming that the Cat Burglar had struck again. The quantity of jewellery stolen sometimes made me wonder if I'd missed something. Channel 7 actually made a television documentary about my exploits — a sort of reconstruction that was so far from the truth it was unreal. It didn't matter, except for one thing: they had me with a female accomplice who had flowing, long blonde hair and drove an MG. Well, that description fitted Louise. It was a hell of a coincidence, so I made her surrender the MG for something else, something a little less conspicuous.



"I've got 842 wives who look good in a bikini . . . Can she cook?"

In the Victorian Parliament, an Opposition MP, gleefully berating the Government over its helplessness in thwarting my activities, proclaimed that I was well on the way to becoming a millionaire. At the time, I was inclined to agree, but it didn't work out like that, as I've said. My overheads consumed a good five or six hundred a week, my lifestyle was high, my friends got away with some of my assets, and the balance went on legal fees and finally into a bankrupt estate. More of that later.

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Was the strain getting to me? I've said I was obsessed with my work. Well, I've ample reason for making that statement.

The obsession surfaced after a party. I'd taken a night off and gone to a party in a flat in Hawthorn. It was a good party, and I consumed the best part of a bottle of Martell Cognac — I rarely drank because of my work but this night was an exception.

Well, I lost track of drinks and decided to leave, against the wishes of all present. Outside I sat on a fence, then fell off. This was observed with some amusement but I still refused to return to the party. I was left to my devices and took off drunkenly down the road.

But all I wanted to do was put my head down. I have no recollection of this but apparently I entered a block of flats, broke in through a bathroom window, entered an empty bedroom, got undressed, climbed into bed and fell sound asleep — until aroused in the morning by two curious policemen summoned from the local police station by the terrified girls who lived in the place. I apologised to the girls.

It was straightened out after the police established that my actions were innocent, and I must say the police were pretty decent about the episode. I made good the damage, of course, but I shall never forget the older policeman, a thoughtful, pipe-smoking fellow, who kept staring at me. I've no doubts that the whole business puzzled him. The way I'd entered the bathroom was a classic, professional method. Did he entertain a suspicion that I might have been the jolly old bedroom-picking pimpernel?

At the time, I thought I was only a toothskin away from detection and, looking back, I should have drawn some conclusions and taken a holiday, maybe for good, from my career. It's strange, but I was working up to retiring from the treadmill. I was planning to holiday abroad and then re-settle in Sydney.

My machine probably enmeshed me. It grew bigger daily and I had to keep feeding it. Subconsciously, I was being swallowed up. I was ultimately swallowed by a victim, which has a touch of natural justice about it. The victim was an insomniac. I was listening at his window prior to going to work on it and I thought I heard a *click.* I waited, then slipped into the garden next door.

I wasn't wrong. The person inside had twigged, and sensibly gone to phone the police without turning on his light. Within seconds, the place was surrounded by squad cars and the gardens were being combed.

I was pressed against a side wall of a weatherboard house, the sort I'd never rob, and I planned to hide inside until the heat died down, when a policeman entered the front garden. At first his torch missed me but, for some reason, he decided to check the side of the house.

Off I went with him in hot pursuit, to be confronted by a two-and-a-half metre high fence. I leapt up but he had me by the legs and there we hung, in a weird silence, muscles straining, joints cracking, while I tried to haul him and me over that fence. It wasn't on, so I let go and we both hit the ground. I was off and away, straight past his mate who was coming to help, and bang into the arms of a third who didn't let go. People were sitting on me and there was a lot of confusion, especially when a young bloke stuck his gun in my temple and started yelling: "I'll blow his f-----g head off, I'll blow his f-----g head off." It was with great relief that I heard a calm, older voice: "No, no. Don't do that . . . we want to have a talk with him."

Would you believe that, back at Malvern police station, where I was an object of curiosity for a stream of elated policemen all desirous of glimpsing their quarry, I became blessed of a strange and wonderful feeling. In jail, I made a note of it when contemplating my theory that I actually wanted to get caught and put a stop to it all. I wrote: "Inexplicably, in the face of such a screaming personal tragedy, my heart sang with a new feeling of freedom it had never known before. It was as if I had been delivered from a terrible bondage and was left with a feeling of inner peace that is hard to describe."

I guess things had got tense near the end.

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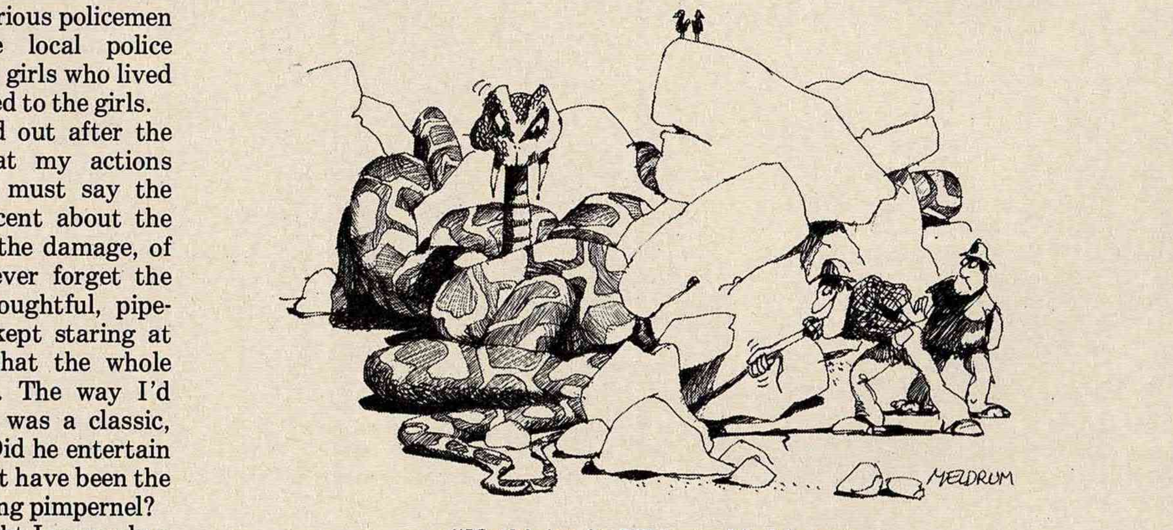
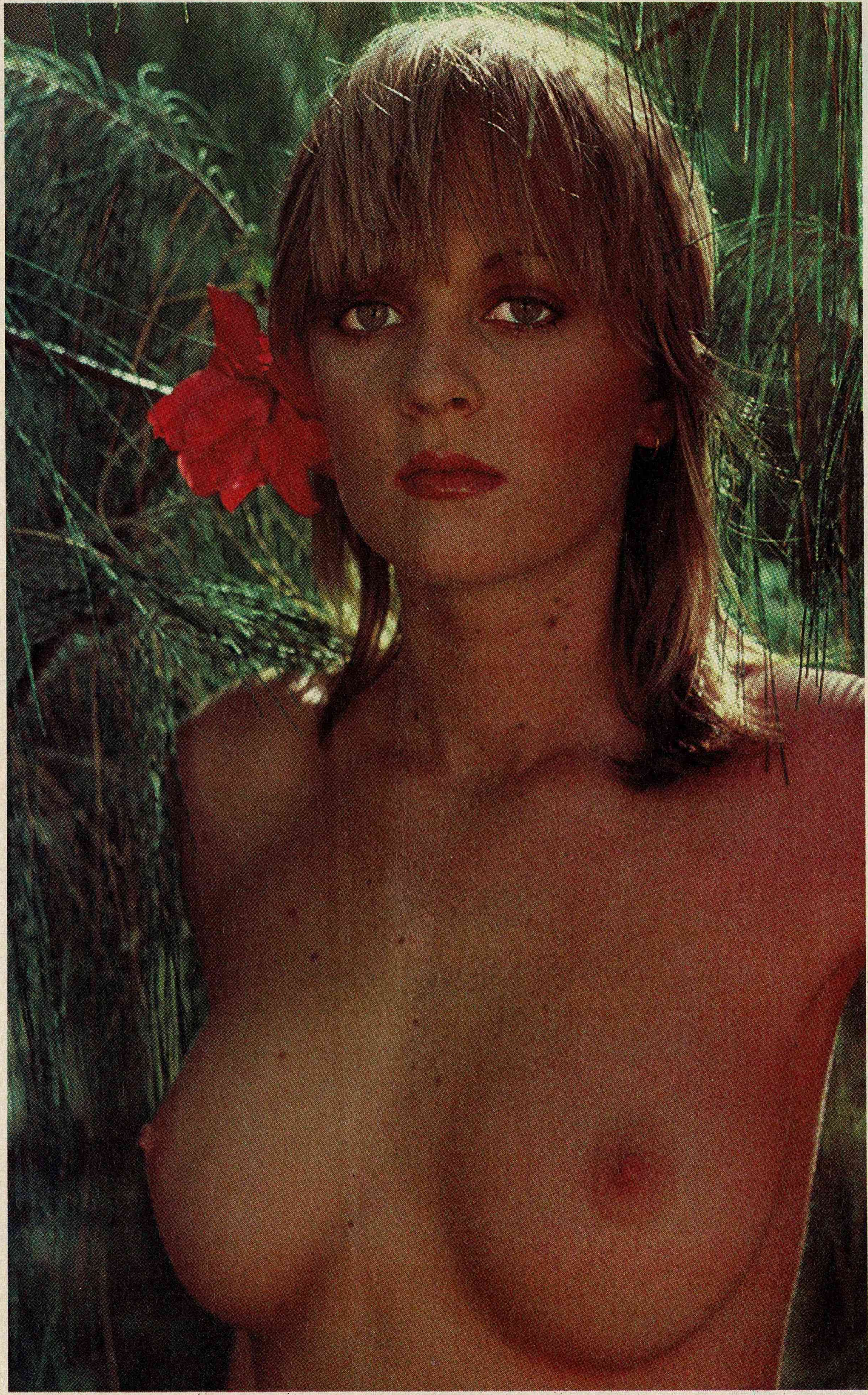
Well, there it is. All of my little "helpers" disappeared, some with quite a portion of the spoils. Eighteen months later, I was sentenced to seven years' jail. Four years and 10 months after that, I was released. That's 12 months ago now. And I've turned 40 years of age.

For me, life has to begin at 40. Jail was the worst experience of my life, although I didn't get into any trouble when I was inside. I detested jail, especially the inmates, for the most part, whom I thought depraved and immoral. Sounds funny to you, I suppose, reading me saying this, but it's true. I abhor violence, even the slightest threat of it, and violence is impregnated into the very air you breathe in jail; that and a lot of other horrible things.

I'd had some high flying times but, if I knew then what I do now, it would never have happened. I lost more than money in the end. I lost a wife and a child, but that's another story.



"Nothin' to it. I'll just whip him out and crack his neck."

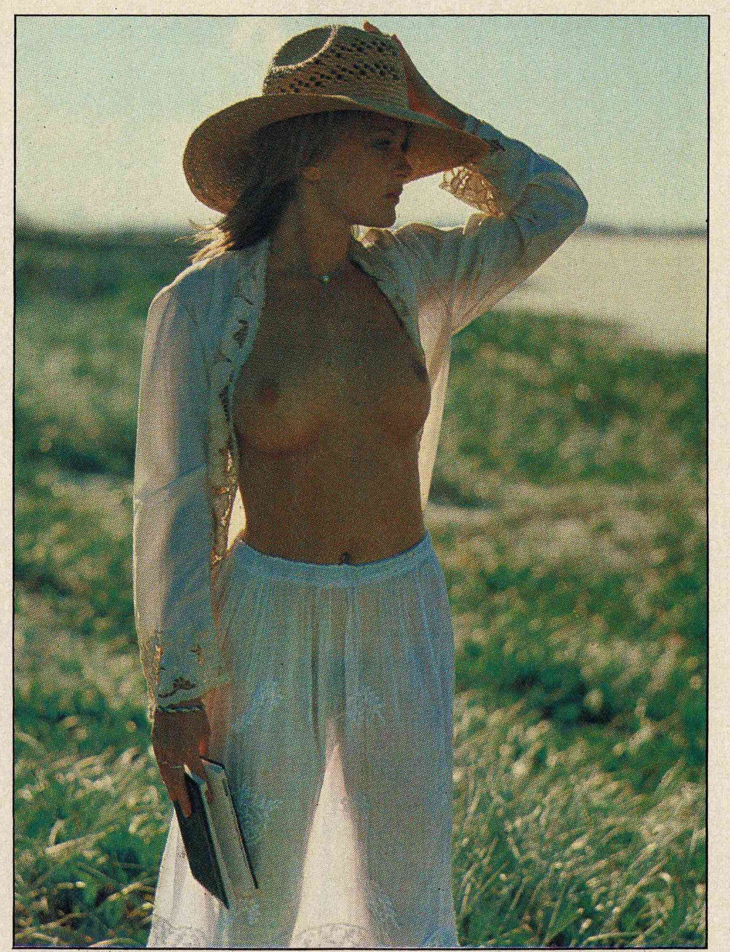


MICHELLE

a maid of many talents, michelle randell is setting forth into a world of sweet promise with a lot of dreams and ideas she can hardly wait to fulfil

Photography by Peter McLean

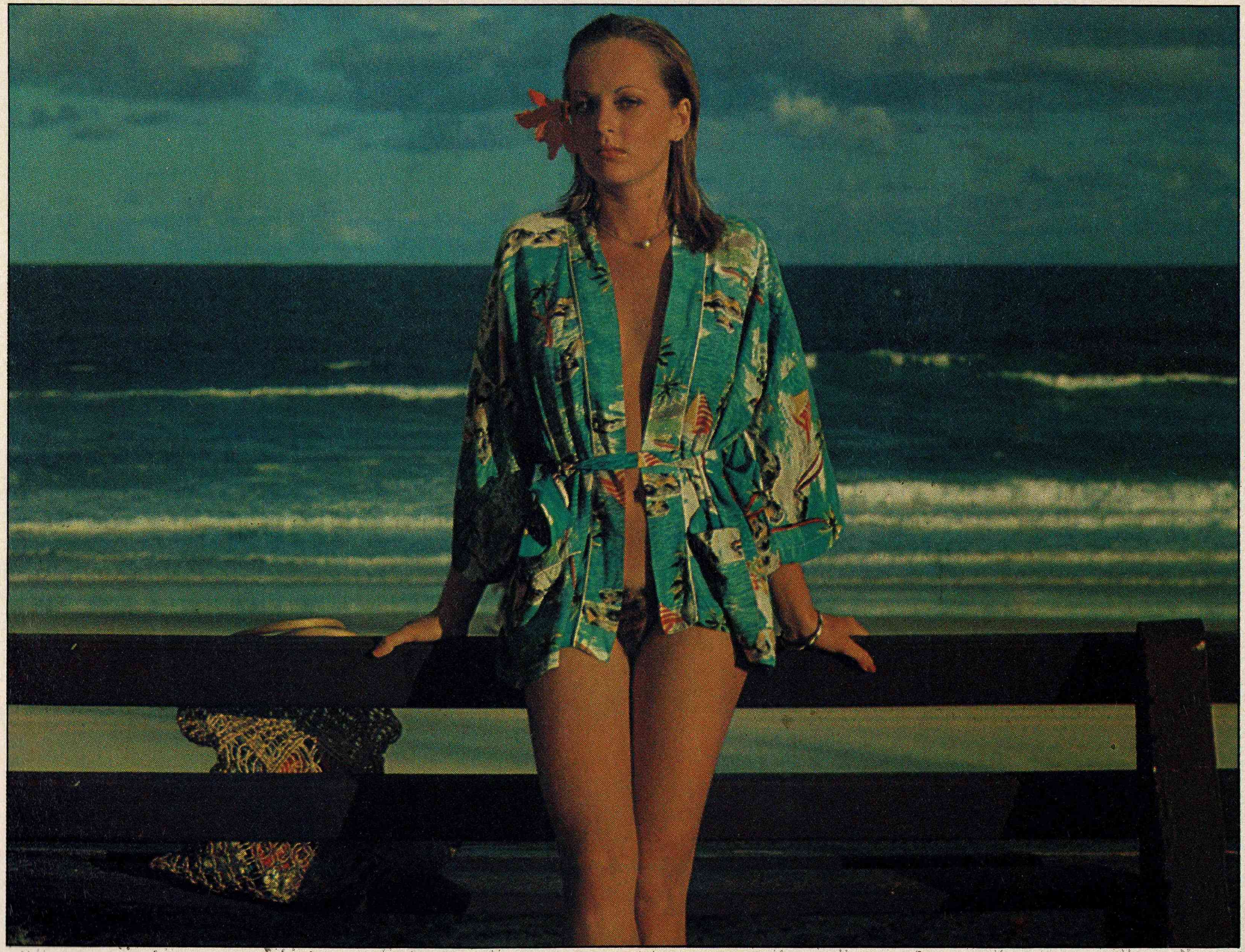
"It is every girl's fantasy to become a model, either catwalk or photographic; every girl has this dream, whether she is willing to admit it or not."



She had her first job at 13, selling *Best Bets* race books at the Woolloongabba dog track every Thursday night; then she worked at a McDonald's hamburger bar after school for two years; and next as a part-time "checkout chick" at a supermarket – before her mother urged her to "have a go" at a pictorial with PLAYBOY.

Now, aged 18, Michelle Randell has finally graduated into the big, wide world. This sun and surf loving beauty from Morooka, near Brisbane, has just finished her final year at Salisbury High and is set for her first full-time job, as a barmaid on the Gold Coast.

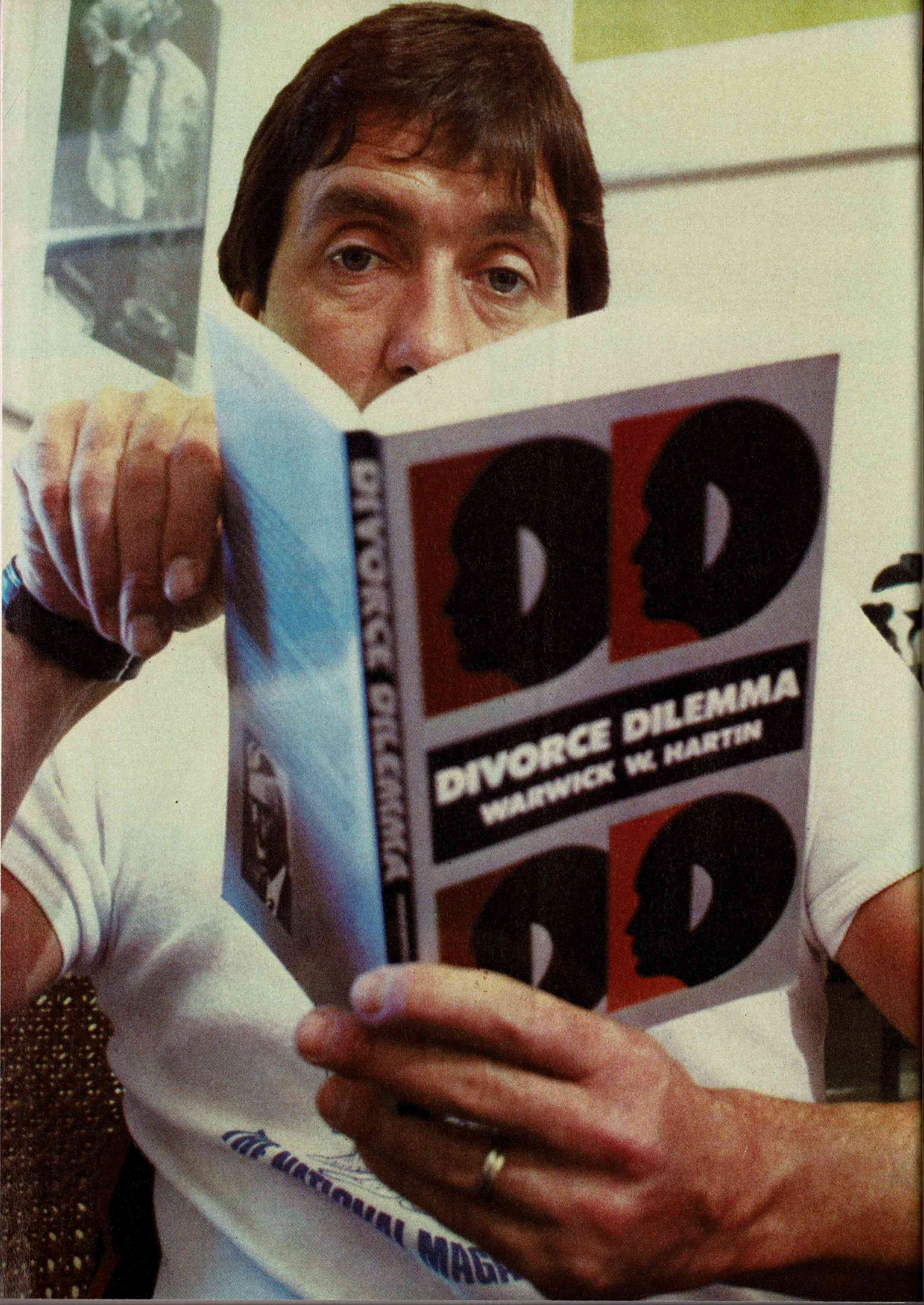
But this is only to tide her over till she gets set to fulfil the big plans of her life. "You're only young once and I would like to travel to many countries, as I have only lived in Australia and New Zealand," says Michelle, who hopes to do modelling on her travels. Yet



> *"I've been out with a lot of boys – I thought I was in love at 14 – but I am an individual and I won't jump because a guy says to jump."*

there is another, more serious side to her; after a time, she'd like to devote herself to higher studies – in psychology or physiotherapy.

Beyond any academic achievement, Michelle has another dream which she hopes to realise at 25 – to find Mr Right and settle down. Right now, however, she's pretty well set, relaxing and doing what she loves best – sunbaking, sailing and surfing. "They are a form of release for me," she says. "These are the things I do best and I feel unreal while doing them. I can forget about everything."



Photography by David Wallace

THE TRIALS OF LIVING WITH ALVIN PURPLE ...OOPS! UM... ER... GRAEME BLUNDELL

By MARGOT HILTON

(who? his long suffering wife, you fool!)

IT'S NOT as bad now as it was in what I like to think of as our palmy days — walking down the street with him that is. We couldn't step a foot out then without some beerbegutted hoon yelling out: "G'day Grey," "Hahze it goin' Alvin," for all like a life-long friend. I couldn't see what all the fuss was about myself. Who was this Alvin git anyway? (I'd not seen the movies then and haven't yet. Though I've at least a vague idea now why men poke ribs, slap thighs and chuckle in their chins and women cream their step-ins when Blundell hoves into view.)

He reacts to all that a good deal better than I do. In the first place, he likes it. Mostly. Being pestered by autograph hunters in what he thought was a "safe" restaurant can be a bit irritating when your food's going cold, but, well . . . it's tough at the top, no?

In the second place, he feels a sort of residual gratitude. When someone picks him for a "somebody", he gets personal confirmation he's no longer what Barry Oakley (whom Blundell calls "the Ian Botham of Australian letters") says was "a hip little boy from Reservoir in genuinely ragged jeans." He's no nobody.

Barry Dickens, maverick playwright and inebriate, remembers Blundell from those Reservoir days: "In 1956, the year of Suez, we were playing cricket behind the shelter at the Keon Park State School. Blundell was in Grade five, I in Grade two. He's got a rounder's bat. The wicket is an empty pie tray. We measure out 22 paces on the asphalt. The umpire is Mr Bold.

"Squasher Newton (the only man who could do the monkey bars by walking along the ground) comes in from the southern end. It's the most frightening thing in the world, much more frightening than facing Lillee. He'd a Rocker haircut like Baby Huey.

"Bird-seed scatters, fluffs of hay, the whole rounders quadrant vibrates, but Blundell knows him and is not afraid. Squasher takes a long run-up, starting well back of the cyclone fence and clears it at a jump. His elephant's trunk trembles something fierce.

"He comes into the wicket to bowl but skids, on account of having only a jazzer and left runner on, and the ball's short of a length. Blundell socks it over the burner for a six and he's out. He didn't get another hit.

"That's typical of him, always over the top."

When he does feel like a "nobody", he's a real pain in the arse, like when he came to London for Barney's *(their son)* birth for instance. He had just finished shooting *The Odd Angry Shot* in Surfers Paradise, the Jewish waiting room to Heaven.

Graham Kennedy says of that experience: "Blundell's a dynamic little scene stealer. In *The Odd Angry Shot,* he had hardly anything to do, only two lines, I think, in the whole script. But trying to get to London on the strength of it, he worked in a bit of business here, giving him another two days which took him to Hong Kong, fluffed a bit there, involving a re-shoot that got him to Rome — and besides finished up commanding all the scenes he was in. Very clever."

For all that, he got to London three days late! I was in and out of hospital for most of that month so his social life was split among the second-hand bookshops along Tottenham Court Road, the family seat in Golders Green and the hospital maternity ward — none of which gave him much "you are a STAR" feedback.

Blundell did have one positive experience, though, which precipitated his speedy return to Oz. We stepped out one day with Barney in a pouch bound for Waterloo to take tea with Ivan Alderman, the costume superviser at the National Theatre, a man I worked for years ago and a great friend. Blundell wasn't too excited about going, was sick of meeting my friends, yearned after his own. He hated being in London, having never liked Poms much anyway (his suggestion to the Australian Bicentennial Authority for the coming celebrations was that the kick-off should be the ritual burning of a Pom!).

No one knew who he was, no one hailed him in the street, even my mother, who had met him (to her sorrow) on at least two occasions previously, got him mixed up with Denny O'Hearne, a Melbourne literary person, out at London Airport when they got off the plane and tried to shanghai Denny into her car to come and see his new son!

Blundell was stringy-lipped as we walked down West Heath Drive. The mists, mellow-fruitfulness and vandal-grey of London had done nothing for his bronchiectasis or his humor. I trotted along beside, proud with the pouch, pleased as punch to have Blundell to myself for once.

Then it happened. "Geez! That's ALVIN, mum!" A snotty-nosed child raced back up the road after peering at Blundell for a split second. I looked around, and there was a crowd of expatriate Ozzies who'd all been at the afternoon showing of *Alvin Rides Again* in the local fleapit round the corner. Blundell went this pleased pink color, neon, lights-at-night, and stopped for a bit of a chat. They sympathised with each other about how grim London was, how they missed the Sun, the beer, how they'd LOVED the movie, what a small world it was, etc, etc. He signed loads of autographs with messages which he doesn't normally go in for, like "Keep smiling Norma, Best Wishes, Graeme Blundell." He was delighted, felt human again, a real person. Two days later, he left for Melbourne in a hurry.

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So what's he like, what's he really like to live with?

It is 7.30pm. Jake wallops down the three flights of stairs from what we laughingly refer to as the children's area, lands disconsolately in the kitchen and takes in the peaceful domestic idyll before his eyes: fraught female adult irons, nervous in act of telling story sufficiently redolent with thrill and action to keep old Barne out of double trouble.

"Where's dad?" Jake wants to know. The two-year-old puts him right. "Dadda werkin." Jake tut tuts, moves to fridge muttering "typical". He sighs deeply. I am aware I am in the presence of a worried man.

"What's the problem, Jakie?" I inquire. (She aims for the right note of informal friendliness and misses again!) He says nothing. Undaunted, I regroup. "What's Nellie up to?" He shrugs, supremely bored, and says: "Rooting. Can I watch telly?"

Wicked stepmother drops iron, asks offhand what that may mean. Jake, leering meaningfully, makes lewd in/out gesture with grubby paws. The matter dealt with, he then moves to biscuit tin, generously helping self.

VROOM. Wicked stepmother is by now two floors up — we lead a largely vertical existence here you know. She stops for pause on landing, takes deep breath, pulls self together, determines not to lose what remains of cool and confronts lookout posted at the portal of iniquity. He is five, unimpressed and gumbound.

Nellie, unconcerned, oracular, complains from darkened gloom within, "You were supposed to tell me when SHE came up!" Lookout swallows gum, gulps, says, "Okay Nellie, yer mother's here." The riposte sallies forth: "SHE'S not my mother — let's get things straight around here . . ."

I enter briskly, switch on lights, turn, agape. She lies somewhere beneath the bucking, fully-clothed bodies of five bikies ranging in age from eight to 11, clearly not much interested in her exposition of the intricacies of our relationship — step this, half that. They have better things to do . . .

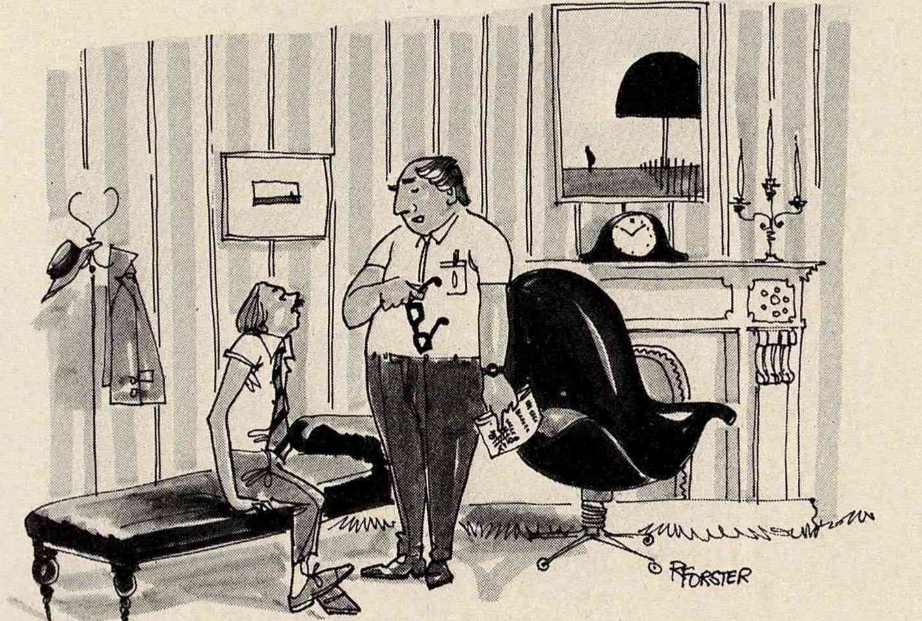
And you ask me what life with Graeme Blundell is like?

It is also like this. Him: "Geez, I had a helluva day today. Been to the gym. My legs are killing me, got shooting pains in me back, feel real feverish, think the flu's coming on PLUS *I* got the kids at three today . . ." Pause, in which full dereliction of my duty is allowed to sink in. Then it's my turn (nonchalant): "D'you get anything done?"

He has by now peeled spuds, shelled peas, chopped carrots, garlicked joint and whipped up a little something for dessert.

"No. Nightmare. I was on the phone for three hours this morning. There were *23* interstate calls. I dunno. Impossible. Want a drink?"

He places a concoction before me — fruit leaves, cucumber rind bobbing on the top. "You'll like that," he says, "doesn't taste like booze at all, just your cup of tea."



"Well, Mr Rockbottom, you don't have an inferiority complex — you really *are* inferior."

I sip it, thinking that's what I really would've preferred — but say nothing to that effect. "Mmmm. Interesting. Sort of floral . . ."

He ceases kneading a doughy substance momentarily. " 'Course the gym REALLY takes it out of you. Lost 10 pounds (no metric here) this week I have. LOOK AT THAT!" He whips off the T-shirt, revealing what he clearly reckons is a rippled Herr Univerze torso, flexing gently the while. "Pretty good eh? Here, taste this."

From a noxious pot simmering in the background, he offers a spoonful of utterly indeterminate contents. I am ginger, reluctant, but the spoon is halfway down my throat. "We'll have that tomorrow," he announces. "Right. Gotta few things to do. See you later." And he's gone.

If he stays still for any length of time he falls asleep, so mostly he's gone or going or just come back and on the way out — cricket or footy on the teev excepting. Though even then he must shift plants, water, tease and prink same, adjust prints to the correct angle of hang, sort papers and ubiquitous pamphlets into piles and other piles, place bills in prominent position for immediate payment (tomorrow and tomorrow), avoid reading scripts . . . There are THINGS to be DONE. Soon.

His office, my living room, is a marmalade file all too sticky to touch right now. He's thinking about it though . . . He spends a lot of time thinking. Aloud often. A solipsistic process generally beginning with "why" and ending with "me", a natural response, I feel, from one who has done so much for Australian theatre particularly, film and telly also, and received so little recognition.

Phillip Adams has this to say of him: "I first met Blundell on *The Naked Bunyip* set and found him delightful — which was a big surprise. Generally, actors are the most boring species on Earth, incredibly unintelligent. What's amazing about Blundell is that he's a first-class actor — with a first-class mind.

"All the Oz heroes of our early movies were recessive: Alvin Purple didn't want to screw, Barry McKenzie was only capable of a piddle, Petersen a failure, Foley in *Sunday Too Far Away* a shearer who wanted to make it but couldn't get his act together. Our anti-heroes doomed us for the US market where aggressive machismo was all the rage before we'd even started. Until the advent of Woody Allen. But long before I'd ever heard of him, Blundell had impressed and charmed me with that curious vitality he lent his brand of anti-heroism. People could and did identify with his recessiveness because he gave it energy and a vital spark of self-irony.

"For all that, I feel the Alvin thing did Blundell much damage. He's the most underrated actor I know because of it, very out of fashion. It's about time we rediscovered him."

His comtemporaries like or dislike him for the wrong reasons, that image of Alvin still deep in the popular psyche. His *modus vivendi* — parallel existences, or how to keep four balls in the air while stroking the dick — impinge on all his relationships and as a result he remains a curiously hard man to understand.

As a "funny-man", he sets out to amuse; as a successful "funny-man", he pays the price of being taken less than seriously. Gough Whitlam, for instance, got a great laugh from the crowd gathered at the Fitzroy Fest Town Hall on the occasion Blundell opened the Fitzroy Festival of All Nations in 1976. He commented how good it was to see Blundell with his clothes on for a change! Blundell was the only person not laughing. The normal Anglo-Oz response to humor is notoriously odd, yet this is what he has to deal with, however implicit or covert. Very soft currency. Australians, like Englishmen, look upon laughter as a national asset. In wartime or under siege, it assumes the proportions of a mystique.

David Williamson tells a delicious story about the time he and Blundell were under fire at a theatre conference in deepest Newcastle. They shared a room together. Blundell apparently spent the greater proportion of his time watching hordes of nubile lovelies clustering around a bearskin-clad Nigel Triffit, that remnant from the Age of Flowerpower. The rate at which Triffit's guru act had got the knickers off the ladies inspired such frustration that, Williamson reports, Blundell — totally irate — called for silence, then announced: "Hrmmph! If there're any theatre groupies, it's room 19, right? One-nine, got that?" . . . Rushing off to the self-same room to await the onslaught.

According to Williamson, Blundell claims he got no takers — though he waited in a state of high excitement the whole afternoon!

•

There is, as he's found to his cost, a puritanism in our culture which prevents the more boisterous and flamboyant types of humor from flourishing unchecked. At best, the "funny-man" is likely to find himself cast in the role of jester (Blundell was cast as Bottom in Richard Wherrett's production of *Midsummer Night's Dream* for the Nimrod in Sydney) to whom no one really listens, despite his unusual privilege of telling the truth. Should the serious ideas underlying his work become too apparent, he might even be turned on by a public which values laughter, but not more than it values its own dignity.

He has been turned on. A great many times.

The Pharisees in his life loom large (he lives with one of them for a start . . . no . . . for a second: the first Mrs B — who now refers to him as "an honorary woman" — was/is one too!). Perhaps it's because his political judgement has been marred by lack of foresight. Williamson again tells of how Blundell actually invited to join the APG (Australian Performing Group) those very people who, not six months later, took the knife to his artistic jugular with no little relish. By his own account, Blundell cannot fathom why these people saw fit to distort history, Australian theatre history, burn his name from minutes of crucial meetings, expunge his formative, dynamic presence from the annals of time, steal his letters . . . Or so he thinks.

Few know of the role he played in the creation of the Melbourne La Mama Theatre, Pram Factory (now defunct APG) and Playbox Theatre (formerly Hoopla). Many think of him as Alvin, but few are aware that the first Alvin movie was the first in the renascent Oz industry to gross over a million bucks, knowing what that implies. Even fewer care.

Those who spent years of their lives damning him for his "closet capitalist impulse", his superficiality, inconsistency and mercuriality waste no time when they want something and know only Blundell can give it: the ability to get an idea off the ground, add the third dimension, enthuse others sufficiently to put their hands in their pockets, get it on the road. And he had how many interstate calls today?

"My God, Magnolia. Haven't you finished embalming yourself yet?"

His peers get really pissed off that, in order to go into labor on one project, five others must be aborted. Melbourne and Sydney swarm with actors who never got the promised part, playwrights who never hit the promised platform, potential theatre companies which never saw the limelight. Each, naturally enough, feels betrayed when nothing comes forth from their union with Blundell but hot air. La Mama got left behind when the APG climbed into the Pram, the APG did its dash when Hoopla assumed the Playbox. They're all distorted changelings that Blundell dandled on his knee around '68, '70 and '76. He'll never be forgiven for it.

Strange to say, these theatre changelings have come to be seen as such by Blundell himself — which is why I guess he doesn't hang around after birth. After all — what's a year or two against a lifetime?

It's no accident that, when the eggs go bad, he nicks off to another coop. The eggs went bad in each of the three theatres he helped to start. Each was intended to champion the cause of Australian playwriting, performing; each became something less than originally intended, failed to fulfil its promise, and self-destructed.

Blundell has many mad impulses but artistic suicide isn't one of them — though I do wonder about that sometimes when I see him firing his manic energy off toward establishing yet another theatre company, another theatre restaurant, more television companies, gathering material for a potential TV chatshow, writing his first commissioned screenplay or another preface to another volume of Australian plays, working with Barry Dickens on a one-man show on the great Sydney comic, humorist and drunk Lenny Lower, AND dealing with the ins and outs of being the next director of the Australian Playwright's Conference.

Besides all that, he earns a crust, is chief cook and bottle washer at Surrey Street and goes with me for marriage counselling once a week!

Everything he pursues is the same: through *maybe* finding Australian theatrical identity and recognition, he'll *maybe* find and recognise his own. And don't think this has nothing to do with our marriage. He's on what Margaret Drabble calls "the middle ground", a mid-life crisis of mammoth proportions. His sense of growing inauthenticity up against my possessiveness, the need to be stroked ALL the time, makes it ever harder to share the same space, though we're mates and lovers for all that . . . As with Art, so with Life.

None of this, however, conveys (*that's* a real Grundy's word. It's called a challenge to the writer: you say something happens but now how? — there's the challenge!) what living with him is actually like. I can tell you what it's not like though . . .

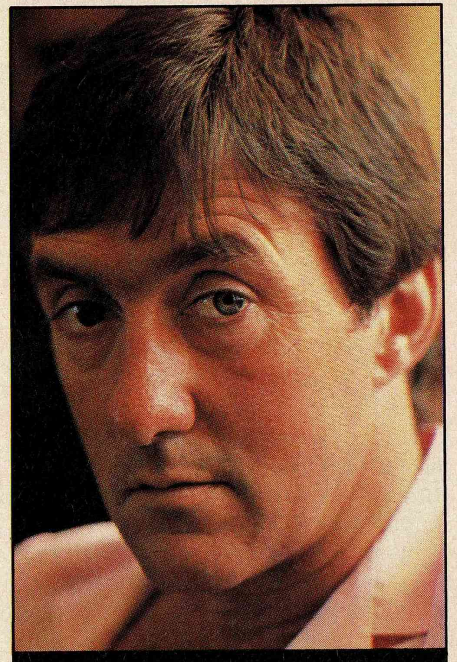
It's not like what it used to be in Melbourne for a start. Geoffrey Blainey writes to Blundell: "It's curious how that puritan strain you mentioned (in an article in *Theatre Australia)* persists here. It tinges all kinds of activities, both helping and harming. I'm pretty sure it arose with the Methodists, Presbyterians, Congoes and other nonconformists who closed our wine saloons, gave us coffee palaces and kept us from gambling except on the stock exchange. The nonconformists are fading now, especially since television and the family car replaced the pulpit as Sunday entertainment. There are now more Greek Orthodox than Methodists in Melbourne. Though I suppose puritanism is a way of thought and survives long after the meeting places are closed, indeed can find itself new chapels, including the theatre and opera house. After all, Russell Street Theatre was once a breakaway Presbyterian church."

Melbourne. It's a city of mothers — the kind who care for babies, not the mother f. . . . . . ex-Harlem variety (they live in Sydney).

Everybody's both a baby and somebody else's mother. Everybody takes and gives that motherpower to heal all emotional wounds, part out the self-inflicted kind. Sydney, on the other hand, is decidedly adult, delinquent perhaps, but no question about emotional retardation, weaning problems. They happened years ago.

What I mean is, you're on your own. Blundell told our marriage counsellor that he's well into a new cult religion: frisbeeism. He knew he was when he saw his soul go up on to the roof the previous afternoon. The counsellor looked blank and changed the subject. I broke up. A private joke perhaps, but I was watching a new definition of the deadpan.

The counsellor says this is how it is anyway, no matter where you are or who you're with. Being on your own, realising it and being absolutely terrified as a result is what he calls developing a sense of your own mortality. Sydney for me is Death City. And don't I know it, living with the Grim Reaper.



"Blundell told our marriage counsellor that he's into a new cult religion: frisbeeism. It was a private joke."

We carry with us the burden of making momentous life decisions next Friday. Where we live, how we live, who we live with or without; the culmination of a process which started with taking the two-year-old and ourselves to a "professional" in hopes of getting a good night's sleep. That predicament was dispatched fairly smartly, Blundell living for a week or so on the landing outside Barney's room, ordering him back inside whenever he ventured forth. (I had no part of all that, was considered "emotionally incapable" of forbidding Barney our bed. This was true. I liked having him there. He was much better company than Blundell.)

From that we moved on to our problem of my relationship with my stepchildren and, whaddya know, before you could say knife, the REAL problem we were looking at was the marriage itself, barely a year (less six months of separation) old, or rather Blundell in it, basically wanting to be out of it. I wasn't supposed to take it personally, you understand. It could have been anyone. Didn't have anything to do with the fact it's me he's married to, like it had nothing to do with his first wife before . . .

Being in it and wanting to be out at the same time is what characterises his whole life right down the line. Occasionally it takes a positive form of wanting to be in something else: a different role, relationship, project, house, city, meal, room, book . . . but, as I say, that's not often. Usually it's just a tight-lipped look which I have come to take as the cipher for nonspecific exitus. It reads: I do not want to be here. I don't know where I do want to be but I know I don't want to be here. And it's your fault.

Sometimes you can understand what that's all about because you feel exactly the same way yourself and apportion the same kind of blame. It gets tricky though when it comes like a Sunday punch out of nowhere, when you're feeling suffocatingly strokey, and leaves you in danger of losing your marbles.

It was like that when he gave me a birthday present — a month late.

Lovely it was/is. The day after my birthday, Sydney thieves took the back door off its hinges, cleaned the joint out. Everything of any value went: his stereo, camera, lenses, color teev, a couple of radios — and all my jewellery. The only comment I had to make at the time was that it was really lucky he hadn't given me a birthday present after all as the bastards would've taken that too. "It's coming," he said, "haven't had time to go and pick it up . . ."

I knew that was the case when a few weeks later he showed me the Pentax and attachments he bought to replace the one that got nicked.

But life is strange. He did actually get around to it. And it was a lovely present when it finally arrived: a delicate, finely-worked Victorian diamond ring. Things had been going really nicely for a couple of days, I'd been feeling very optimistic for a change about what I'd come to call our weekly "doom sessions" with the counsellor. The ring, given when it was, confirmed that optimism — for about an hour. Then he told me he wanted us to separate and I knew I'd been bought off. That was a month ago. I'm still here, and so is he . . . Doomsday's tomorrow.

PRIVATE PICTURES

Photographs by
Daniel Angeli and
Jean-Paul Dousset

Brigitte Bardot, not quite defying gravity on her private pier at Baies des Cannoubiers, 1973.

ANY PRESS photographer who has been around for a while will let you know that the most dangerous assignments are not sieges or bushfires but the snapping of celebrities. Running a gauntlet of camera-smashing heavies, the lensman is assaulted and spat on like Jesus on his way to Calvary. His camera is his cross.

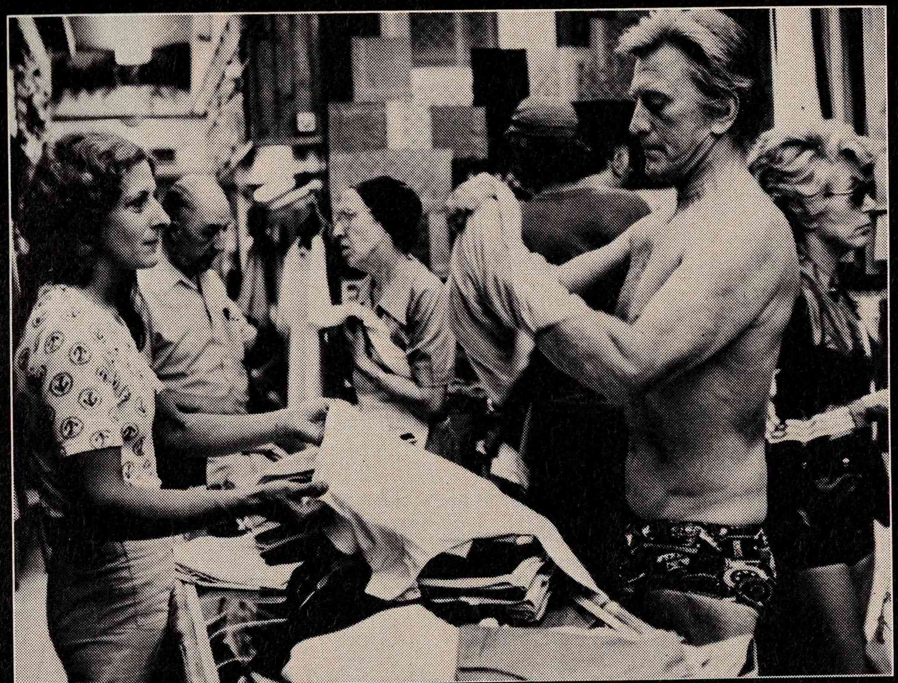
Prince Philip is partial to drenching photographers and their expensive equipment with a random burst from a hose; Marlon Brando has made something of a hobby of breaking photographers' jawbones; Frank Sinatra's constant vilification of the press is legion. And Olivia Newton-John earned the enmity of the Australian print media recently when her manager/ex-boyfriend Lee Kramer manhandled one intrepid Melbourne photographer up against a car.

Of course, it can be argued that these people deserve their privacy, just as much as anyone else. But they are *public* figures. The public made them and the public wants to know what color underpants they wear.

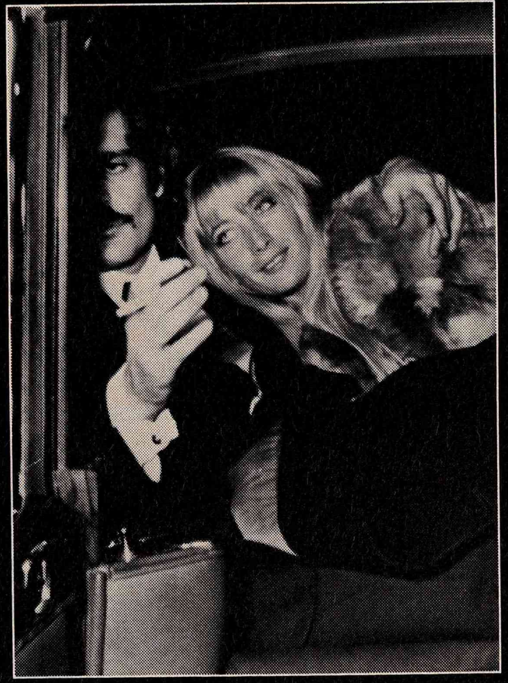
And so a select band of photographers makes a living from meeting this demand. These fearless individuals have generally suffered at the hands of well-known people in the past, and thus there is often an overt element of vengeance involved. Zooming in on a pimple on Jackie Onassis' bottom after snorkelling five kilometres to a Mediterranean island, preserving for posterity a sex symbol's dentures being bared in a yawn . . . these are the high points of the celebrity photographer's existence.

Some may think that taking such pictures is easier today, not only because of the high sophistication of camera equipment, but the simple fact that there are more stars. Nowadays, there are star fashion designers, rock 'n' roll group managers, theatrical impresarios, even — for God's sake — star hairdressers. There are even star photographers.

There are star ex-wives such a Margaret Trudeau,



Above: Kirk Douglas shopping for a T-shirt in a store at Port de St Tropez, 1976.



Above: Omar Sharif in the back seat, 1973.

Bianca Jagger and Angela Bowie. There are star widows like Jackie O. And the trouble is that this army of stars has an ever increasing tendency to hide behind the hype of "private" photographers, make-up artists and lighting experts who preserve the artificial postures of glamor. The job of the celebrity photographer becomes more difficult as more public figures treat them with the utmost contempt and malice.

Daniel Angeli and Jean-Paul Dousset have braved the near-mortal dangers involved in baring the private lives of public figures for a remarkable new book. Appropriately titled *Private Pictures*, it shows celebrities in their most unguarded moments, stripping away all the plastic wrapping and revealing *real* human being.

These are the sort of photographs that anyone who picked up a copy of a down-market magazine in a barbershop during the '50s always wanted to see. Remember? Those pictures of Hollywood stars arriving at or leaving nightclubs, or sitting around tables crowded with the detritus of their evening — empty champagne bottles, massive ashtrays, crumpled nightclub toys and wilted corsages. Often, stars captured in this way would have glazed eyes, exposed bra straps or askew bow-ties. And we loved it. But we wanted to see more. We wanted to see Maureen O'Hara's nipple poking out while she discussed her upcoming movie with John Wayne. Above all, we wanted to see O'Hara, Wayne and all the other stars in truly private moments, out of their evening dress and away from the chic restaurants and clubs.

Angeli and Dousset's pictures are appropriately printed in candid, unglossy black and white; the last thing we want to know about the Jaggers and the Bardots of this world is their eye color.

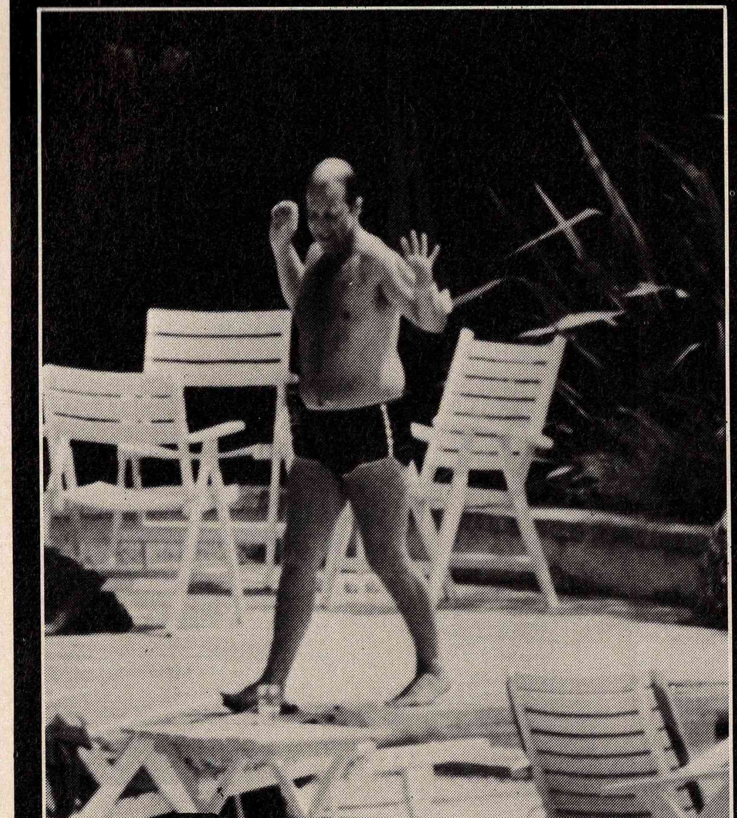
Here we have the equine Princess Anne in all her riding finery, slumped against a tree with the forefinger of one hand looking as though it is about to excavate a royal nostril. And Roman Polanski chats up pubescent charmers in St Tropez while Elton John prances by a pool at the same watering hole, looking pudgy and oh-so-precious. Brigitte Bardot is shown to have breasts which ain't what they used to be. And a laconic Frank Sinatra, also topless, reveals his age as well as a flaccid belly. Other photographic gems in the book include Jack Nicholson and Romy Schneider's *derrieres* and Tom Jones flirting with a

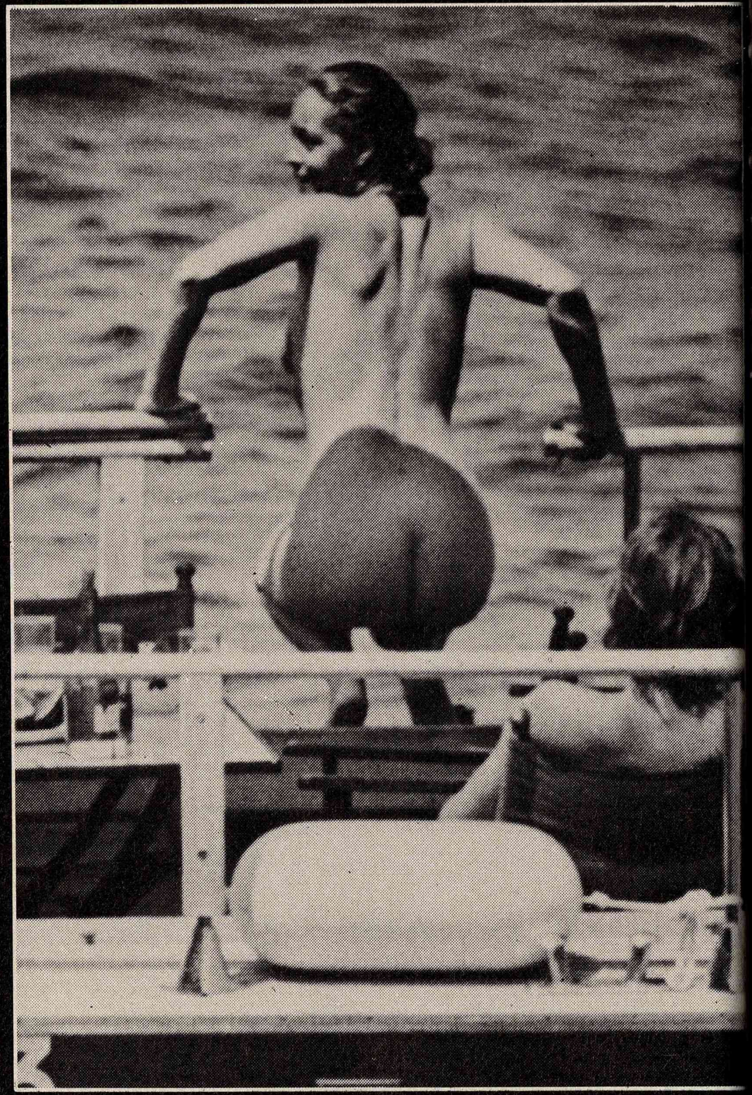
Below: Woolworth's heiress Barbara Hutton in the arms of her chauffeur-secretary in Paris, 1976.

Above: Mick Jagger, with girlfriend Jerry Hall, meets a photographer who, in spite of his load of equipment, knows his judo, 1978.

Below: Princess Anne at Badminton, 1977.

Below: Elizabeth II, Head of the Commonwealth, pensively surveys her realm, 1977.





Top left: Elton John, outdoorsman, at the pool, St Tropez, 1979. Above: Romy Schneider astern, Cap Camarat, 1977. Left: The Pepsi generation's Maria Schneider (left) at *La Main Bleue* 1978.

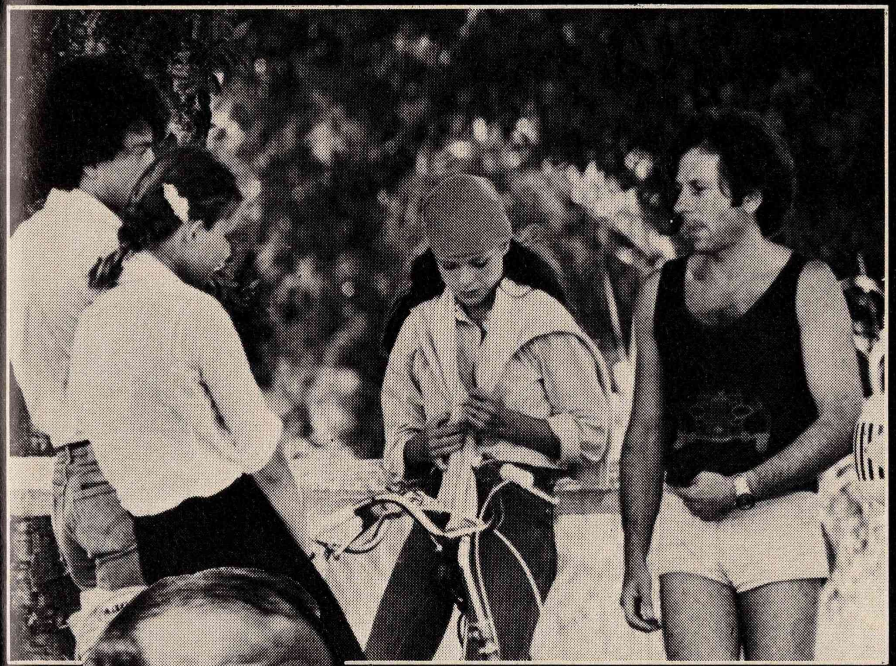
drag queen dressed as Maria Callas. Perhaps in the near future, members of another generation will pick up the book and say: "Who *were* these people? What made them so special?" And perhaps those who browse through the book today will experience a feeling of loss, maybe even shed a tear. For so many of us, the glamor of Hollywood and the Riviera and the people who frolic there provide a unique escape from our often-drab middle-class existences.

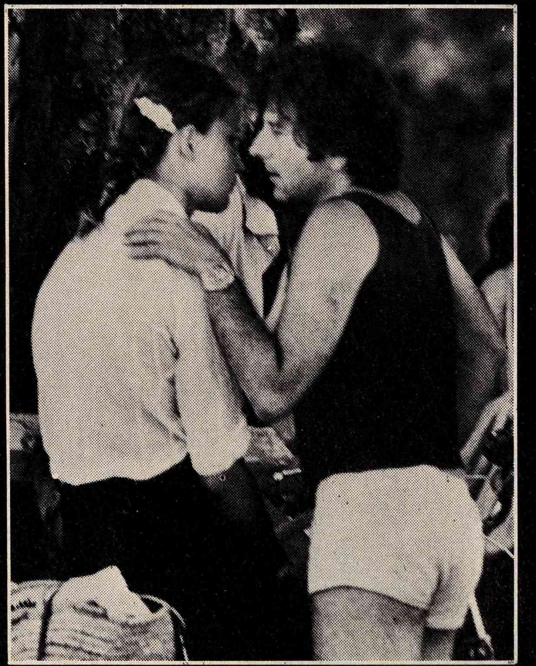
To keep believing that Brigitte Bardot remains eternally beautiful and that royals never lose their dignity is like believing in Santa. In some respects, seeing these adulated individuals bared in this way is just as sad an experience as learning that Santa is really your father.

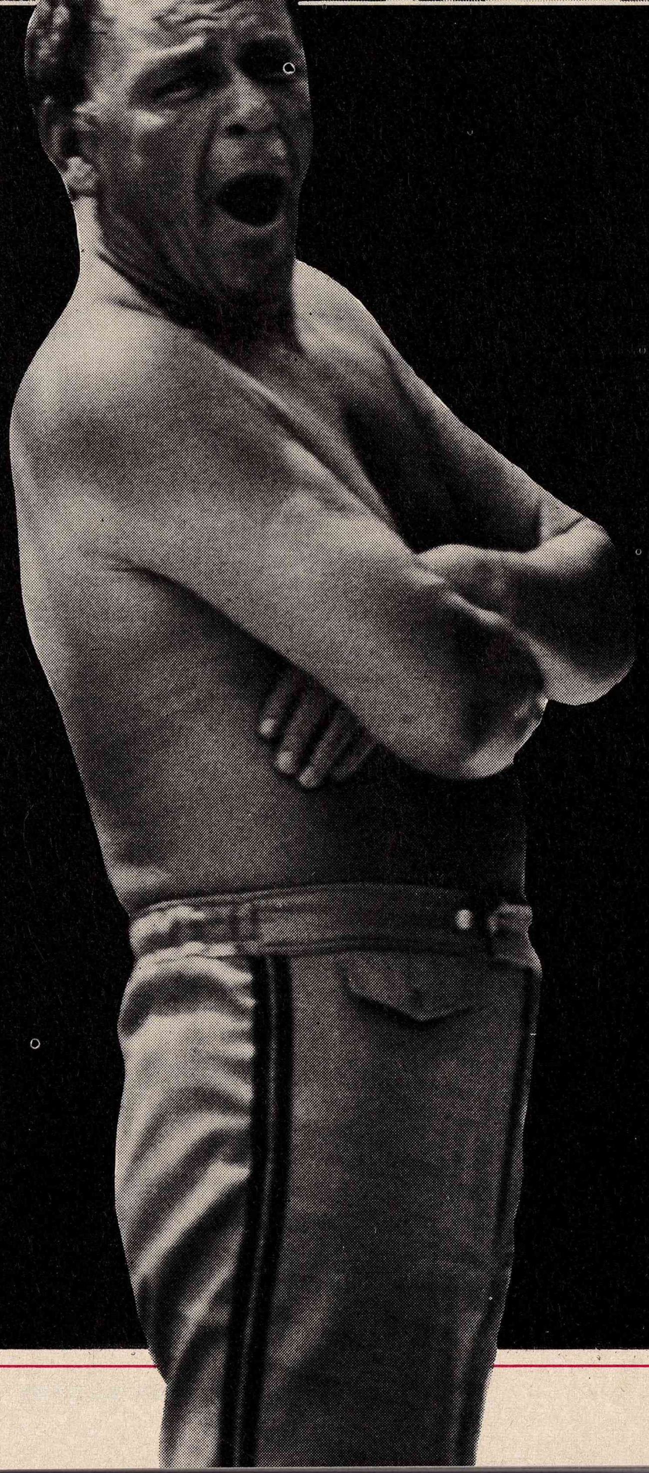
Throughout the book, the "beautiful people" are revealed in moments of ugliness and decline, like Shelley's *Ozymandias*, a massive decaying monument to a bygone emperor, whose "... wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command,/Tell its sculptor well those passions read/Which yet survive stamped on these lifeless things the hand that mocked them and the heart that fed./And, on the pedestal these words appear: 'My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings. Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!' "

— TONY MAGUIRE

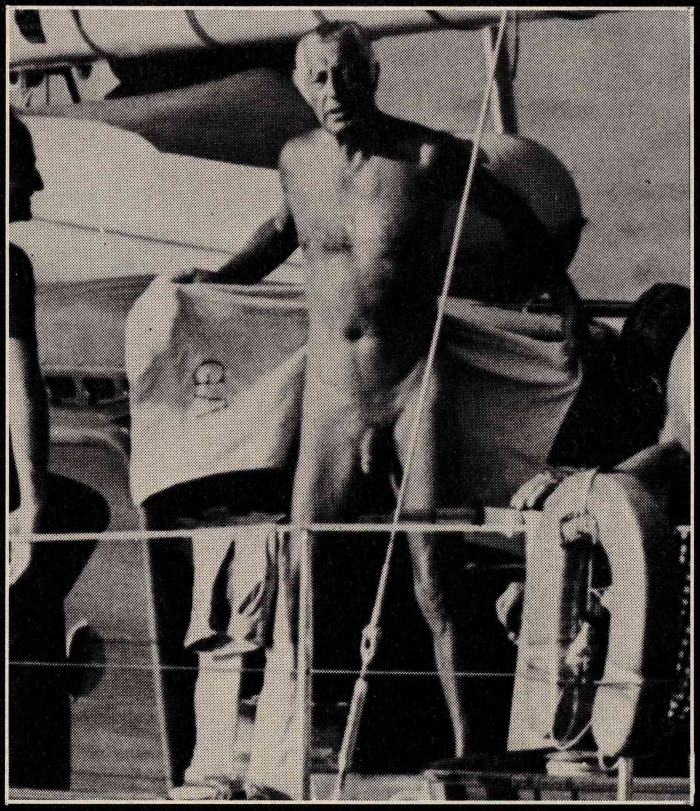
PRIVATE PICTURES (c) 1980 by Daniel Angeli Agency, is published by Jonathan Cape and available in Australia in hardback ($27.50) or in paperback (12.95)



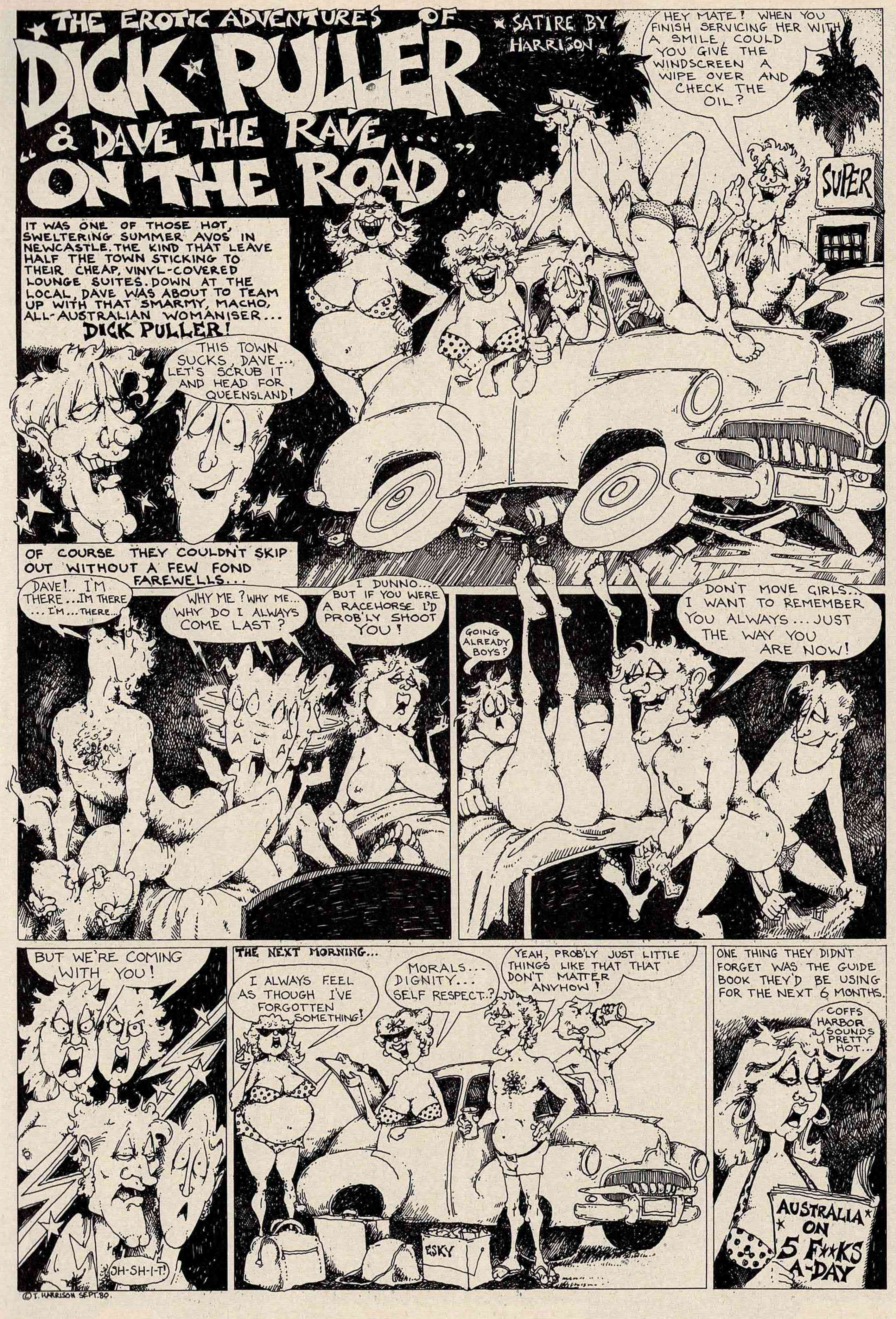


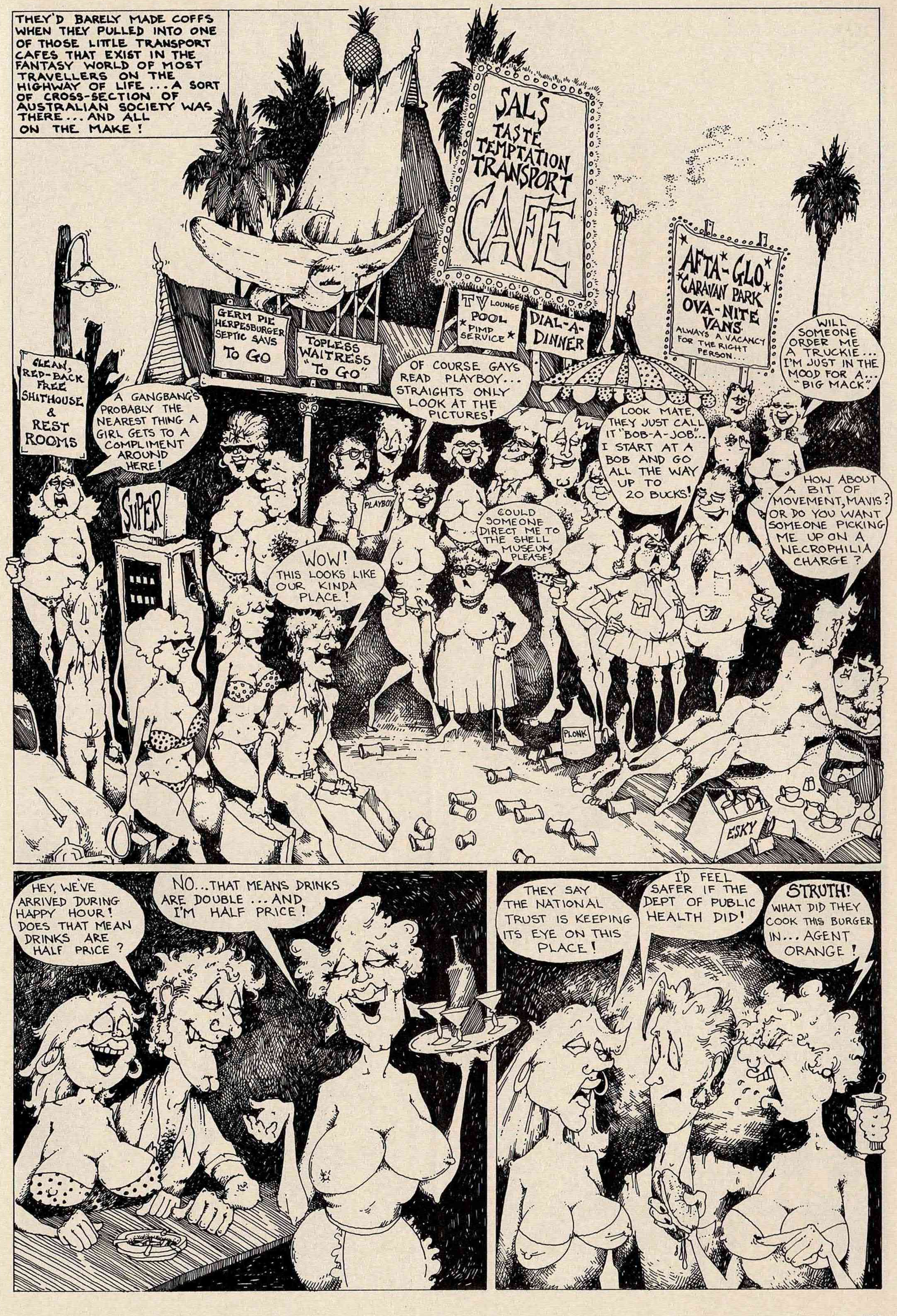


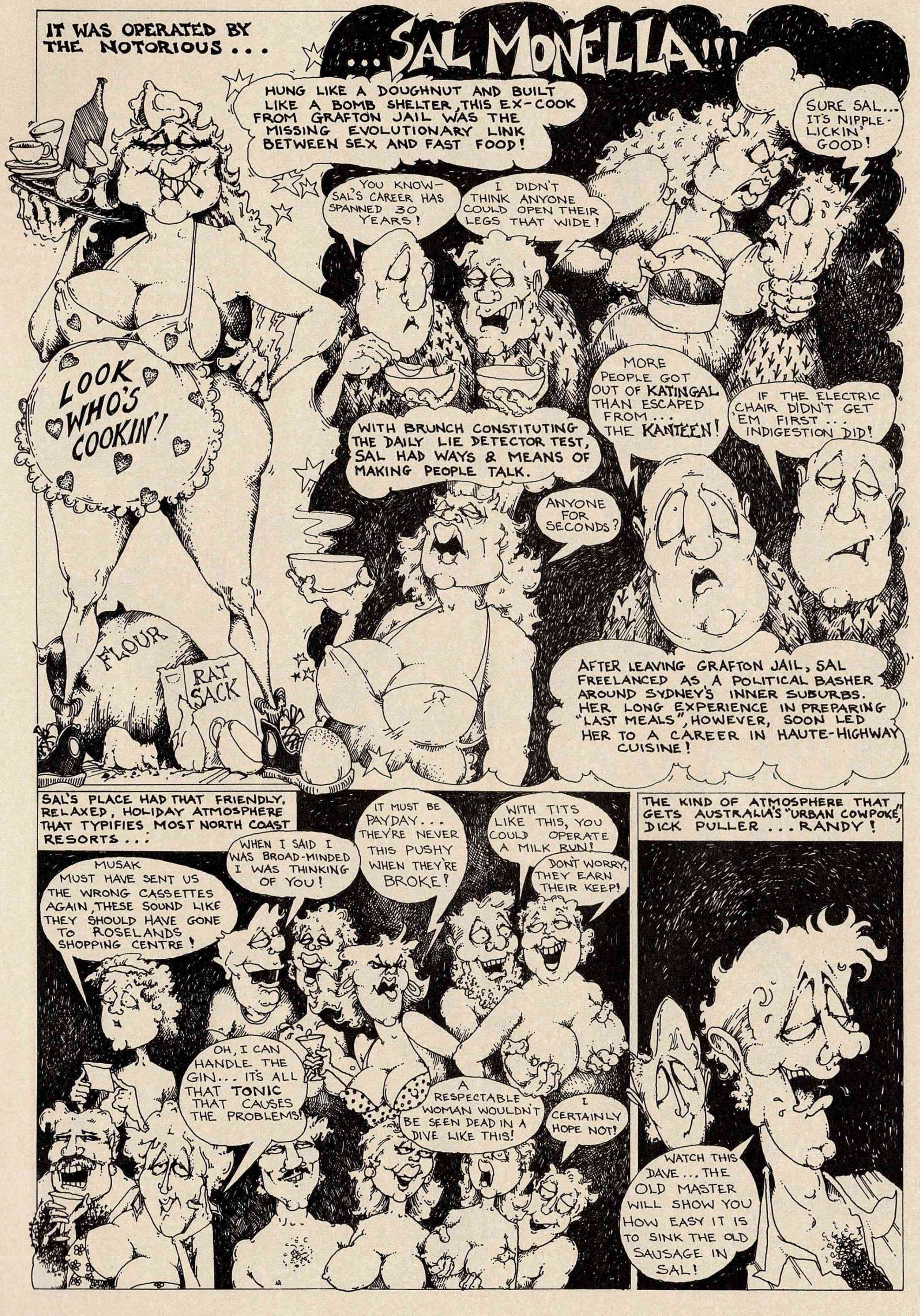
Top, left and right: Roman Polanski, just after his "trouble" in California, chats to teenage girls in St Tropez, 1978. Left: Frank Sinatra, ready for anything, on the beach at Monaco, 1975.

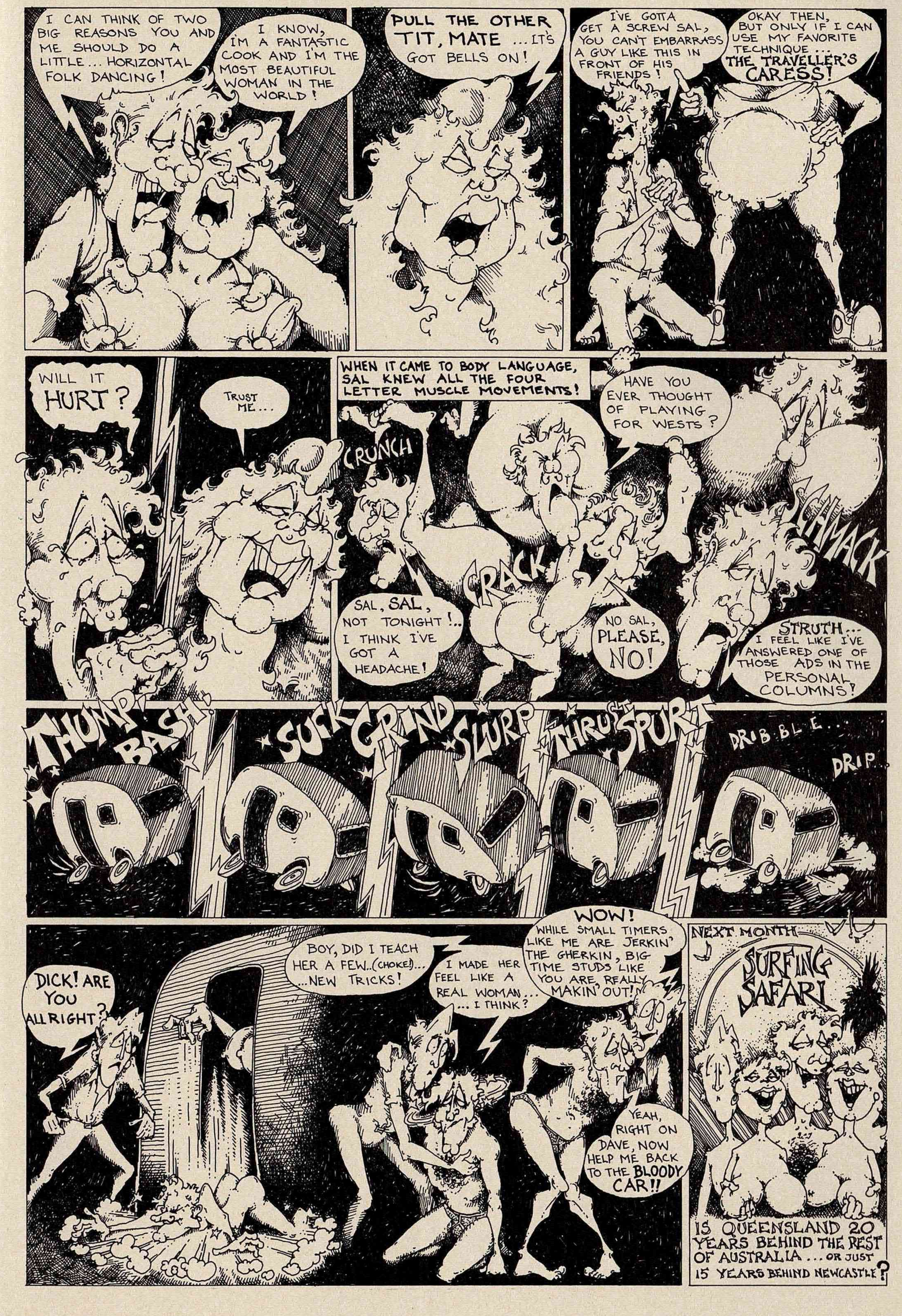


Above, Fiat chairman Giovanni Agnelli, St Jean Cap Ferrat, 1978.


THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF
DICK PULLER
& DAVE THE RAVE...
"ON THE ROAD"
SATIRE BY HARRISON
HEY MATE! WHEN YOU FINISH SERVICING HER WITH A SMILE, COULD YOU GIVE THE WINDSCREEN A WIPE OVER AND CHECK THE OIL?
SUPER
IT WAS ONE OF THOSE HOT, SWELTERING SUMMER AVOS' IN NEWCASTLE. THE KIND THAT LEAVE HALF THE TOWN STICKING TO THEIR CHEAP, VINYL-COVERED LOUNGE SUITES. DOWN AT THE LOCAL, DAVE WAS ABOUT TO TEAM UP WITH THAT SMARMY, MACHO, ALL-AUSTRALIAN WOMANISER... DICK PULLER!
THIS TOWN SUCKS, DAVE... LET'S SCRUB IT AND HEAD FOR QUEENSLAND!
OF COURSE THEY COULDN'T SKIP OUT WITHOUT A FEW FOND FAREWELLS...
DAVE!.. I'M THERE... I'M THERE ... I'M ... THERE...
WHY ME? WHY ME... WHY DO I ALWAYS COME LAST?
I DUNNO... BUT IF YOU WERE A RACEHORSE I'D PROB'LY SHOOT YOU!
GOING ALREADY BOYS?
DON'T MOVE GIRLS... I WANT TO REMEMBER YOU ALWAYS... JUST THE WAY YOU ARE NOW!
BUT WE'RE COMING WITH YOU!
OH-SH-I-T!
THE NEXT MORNING...
I ALWAYS FEEL AS THOUGH I'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING!
MORALS... DIGNITY... SELF RESPECT..?
YEAH, PROB'LY JUST LITTLE THINGS LIKE THAT THAT DON'T MATTER ANYHOW!
ESKY
ONE THING THEY DIDN'T FORGET WAS THE GUIDE BOOK THEY'D BE USING FOR THE NEXT 6 MONTHS.
COFFS HARBOR SOUNDS PRETTY HOT...
AUSTRALIA ON 5 F**KS A-DAY
© T. HARRISON SEPT. 80.


THEY'D BARELY MADE COFFS WHEN THEY PULLED INTO ONE OF THOSE LITTLE TRANSPORT CAFES THAT EXIST IN THE FANTASY WORLD OF MOST TRAVELLERS ON THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE... A SORT OF CROSS-SECTION OF AUSTRALIAN SOCIETY WAS THERE... AND ALL ON THE MAKE!
SAL'S TASTE TEMPTATION TRANSPORT CAFE
AFTA-GLO CARAVAN PARK OVA-NITE VANS ALWAYS A VACANCY FOR THE RIGHT PERSON...
GERM PIE HERPESBURGER SEPTIC SAVS TO GO
TOPLESS WAITRESS "TO GO"
TV LOUNGE POOL PIMP SERVICE
DIAL-A-DINNER
CLEAN, RED-BACK FREE SHITHOUSE & REST ROOMS
A GANGBANG'S PROBABLY THE NEAREST THING A GIRL GETS TO A COMPLIMENT AROUND HERE!
OF COURSE GAYS READ PLAYBOY... STRAIGHTS ONLY LOOK AT THE PICTURES!
WILL SOMEONE ORDER ME A TRUCKIE... I'M JUST IN THE MOOD FOR A... "BIG MACK"
LOOK MATE, THEY JUST CALL IT "BOB-A-JOB"... I START AT A BOB AND GO ALL THE WAY UP TO 20 BUCKS!
PLAYBOY
SUPER
COULD SOMEONE DIRECT ME TO THE SHELL MUSEUM PLEASE?
HOW ABOUT A BIT OF MOVEMENT, MAVIS? OR DO YOU WANT SOMEONE PICKING ME UP ON A NECROPHILIA CHARGE?
WOW! THIS LOOKS LIKE OUR KINDA PLACE!
PLONK
ESKY
HEY, WE'VE ARRIVED DURING HAPPY HOUR! DOES THAT MEAN DRINKS ARE HALF PRICE?
NO... THAT MEANS DRINKS ARE DOUBLE... AND I'M HALF PRICE!
THEY SAY THE NATIONAL TRUST IS KEEPING ITS EYE ON THIS PLACE!
I'D FEEL SAFER IF THE DEPT OF PUBLIC HEALTH DID!
STRUTH! WHAT DID THEY COOK THIS BURGER IN... AGENT ORANGE!


IT WAS OPERATED BY THE NOTORIOUS . . .
. . . SAL MONELLA!!!
HUNG LIKE A DOUGHNUT AND BUILT LIKE A BOMB SHELTER, THIS EX-COOK FROM GRAFTON JAIL WAS THE MISSING EVOLUTIONARY LINK BETWEEN SEX AND FAST FOOD!
SURE SAL... IT'S NIPPLE-LICKIN' GOOD!
YOU KNOW-SAL'S CAREER HAS SPANNED 30 YEARS!
I DIDN'T THINK ANYONE COULD OPEN THEIR LEGS THAT WIDE!
LOOK WHO'S COOKIN'!
MORE PEOPLE GOT OUT OF KATINGAL THAN ESCAPED FROM... THE KANTEEN!
IF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR DIDN'T GET 'EM FIRST... INDIGESTION DID!
WITH BRUNCH CONSTITUTING THE DAILY LIE DETECTOR TEST, SAL HAD WAYS & MEANS OF MAKING PEOPLE TALK.
ANYONE FOR SECONDS?
FLOUR
RAT SACK
AFTER LEAVING GRAFTON JAIL, SAL FREELANCED AS A POLITICAL BASHER AROUND SYDNEY'S INNER SUBURBS. HER LONG EXPERIENCE IN PREPARING "LAST MEALS", HOWEVER, SOON LED HER TO A CAREER IN HAUTE-HIGHWAY CUISINE!
SAL'S PLACE HAD THAT FRIENDLY, RELAXED, HOLIDAY ATMOSPHERE THAT TYPIFIES MOST NORTH COAST RESORTS...
MUSAK MUST HAVE SENT US THE WRONG CASSETTES AGAIN, THESE SOUND LIKE THEY SHOULD HAVE GONE TO ROSELANDS SHOPPING CENTRE!
WHEN I SAID I WAS BROAD-MINDED I WAS THINKING OF YOU!
IT MUST BE PAYDAY... THEY'RE NEVER THIS PUSHY WHEN THEY'RE BROKE!
WITH TITS LIKE THIS, YOU COULD OPERATE A MILK RUN!
DON'T WORRY, THEY EARN THEIR KEEP!
OH, I CAN HANDLE THE GIN... IT'S ALL THAT TONIC THAT CAUSES THE PROBLEMS!
A RESPECTABLE WOMAN WOULDN'T BE SEEN DEAD IN A DIVE LIKE THIS!
I CERTAINLY HOPE NOT!
THE KIND OF ATMOSPHERE THAT GETS AUSTRALIA'S "URBAN COWPOKE", DICK PULLER... RANDY!
WATCH THIS DAVE... THE OLD MASTER WILL SHOW YOU HOW EASY IT IS TO SINK THE OLD SAUSAGE IN SAL!


I CAN THINK OF TWO BIG REASONS YOU AND ME SHOULD DO A LITTLE... HORIZONTAL FOLK DANCING!
I KNOW, I'M A FANTASTIC COOK AND I'M THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD!
PULL THE OTHER TIT, MATE... IT'S GOT BELLS ON!
I'VE GOTTA GET A SCREW SAL, YOU CAN'T EMBARRASS A GUY LIKE THIS IN FRONT OF HIS FRIENDS!
OKAY THEN, BUT ONLY IF I CAN USE MY FAVORITE TECHNIQUE... THE TRAVELLER'S CARESS!
WILL IT HURT?
TRUST ME...
WHEN IT CAME TO BODY LANGUAGE, SAL KNEW ALL THE FOUR LETTER MUSCLE MOVEMENTS!
HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF PLAYING FOR WESTS?
CRUNCH
CRACK
SCHMACK
SAL, SAL, NOT TONIGHT!... I THINK I'VE GOT A HEADACHE!
NO SAL, PLEASE, NO!
STRUTH... I FEEL LIKE I'VE ANSWERED ONE OF THOSE ADS IN THE PERSONAL COLUMNS!
THUMP
BASH
SUCK
GRIND
SLURP
THRUST
SPURT
DRIBBLE...
DRIP...
DICK! ARE YOU ALLRIGHT?
BOY, DID I TEACH HER A FEW..(CHOKE!)... ...NEW TRICKS!
I MADE HER FEEL LIKE A REAL WOMAN... ...I THINK?
WOW! WHILE SMALL TIMERS LIKE ME ARE JERKIN' THE GHERKIN, BIG TIME STUDS LIKE YOU ARE REALLY MAKIN' OUT!
YEAH, RIGHT ON DAVE, NOW HELP ME BACK TO THE BLOODY CAR!!
NEXT MONTH
SURFING SAFARI
IS QUEENSLAND 20 YEARS BEHIND THE REST OF AUSTRALIA... OR JUST 15 YEARS BEHIND NEWCASTLE?

CAMEL COUNTRY!

tracking down the last of a wild bunch to their remote feeding lands in "the centre"

Story: John Shaw
Photos: Ian McKay

BUT FOR a fascinating accident of history there would be no wild one-hump camels in Australia, or indeed anywhere else. Although there are some 15 million dromedaries in the world, domesticated as beasts of burden from Sudan to India, the last remaining wild reserve of the breed is in the remote desert and semi-desert of Australia. There, some 20,000 feral descendants of camels shipped here from India more than a century ago, to carry explorers and pioneers, now roam wild and free. They roam along a 1500 kilometre crescent of sandy, stony, virtually uninhabited territory from the Simpson Desert over to the Kimberley Ranges. Their antecedents scattered here when they were turned loose after trucks and railroads took over their tasks in the '20s.

There are more feral camels in the Simpson Desert than elsewhere, some 3000 by the latest scientific estimates. But since the desert is vast (145,000 square kilometres), an ocean of red dunes and shifting sand hills, and the camels prefer its furthest reaches, they are not easy to find. Hence our use of pilot Roger Evans, flying under the code name of Whisky Lima Zulu to short-cut the search, and our gratitude to the NT Government for offering bush-wise rangers Brian Macdonald and Ross Bryan as guides and companions.

We had left Alice Springs at dawn, shivering in the early chill but soon warmed by the sun which turned the gnarled, half billion-year-old spurs of the Ooraminna Ranges at the gateway to the desert from grey to red and purple. The four-wheel drives, sturdy Japanese vehicles designed for rough, off-road work, churned up long ochre plumes from the sandy track.

Occasionally they plunged, with wheels spinning, into chassis-scraping pot holes filled with treacherous "bull dust", a biscuit-colored talc-fine dust pulverised from ancient rocks.

The track, flanked by wattle and witchetty bush (acacias), desert oaks (casuarinas), and emu bush (fuchsia), followed the winding way of the original camel-train route to Alice Springs taken by men and supplies from the southern ports, notably during the 1870-72 construction of the first Overland Telegraph line.

As we drove along this historic track, Macdonald, whose area of responsibility extends some 600km by 200km, pointed out hardy natives such as cassia, whitewoods, ironwoods, ghost gums, gidgee and mulga. He pointed out that the first botanical surveys of the area, which is mainly free range cattle country, were not made until the 1950s. Remote stands of such rare specimens as *acacia peuce* are still being discovered, charted, and declared protected.

After 70 dusty kilometres — there had been no rain for four months, although the previous year had produced a phenomenal 76cm, or triple the average — we reached Deep Well cattle station and heard our first news of feral camels. On the wide, shady verandah of his modern homestead — the roof has solar power panels and a tall TV aerial — the station owner, Bill Hayes, whose spread of scrub and sand covers several hundred square kilometres, said he had spotted a dozen or so camels a few days earlier while mustering cattle 30km to the west.

Since we were heading east to our first radio check-in with our aerial camel hunter, we decided against turning back — especially since camels do not stay in one place for too long. They can travel up to 60 kilometres a day, even while feeding.

As we drove east from Deep Well the trees and scrub got smaller and the sand hills got bigger. The thin soils petering out into sand cloaked with porcupine grass, saltbush, kerosene grass, and a brilliant pinkish desert herb named parakeelya *(Calendrinia balonensis)* whose succulent leaves and stem store moisture and can sustain cattle and camels in all but the worst droughts. Here, too, most of the cassia bushes were dead in the drier ground, withered into what outback people call "prayer bushes" because their thin and desiccated branches have shrunk together into the shape of praying hands which look as though they are imploring the heavens for rain.

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At midday, with the dry desert air now warmed to a resort-like 27 degrees — Central Australia has a superb winter climate — we called in at Allambi Station, a 1000 square kilometre ranch where owner Andrew Smith runs 5000 head of cattle, flies his own aircraft, and occasionally captures camels for shipping to animal traders in Alice Springs. We talked about camels for a while until the arrival by dusty truck of several of Smith's nearest southern neighbors, cattlemen from Andado Station, 150km away across the Simpson. They brought news of seeing a mob of 80 or so camels near Andado two days earlier. The trail seemed to be getting hotter and we drove on as quickly as the sandy track would permit to Camel Flat Bore and our pre-arranged radio check with pilot Evans.

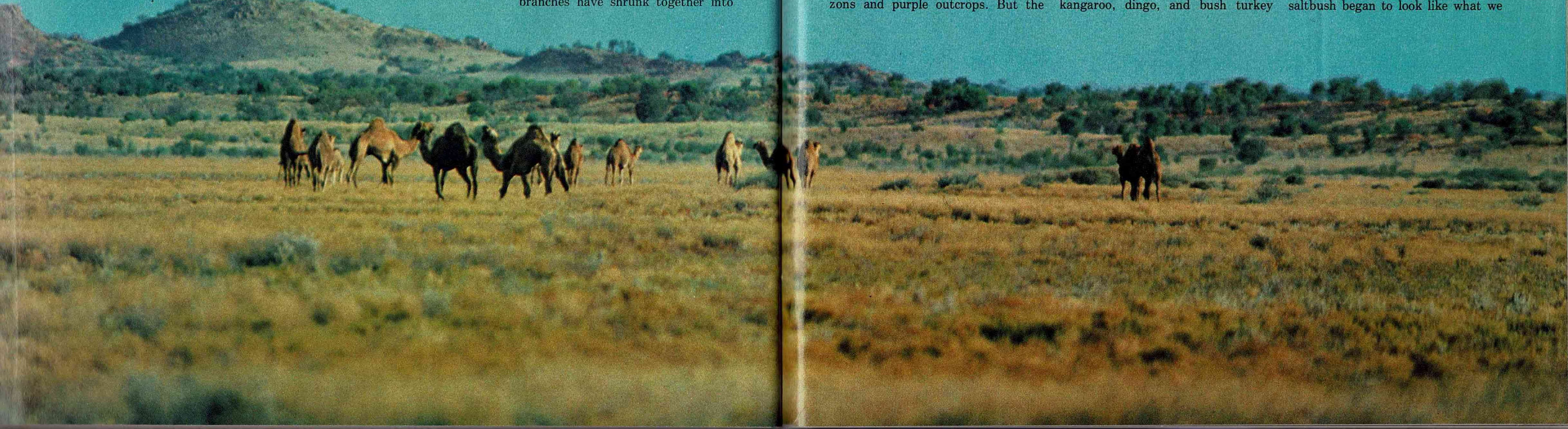
Ranger Bryan's sharp bushman's hearing picked up the low, distant drone of the Cessna and Macdonald tuned his transceiver for what we hoped would be a report of a camel sighting within a few hours' drive — that is, within pursuit distance. Evans' voice crackled in: "Whisky Lima Zulu calling, do you read me? . . . We have not, repeat not, seen any camels. Negative so far. Where would you like me to try next?"

We spread our one-inch-to-five-miles maps on the nose of the lead station waggon and wondered where Evans should go looking next. The Simpson, at least in the tolerable winter months, is a place of uncommon beauty with its rolling red horizons and purple outcrops. But the charts are a dismal spectacle, with innumerable lines marking the maze of dunes. Even from the air a search of the Simpson wilderness requires luck, especially to find a 60 kilometres-a-day moving target.

We took a stab at the problem, asking Evans to next fly 30km south across the sand to Athernita bore — in the hope that camels might be purloining cattle water — then dog-leg along the Rodinga Range which juts into the desert there, to a wide pass called Steele Gap, then south again, following the lone desert track to Andado homestead where the 80-strong herd had been seen a few days earlier. Whisky Lima Zulu, circling while we talked, wheeled south. We brewed and sipped tea, ate cold chicken, and checked the tyres of the four-wheel drives, slackening the pressure to be ready for a dash across the desert.

Within an hour Evans was back overhead. As soon as he gave his call sign we knew we were in luck. There was an excited tone to his voice as he called up Delta Lima Six, our truck's radio call-sign. The message from the sky was, "Camels spotted, repeat camels spotted." And Evans had an almost exact fix on them, a stroke of luck in this almost featureless terrain. He reported a mob, "maybe 30", on a sprawling claypan 30km north of an artesian waterhole, marked on the maps as Highway Bore, and a mere five or six kilometres to the west of the northern Simpson's only vehicle track, the "highway" to Andado homestead. We were within two or three hours of the herd. While Evans flew back home to Alice we churned on south, spotting the occasional kangaroo, dingo, and bush turkey along the Rodinga hills, then entered the desert proper. We drove parallel to the dunes, and counted off the kilometres, trying to calculate where we had to turn right, and west, off the track and take to the dunes in search of the camels Evans had seen on a claypan. There were camel signs in abundance — big, round pad marks and droppings all along the track, and ravaged patches of the bitter green and yellow paddymelons, a favorite moisture source for camels. Then, suddenly, we saw our first wild camel. A big bull was standing, quite alone, 50 metres off the track. He did not move as our vehicles slowed to a halt. Through binoculars and telephoto lenses he looked old, mangy, but not at all worried by the intrusion. Photographer McKay tried to walk within distance and angle of a good close-up but, after hesitating for perhaps a 100th of a second at f8, the old bull loped confidently away over the nearest dune. He was over the next, out of sight, by the time we sprinted to the top of the first ridge. It was our first ground lesson in the elusiveness of wild camels. His apparent old age and solitary state suggested he might have been driven out of a herd by younger males.

We turned off the road into the sand, churning across the 16-metre high roller coaster dunes. For six kilometres and two hours we lurched over the switchback sands, roaring up the slopes in a spray of red grit, sliding down the steep opposite faces in controlled skids. The Simpson seems endless, but its horizons are limited. You can see only as far ahead as the next dune ridge, 100 to 1000 metres away. Each distant clump of saltbush began to look like what we



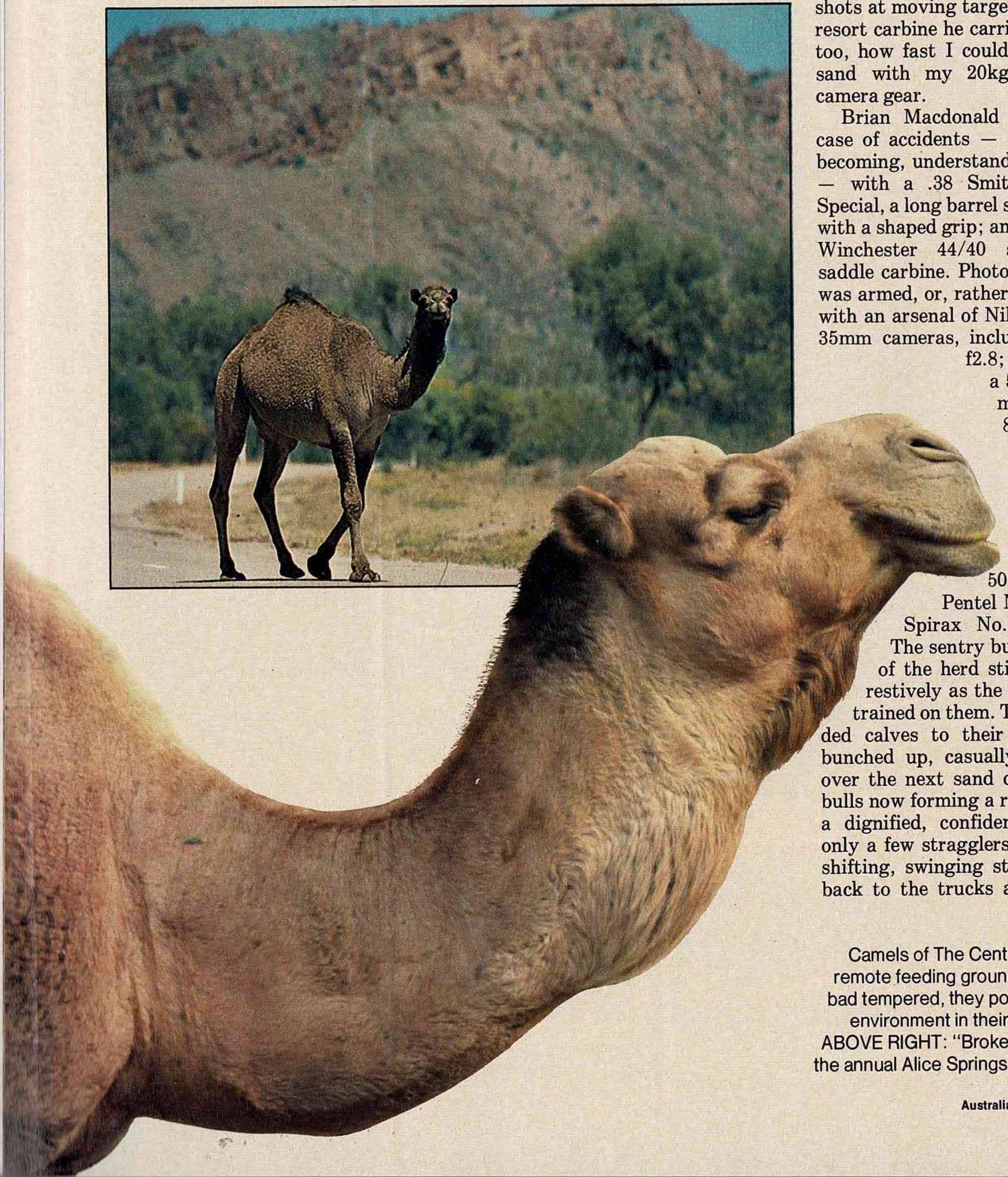
supposed a group of camels might resemble seen from afar. Between the dunes were claypans, grey, cracked flats with coarse grass. On the clay we saw the tracks of kangaroo, dingo, marsupial hopping mice, and camels — then suddenly, from the top of a dune, camels themselves.

We braked the vehicles on the ridge, then reversed them down out of sight and climbed up for a careful look. The camels were about a kilometre away. Even at that distance they were a splendid and unmistakable sight. Through binoculars, there seemed to be about 30, including calves a few days old. Like the native kangaroo and emu, the exotic camel moulds perfectly into the Australian desertscape. The dun coloring and gentle curves of neck and hump blend with the subtle shades and shape of the land. There is one surprise for the camel stalker here, though. You don't expect to see big game in the central Australian bush where the animals, if any, are small, the largest being the kangaroo or wild pony (although in the far north the feral water buffalo roams and grows to more than a tonne). So the size of the camel is startling. An adult camel is big game.

Some of the bulls in the herd we stalked to within 100 metres were about 240cm tall at the hump. Camels of this size are known to weigh more than a tonne. Even at binocular and long lens range we were very aware we were in the presence of large, strong, wild creatures. Bull camels are tetchy, ornery when with their females and calves, especially when in season.

The facts that these were wild, unbroken animals, that there was no zoo fence between us, that there was no climbable tree within nearly two kilometres, and that we had seen camels sprinting in the annual Alice Springs Camel Cup races a few days earlier all combined to make them look and loom larger than life. Not even the tallest story tellers back in Alice had claimed to know of a wild camel killing an intruder, but they knew about "broken" camels which had bitten through the arm of unwary handlers.

I also remembered cattleman Andrew Smith's gruesome advice that camels kill by crushing. They are said to straddle the victim and smash it flat with the hard, bony chest pad. I remembered, too, stories of camels running in spite of several bullet wounds. Only a head or heart shot stops them short. I wondered how good ranger Macdonald was at head shots at moving targets with the last-resort carbine he carried. I wondered, too, how fast I could run on clay or sand with my 20kg share of our camera gear.



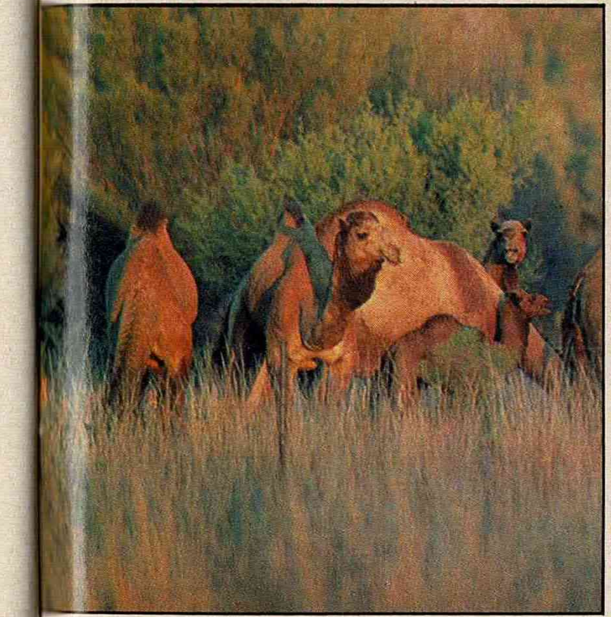
Camels of The Centre, tracked to their remote feeding grounds. Although often bad tempered, they pose no threat to the environment in their present numbers. ABOVE RIGHT: "Broken" beasts sprint in the annual Alice Springs Camel Cup races.

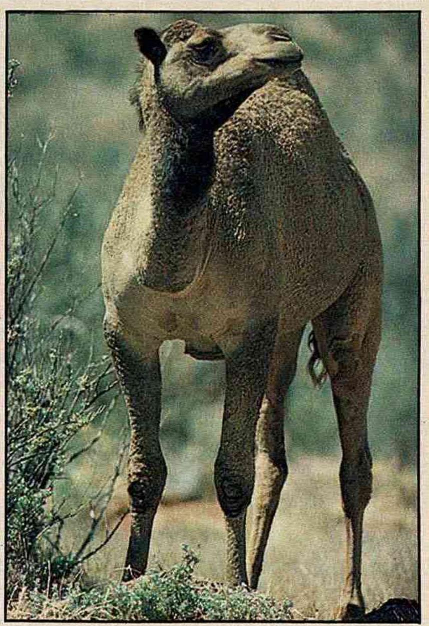
Brian Macdonald was armed, in case of accidents — ie, a bull camel becoming, understandably, territorial — with a .38 Smith and Wesson Special, a long barrel six-shot revolver with a shaped grip; and an 1892 model Winchester 44/40 short barrelled saddle carbine. Photographer McKay was armed, or, rather, weighed down, with an arsenal of Nikons, model FE, 35mm cameras, including a 300mm, f2.8; a 24mm, f2.8; a 55mm with a 3.5 macrolens; an 85mm, f.2; and a 135mm, f2.8 — all driven by battery. I was armed, if that is the word, with a green 50 cent fibre-tip, a Pentel Mark One, and a Spirax No. 576 notebook. The sentry bulls on the flanks of the herd stirred and circled restively as the long lenses were trained on them. The females prodded calves to their feet. The herd bunched up, casually plodded away over the next sand dune, the sentry bulls now forming a rearguard. It was a dignified, confident retreat, with only a few stragglers breaking into a shifting, swinging stride. We turned back to the trucks as the last light faded, grilled a supper of sausages over the campfire, and crawled into our sleeping bags in the chill, desert evening, with plans to rise early for a dawn stalk.

But in the middle of the night we were washed out of our claypan camp by a sudden rainstorm, the first in the area for four months. The rain would have scattered the camels, washed away their tracks, and turned the claypans into bogs, so we did not try to find the herd next day. It was a damp and, at first, disappointing end to our encounter with wild camels.

Still, it was a satisfying experience. We had taken photographs. We had been close to a family of wild creatures in their natural habitat without overly disturbing them. It was also an encouraging experience. If they are hard to find and follow, as we had seen, the feral camels have a chance to survive. As long as they can drift away into the Australian deserts many, even most, will be safe — and remain the world's last, and thus precious, wild reserve of their breed.

The prospects for this are, in fact, good. The wild camel is the only feral animal in Australia which does not arouse official and commercial ire to threatening levels.





Australia is now suffering a feral explosion, with vast numbers of imported animals running wild, causing damage to agricultural land, wrecking the natural environment in some areas, becoming predators in others, competing for feed with domesticated livestock, and harboring or spreading diseases that infect cattle. The main feral populations, according to the latest official estimates, are pigs, one million, goats 275,000, brumbies (wild horses) 165,000, water buffaloes 150,000, wild donkeys 95,000, and "scrubbers" (wild cattle) 95,000.

All are considered vermin and subject to open season shooting. But scientific investigations have recorded only relatively minor strikes against the wild camel. Because they are large, strong, and continually on the move they damage fencing — although a majority of camels live in remote, unfenced areas. And in very bad droughts they will occasionally compete with cattle for water and feed. The 1979 Government inquiry into feral animal problems in the Northern Territory expressed little concern about the camel, although it recommended elimination of buffalo, pigs, scrub cattle, wild horses and goats because of their impact on the environment, and for disease control. The inquiry said the camel presented no urgent or priority problems and merely recommended further studies. The report said that so far the camel appears disease free (apart from some mange), and is "unlikely to pose a significant threat to native flora and fauna" in its present numbers.

Thus the wild camel is under no official pressure, and faces no threat greater than the retaliation of cattlemen trying to save fencing from damage or save water for cattle. Since both these situations are usually associated with long droughts,which eventually force camels in from the deserts, shooting of camels in any numbers is cyclical. There is no commercial shooting of camels — as there is of the kangaroo and buffalo plagues — although farmers who shoot marauding camels occasionally sell the meat to pet-food canners, and the fat (from the hump) to perfume makers (in which case the odoriferous camel ironically contributes in the after-shave lotion boom). There is little, if any, indiscriminate shooting of camels because they are, in their spacious environment, elusive and inconspicuous. Moreover, the trigger happy larrikin shooters and "sport" shooters rarely venture into the deserts, which lie thousands of kilometres from the cities. Further, the inland cattlemen do not encourage visits from shooters as do the sheep graziers and crop growers elsewhere who suffer the depredations of kangaroos and pigs. In short, the camel is remote, only marginally destructive or competitive, and is not harassed or threatened for commercial or conservationist reasons.

However, some of these factors could change. The next year or so could see a test of attitudes to camels and of their present balance with their natural and human environment. Central Australia, the last home of the wild dromedary, has now had five successive good years of rainfall well above average. The deserts have bloomed. The camel's physiology, still the subject of study, enables it to survive harsher conditions better than other large desert creatures; but naturally it thrives when its habitat is damper and greener than normal.

In a harsh habitat where drought is often a way of life the camel can cope better than any creature. Its eyes and nose are keen. If there is water or food to be found the camel will discover it. Its eyes are double-lashed, the thick fringe keeping out blowing sand. The hairy, split-shaped nostrils can be closed tight for the same purpose. The camel has shaggy, beetling eyebrows to protect the deep sunk eyes from the desert glare. The feet are splayed and padded, spreading the weight to prevent sinking and provide traction on soft ground. The hump, which stores fat in good times and rations it out in famine, weighs as much as one fifth of the body — but contains no water, despite legend. The camel does without water for months at a time by drinking vast quantities when it can — up to 140 litres at a time — and excreting very little. The camel's body temperature fluctuates as much as 12 degrees in very hot weather, a range far beyond that of other large animals. Man and other creatures exposed to heat keep body temperatures constant by sweating. The camel does not need to and thus conserves moisture. Also, it passes only one third as much urine as a donkey, a much smaller animal. The camel recycles its urea wastes rather than getting rid of them. It is also able to withstand drought because it tolerates desiccation by water loss up to a third of body weight — then rehydrates by drinking 100 litres or so of water in a few minutes, restoring its body weight. In the Saharan climate of the Simpson and other Australian deserts, the camel is thus very much at home.

Dr Dean Newman, of the Arid Zone Research Institute at Alice Springs, says there is little doubt that there has been "a substantial increase" in feral camel populations over the last five "good" years. The Centre had 10 successive years of drought up to the mid-1960s. The present, five-year spell of abundant rainfall could end as suddenly as it began. If drought was prolonged, the now expanded camel populations might eventually be forced in from the deserts, as they were in large numbers in 1962 for instance, on to the fences and artesian waterholes of cattle ranches — and into the sights of cattlemen shooting to protect their stock. Occasional culling could give way to widespread killing, especially since cattle prices are now high ($400 a head for fat bullocks) and forecast to stay firm in world markets through 1982, at least. However, since the feral camel has survived the 10-year drought its chances of emerging in viable numbers from the next cycle look good.

Certainly, the cattlemen working their spacious spreads, the world's largest beef cattle ranches, are not particularly anxious or hostile. There is no talk of elimination. The ranchers, recognising the unique and sometimes profitable nature of the wild camels, have some affection for them. At least their feelings are mixed — cursing the camels as destructive nuisances when they break fences, but also realising their potential as an asset in the growing local and overseas market for them. There is a steady sale to local and foreign zoos and animal parks as distant as United States and Japan. Scores have been sold, ironically enough, to customers in the Arabian Peninsula to replenish and improve the breeding stock in the camel riding and racing stables of royal or oil-rich sheikhs. Frozen dromedary sperm has been exported, too. In Alice Springs there is a thriving camel "farm" where the owner, Mr Noel Fullarton, offers tourists camel rides, and lectures in his museum of cameliana, a unique collection of antique saddles and historic photographs of the camel caravans that hauled freight in the pioneering days. Several young Australians have recently made long desert treks with camels, retracing the routes of such camel-back explorers as Ernest Giles who crossed the Gibson Desert in 1875-76 and Cecil Madigan who traversed the Simpson Desert in 1939.

The camel's secure position in Australian history, a contribution well documented in journals and memoirs, is also a factor that could help its preservation if this were to be threatened. For instance, Perth recently re-enacted the arrival there of Giles' camel caravan, as part of its celebrations of the 150th anniversary of European settlement in WA. Emerging from the deserts — now crossed by railroad and highway — Giles paid tribute to his camels, telling the mayoral welcoming party: "The country we traversed may be described as a hideous desert, and under divine providence we only succeeded in crossing it with our lives by the aid of the camels attached to the expedition."

As we drove back to Alice Springs from the arid Simpson Desert we encountered two latter-day camel trekkers heading into the desert with three riding and pack animals. Rodney Gooch, 29, and Sue Markell, 22, had spent six months in Alice Springs learning camel handling in preparation for a four-month, 2000km eastward journey to the Pacific Coast.

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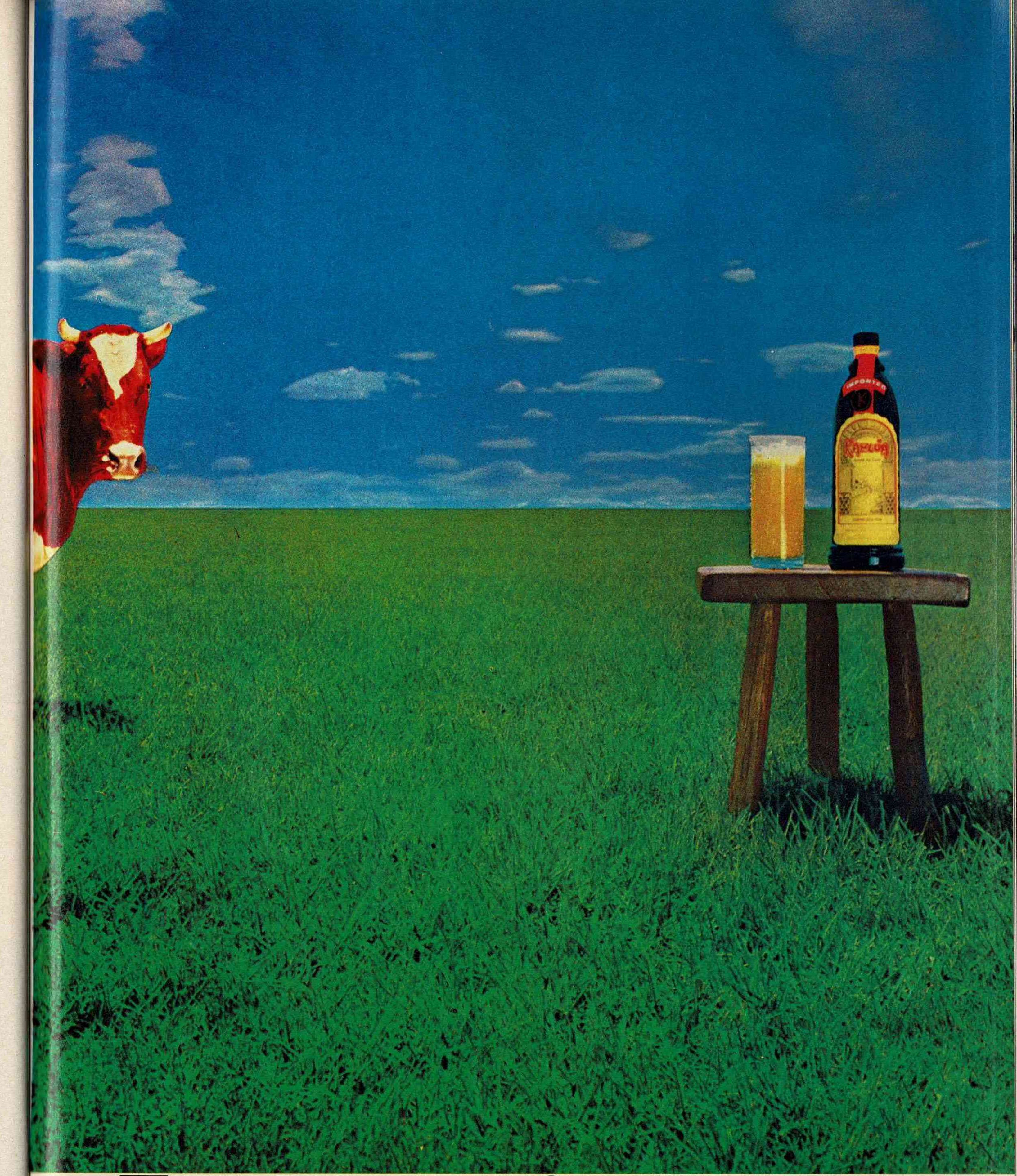
Researcher Newman delivered a paper on camel nutrition to an international conference on camels recently held at Khartoum in Sudan. Dr Newman says the conference shows a revival of interest in the cameloid family in the Third World as a potential source of meat and milk. (China, which has some populations of wild bactrian [two hump] camels, and Peru, which has the related llama, also sent representatives to the conference, as did nations such as Sudan, India and several Arab States where most of the 15 million domesticated dromedaries live). In-breeding, disease, and lack of research has, says Dr Newman, reduced the cameloids' value as a resource in the Third World. As a source of disease-free breeding stock and of research, albeit still limited, Australia has some contribution to make in this development. By an accident of economic history, the camel, a successful import here, has some potential as a useful export to the region of its origins. Although the Third World may be exploring production of more camel meat, steak-eating Australians are not interested, although camel meat is comparable in protein content to beef.

"A strong resistance, bordering on repulsion, is shown by many people asked to taste it," Newman says. Mrs Olivia Smith of Allambi Station says she has served camel steak to visitors — without telling them in advance what it is. She says they can't tell it from the prime home-killed bullock meat she usually serves — until they are told afterwards. "It tastes rather like veal. There's very little fat," Mrs Smith reports.

Her husband, Andrew, gave us our last sight of wild camels. Returning from the desert after losing "our" herd to the rainstorm, we called at the ranch as Smith was setting out in his two-seater aircraft to track down cattle for the next muster. Our photographer Ian McKay hitched a 100km flight to take some aerial photographs of camels. The results were worth the anxieties of the low-level aerobatics needed to find three fine bulls wandering in the desert foothills — a pristine glimpse of a unique group of wild animals in an adopted habitat where they not only survive but flourish.



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Playboy Interview JOHN LENNON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

after I met Yoko. Part of it was putting down Hare Krishna. All these people were going on about Hare Krishna, Alan Ginsberg in particular. The reference to "Element'ry penguin" is the elementary, naive attitude of going around chanting "Hare Krishna," or putting all your faith in any one idol. I was writing obscurely, a la Dylan, in those days.

PLAYBOY: The song is very complicated, musically.

LENNON: It actually was fantastic in stereo, but you never hear it all. There was too much to get on. It was too messy a mix. One track was live BBC Radio — Shakespeare or something — I just fed in whatever lines came in.

PLAYBOY: What about the walrus itself?

LENNON: It's from The Walrus and the Carpenter. *Alice in Wonderland.* To me, it was a beautiful poem. It never dawned on me that Lewis Carroll was commenting on the capitalist and social system. I never went into that bit about what he really meant, like people are doing with the Beatles' work. Later, I went back and looked at it and realised that the walrus was the bad guy in the story and the carpenter was the good guy. I thought, Oh, shit, I picked the wrong guy. I should have said, "I am the carpenter." But that wouldn't have been the same, would it? *(Singing.)* "I am the carpenter . . ."

PLAYBOY: How about She Came in Through the Bathroom Window?

LENNON: That was written by Paul when we were in New York forming Apple, and he first met Linda. Maybe she's the one who came in the window. She must have. I don't know. *Somebody* came in the window.

PLAYBOY: I Feel Fine.

LENNON: That's me, including the guitar lick with the first feedback ever recorded. I defy anybody to find an earlier record — unless it is some old blues record from the '20s — with feedback on it.

PLAYBOY: When I'm Sixty-Four.

LENNON: Paul completely. I would never even dream of writing a song like that. There are some areas I never think about that and that is one of them.

PLAYBOY: A Day in the Life.

LENNON: Just as it sounds: I was reading the paper one day and I noticed two stories. One was the Guinness heir who killed himself in a car. That was the main headline story. He died in London in a car crash. On the next page was a story about 4000 holes in Blackburn, Lancashire. In the streets, that is. They were going to fill them all. Paul's contribution was the beautiful little lick in the song "I'd love to turn you on." I had the bulk of the song and the words, but he contributed this little lick floating around in his head that he couldn't use for anything. I thought it was a damn good piece of work.

PLAYBOY: May we continue with some of the ones that seem more personal and see what reminiscences they inspire?

LENNON: Reminisce away.

PLAYBOY: For no reason whatsoever, let's start with I Wanna Be Your Man.

LENNON: Paul and I finished that one off for the Stones. We were taken down by Brian to meet them at the club where they were playing in Richmond. They wanted a song and we went to see what kind of stuff they did. Paul had this bit of a song and we played it roughly for them and they said: "Yeah, okay, that's our style." But it was only really a lick, so Paul and I went off in the corner of the room and finished the song off while they were all sitting there, talking. We came back and Mick and Keith said: "Jesus, look at that. They just went over there and wrote it." You know, right in front of their eyes. We gave it to them. It was a throwaway. Ringo sang it for us and the Stones did their version. It shows how much importance we put on them. We weren't going to give them anything great, right? That was the Stones' first record. Anyway, Mick and Keith said: "If *they* can write a song so easily, *we* should try it." They say it inspired them to start writing together.

PLAYBOY: How about Strawberry Fields Forever?

LENNON: Strawberry Fields is a real place. After I stopped living at Penny Lane, I moved in with my aunty who lived in the suburbs in a nice semi-detached place with a small garden and doctors and lawyers and that ilk living around — not the poor slummy kind of image that was projected in all the Beatles stories. In the class system, it was about half a class higher than Paul, George and Ringo, who lived in government-subsidised housing. We owned our house and had a garden. They didn't have anything like that. Near that home was Strawberry Fields, a house near a boys' reformatory where I used to go to garden parties as a kid with my friends Nigel and Pete. We would go there and hang out and sell lemonade bottles for a penny. We always had fun at Strawberry Fields. So that's where I got the name. But I used it as an image. Strawberry Fields forever.

PLAYBOY: And the lyrics, for instance: "Living is easy —"

LENNON: *(Singing)* "With eyes closed. Misunderstanding all you see." It still goes, doesn't it? Aren't I saying exactly the same thing now? The awareness apparently trying to be expressed is — let's say in one way I was always hip. I was hip in kindergarten. I was different from the others. I was different all my life. The second verse goes, "No one I think is in my tree." Well, I was too shy and self-doubting. Nobody seems to be as hip as me is what I was saying. Therefore, I must be crazy or a genius — "I mean it must be high or low," the next line. There was something wrong with me, I thought, because I seemed to see things other people didn't see. I thought I was crazy or an egomaniac for claiming to see things other people didn't see. As a child, I would say: *"But this is going on!"* and everybody would look at me as if I was crazy. I always was so psychic or intuitive or poetic or whatever you want to call it, that I was always seeing things in a hallucinatory way.

It was scary as a child, because there was nobody to relate to. Neither my aunty nor my friends nor anybody could ever see what I did. It was very, very scary and the only contact I had was reading about Oscar Wilde or a Dylan Thomas or a Vincent van Gogh — all those books that my aunty had that talked about their suffering because of their visions. Because of what they saw, they were totured by society for trying to express what they were. I *saw* loneliness.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to find others to share your visions with?

LENNON: Only dead people in books. Lewis Carroll, certain paintings. Surrealism had a great effect on me, because then I realised that my imagery and my mind wasn't insanity; that if it was insane, I belong in an exclusive club that sees the world in those terms. Surrealism to me is reality. Psychic vision to me is reality. Even as a child. When I looked at myself in the mirror or when I was 12, 13, I used to literally trance out into alpha. I didn't know what it was called then. I found out years later there is a name for those conditions. But I would find myself seeing hallucinatory images of my face changing and becoming cosmic and complete. It caused me to always be a rebel. This thing gave me a chip on the shoulder; but, on the other hand, I wanted to be loved and accepted. Part of me would like to be accepted by all facets of society and not be this loudmouthed lunatic musician. But I cannot be what I am not.

Because of my attitude, all the other boys' parents, including Paul's father, would say: "Keep away from him." The parents instinctively recognised what I was, which was a troublemaker, meaning I did not conform and I would influence their kids which I did. I did my best to disrupt every friend's home I had. Partly, maybe, it was out of envy that I didn't have this so-called home. But I really did. I had an aunty and an uncle and a nice suburban home, thank you very much. Hear this, Aunty. She was hurt by a remark Paul made recently that the reason I am staying home with Sean now is because I never had a family life. It's absolute rubbish. There were five women who were my family. Five strong, intelligent women. Five sisters. One happened to be my mother. My mother was the youngest. She just couldn't deal with life. She had a husband who ran away to sea and the war was on and she couldn't cope with me, and when I was four and a half, I ended up living with her elder sister. Now, those women were fantastic. One day I might do a kind of *Forsythe Saga* just about them. That was my first feminist education.

Anyway, that knowledge and the fact that I wasn't with my parents made me see that parents are not gods. I would infiltrate the other boys' minds. Paul's parents were terrified of me and my influence, simply because I was free from the parents' strangle hold. That was the gift I got for not having parents. I cried a lot about not having them and it was torture, but it also gave me an awareness early. I wasn't an orphan, though. My mother was alive and lived a 15-minute walk away from me all my life. I saw her off and on. I just didn't live with her.

PLAYBOY: Is she alive?

LENNON: No, she got killed by an off-duty cop who was drunk after visiting my aunty's house where I lived. I wasn't there at the time. She was just at a bus stop. I was 16. That was another big trauma for me. I lost her twice. When I was five and I moved in with my aunty, and then when she physically died. That made me more bitter; the chip on my shoulder I had as a youth got really big then. I was just really re-establishing the relationship with her and she was killed.

PLAYBOY: Her name was Julia, wasn't it? Is she the Julia of your song of that name on *The White Album?*

LENNON: The song is for her — and for Yoko.

PLAYBOY: What kind of relationship did you have with your father, who went away to sea? Did you ever see him again?

LENNON: I never saw him again until I made a lot of money and he came back.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

LENNON: 24 or 25. I opened the *Daily Express* and there he was, washing dishes in a small hotel or something very near where I was living in the Stockbroker belt outside London. he had been writing to me to try to get in contact. I didn't want to see him. I was too upset about what he'd done to me and to my mother and that he would turn up when I was rich and famous and not bother turning up before. So I wasn't going to see him at all, but he sort of blackmailed me in the press by saying all this about being a poor man washing dishes while I was living in luxury. I fell for it and saw him and we had some kind of relationship. He died a few years later of cancer. But at 65, he married a secretary who had been working for the Beatles, age 22, and they had a child, which I thought was hopeful for a man who had lived his life as a drunk and almost a Bowery bum.

> *"I think everything that comes out of a song — even Paul's songs now, which are apparently about nothing — shows something of yourself."*

PLAYBOY: We'll never listen to Strawberry Fields Forever the same way again. What memories are jogged by the song Help!?

LENNON: When Help! came out in '65, I was actually crying out for help. Most people think it's just a fast rock and roll song. I didn't realise it at the time; I just wrote the song because I was commissioned to write it for the movie. But later, I knew I really was crying out for help. It was my fat Elvis period. You see the movie: He — I — is very fat, very insecure, and he's completely lost himself. And I am singing about when I was so much younger and all the rest, looking back at how easy it was. Now I may be very positive — yes, yes — but I also go through deep depressions where I would like to jump out the window, you know. It becomes easier to deal with as I get older; I don't know whether you learn control or, when you grow up, you calm down a little. Anyway, I was fat and depressed and I *was* crying out for help.

In those days, when the Beatles were depressed, we had this little chant. I would yell out: "Where are we going, fellows?" They would say: "To the top, Johnny," in psuedo-American voices. And I would say: "Where is that, fellows?" And they would say: "To the toppermost of the poppermost." It was some dumb expression from a cheap movie — a la *Blackboard Jungle* — about Liverpool. Johnny was the leader of the gang.

PLAYBOY: What were you depressed about during the Help! period?

LENNON: The Beatles thing had just gone beyond comprehension. We were smoking marijuana for breakfast. We were well into marijuana and nobody could communicate with us, because we were just all glazed eyes, giggling all the time. In our own world. That was the song, Help!. I think everything that comes out of a song — even Paul's songs now, which are apparently about nothing — shows something of yourself.

PLAYBOY: Was I'm a Loser a similarly personal statement?

LENNON: Part of me suspects that I'm a loser and the other part of me thinks I'm God Almighty.

PLAYBOY: How about Cold Turkey?

LENNON: The song is self-explanatory. The song got banned, even though it's antidrug. They're so stupid about drugs, you know. They're not looking at the cause of the drug problem: Why do people take drugs? To escape from what? Is life so terrible? Are we living in such a terrible situation that we can't do anything without reinforcement of alcohol, tobacco? Aspirins, sleeping pills, uppers, downers, never mind the heroin and cocaine — they're just the outer fringes of Librium and speed.

PLAYBOY: Do you use any drugs now?

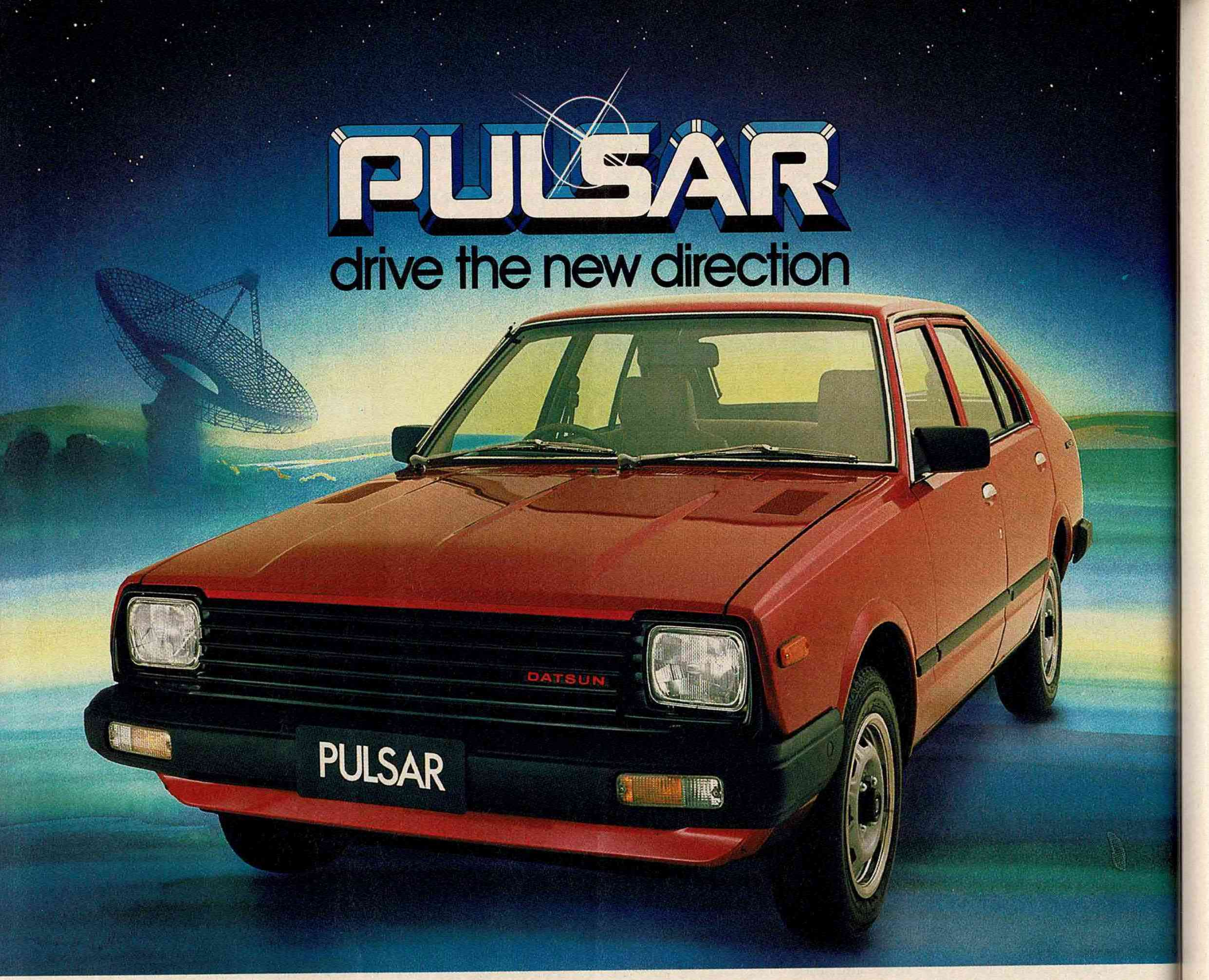
LENNON: Not really. If somebody gives me a joint, I might smoke it, but I don't go after it.

PLAYBOY: Cocaine?

LENNON: I've had cocaine, but I don't like it. The Beatles had lots of it in their day, but it's a dumb drug, because you have to have another one 20 minutes later. Your whole concentration goes on getting the next fix. Really, I find caffeine is easier to deal with.

PLAYBOY: Acid?

LENNON: Not in years. A little mush-



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room or peyote is not beyond my scope, you know, maybe twice a year or something. You don't hear about it anymore, but people are still visiting the cosmos. We must always remember to thank the CIA and the Army for LSD. That's what people forget. Everything is the opposite of what it is, isn't it, Harry? So get out the bottle, boy — and relax. They invented LSD to control people and what they did was give us freedom. Sometimes it works in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. If you look in the Government reports on acid, the ones who jumped out the window or killed themselves because of it, I think even with Art Linkletter's daughter, it happened to her years later. So, let's face it, she wasn't really on acid when she jumped out the window. And I've never met anybody who's had a flashback on acid. I've never had a flashback in my life and I took millions of trips in the '60s.

PLAYBOY: What does your diet include besides *sashimi* and *sushi*, chocolate bars and capuccinos?

LENNON: We're mostly macrobiotic, but sometimes I take the family out for a pizza.

ONO: Intuition tells you what to eat. It's dangerous to try to unify things. Everybody has different needs. We went through vegetarianism and macrobiotic, but now, because we're in the studio, we do eat some junk food. We're trying to stick to macrobiotic: fish and rice, whole grains. You balance foods and eat foods indigenous to the area. Corn is the grain from this area.

PLAYBOY: You smoke up a storm.

LENNON: Macrobiotic people don't believe in the big C. Whether you take that as a rationalisation or not, macrobiotics don't believe that smoking is bad for you. Of course, if we die, we're wrong.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to jogging your memory with songs. How about Paul's song Hey Jude?

LENNON: He said it was written about Julian. He knew I was splitting with Cyn and leaving Julian then. he was driving to see Julian to say hello. He had been like an uncle. And he came up with Hey Jude. But I always heard it as a song to me. Now I'm sounding like one of those fans reading things into it . . . Think about it: Yoko had just come into the picture. he is saying, "Hey, Jude" — "Hey, John." Subconsciously, he was saying, Go ahead, leave me. On a conscious level, he didn't want me to go ahead. The angel in him was saying, "Bless you." The Devil in him didn't like it at all. He didn't want to lose his partner.

PLAYBOY: What about Because?

LENNON: I was lying on the sofa in our house, listening to Yoko play Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata on the piano. Suddenly, I said, "Can you play those chords backward?" She did, and I wrote Because around them. The song sounds like Moonlight Sonata too. The lyrics are clear, no bullshit, no imagery, no obscure references.

PLAYBOY: Give Peace a Chance.

LENNON: All we were saying was give peace a chance.

PLAYBOY: Was it really a Lennon-McCartney composition?

LENNON: No, I don't even know why his name was on it. It's there because I kind of felt guilty because I'd made the separate single — the first — and I was really breaking away from the Beatles.

PLAYBOY: Why were the compositions you and Paul did separately attributed to Lennon-McCartney?

LENNON: Paul and I made a deal when we were 15. There was never a legal deal between us, just a deal we made when we decided to write together that we put both our names on it, not matter what.

PLAYBOY: How about Do You Want to Know a Secret?

LENNON: The idea came from this thing my mother used to sing to me when I was one or two years old, when she was still living with me. It was from a Disney movie: "Do you want to know a secret?/Promise not to tell/You are standing by a wishing well." So, with that in my head, I wrote the song and just gave it to George to sing. I thought it would be a good vehicle for him, because it had only three notes and he wasn't the best singer in the world. He has improved a lot since then but in those days, his ability was very poor. I gave it to him just to give him a piece of the action. That's another reason why I was hurt by his book. I even went to the trouble of making sure he got the B side of a Beatles single, because he hadn't had a B side of one until Do You Want to Know a Secret? Something was the first time he ever got an A side, because Paul and I always wrote both sides. That wasn't because we were keeping him out but simply because his material was not up to scratch. I made sure he got the B side of Something, too, so he got the cash. Those little things he doesn't remember.

I always felt bad that George and Ringo didn't get a piece of the publishing. When the opportunity came to give them five percent each of Maclen, it was because of me they got it. It was not because of Klein and not because of Paul but because of me. When I said they should get it, Paul couldn't say no. I don't get a piece of any of George's songs or Ringo's. I never asked for anything for the contributions I made to George's songs like Taxman. Not even the recognition. And that is why I might have sounded resentful about George and Ringo, because it was after all those things that the attitude of "John has forsaken us" and "John is tricking us" came out — which is not true.

PLAYBOY: Happiness Is a Warm Gun.

LENNON: No, it's not about heroin. A gun magazine was sitting there with a smoking gun on the cover and an article that I never read inside called Happiness Is a Warm Gun. I took it right from there. I took it as the terrible idea of just having shot some animal.

PLAYBOY: What about the sexual puns: "When you feel my finger on your trigger"?

LENNON: Well, it was at the beginning of my relationship with Yoko and I was very sexually oriented then. When we weren't in the studio, we were in bed.

PLAYBOY: What was the allusion to "Mother Superior jumps the gun"?

LENNON: I call Yoko Mother or Madam just in an offhand way. The rest doesn't mean anything. It's just images of her.

PLAYBOY: Across the Universe.

LENNON: The Beatles didn't make a good record of Across the Universe. I think subconsciously we — I thought Paul subconsciously tried to destroy my great songs. We would play experimental games with my great pieces, like Strawberry Fields, which I always felt was badly recorded. It worked, but it wasn't what it could have been. I allowed it, though. We would spend hours doing little, detailed cleaning up on Paul's songs, but when it came to mine — especially a great song like Strawberry Fields or Across the Universe — somehow an atmosphere of looseness and experimentation would come up.

PLAYBOY: Sabotage?

LENNON: Subconscious sabotage. I was too hurt . . . Paul will deny it, because he has a bland face and will say this doesn't exist. This is the kind of thing I'm talking about where I was always seeing what was going on and began to think, Well, maybe I'm paranoid. But it is *not* paranoid. It is the absolute truth. The same thing happened to Across the Universe. The song was never done properly. The words stand, luckily.

PLAYBOY: Getting Better.

LENNON: It is a diary form of writing. All that "I used to be cruel to my woman, I beat her and kept her apart from the things that she loved" was me. I used to be cruel to my woman, and physically — any woman. I was a

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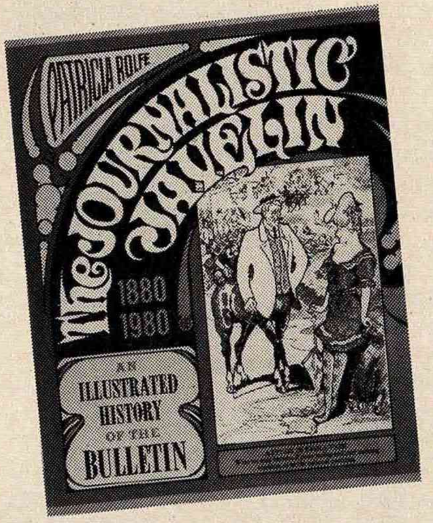

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hitter. I couldn't express myself and I hit. I fought men and I hit women. That is why I am always on about peace, you see. It is the most violent people who go for love and peace. Everything's the opposite. But I sincerely believe in love and peace. I am a violent man who has learned not to be violent and regrets his violence. I will have to be a lot older before I can face in public how I treated women as a youngster.

PLAYBOY: Revolution.

LENNON: We recorded the song twice. The Beatles were getting really tense with one another. I did the slow version and I wanted it out as a single: as a statement of the Beatles' position on Vietnam and the Beatles' position on revolution. For years, on the Beatle tours, Epstein had stopped us from saying anything about Vietnam or the war. And he wouldn't allow questions about it. But on one tour, I said: "I am going to answer about the war. We can't ignore it." I absolutely wanted the Beatles to say something. The first take of Revolution — well, George and Paul were resentful and said it wasn't fast enough. Now, if you go into details of what a hit record is and isn't, maybe. But the Beatles could have afforded to put out the slow, understandable version of Revolution as a single. Whether it was a gold record or a wooden record. But because they were so upset about the Yoko period and the fact that I was again becoming as creative and dominating as I had been in the early days, after lying fallow for a couple of years, it upset the apple cart. I was awake again and they couldn't stand it.

PLAYBOY: Was it Yoko's inspiration?

LENNON: She inspired all this creation in me. It wasn't that she inspired the songs: she inspired *me*. The statement in Revolution was mine. The lyrics stand today. It's still my feeling about politics. I want to see the plan. That is what I used to say to Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin. Count me out if it is violence. Don't expect me to be on the barricades unless it's with flowers.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Hoffman's turning himself in?

LENNON: Well, he got what he wanted. Which is to be sort of an underground hero for anybody who still worships any manifestation of the underground. I don't feel that much about it anymore. Nixon, Hoffman, it's the same. They are all from the same period. It was kind of surprising to see Abbie on TV, but it was also surprising to see Nixon on TV. Maybe people get the feeling when they see me or us. I feel. What are they doing there? Is this an old newsreel?

PLAYBOY: On the new album, you close with Hard Times Are Over (For a While). Why?

LENNON: It's not a new message: Give Peace a Chance — we're not being unreasonable, just saying, "Give it a chance." With Imagine, we're saying, "Can you imagine a world without countries or religions?" It's the same message over and over. And it's positive.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to have people anticipate your new record because they feel you are a prophet of sorts? When you returned to the studio to make *Double Fantasy*, some of your fans were saying things like, "Just as Lennon defined the '60s, and the '70s, he'll be defining the '80s."

LENNON: It's very sad. Anyway, we're not saying anything new. A, we have already said it and, B, 100 million other people have said it, too.

PLAYBOY: But your songs *do* have messages.

LENNON: All we are saying is, "This is what is happening to us." We are sending postcards. I don't let it become "I am the awakened; you are sheep that will be shown the way." That is the danger of saying anything.

PLAYBOY: Especially for you.

LENNON: Listen, there's nothing wrong with following examples. We can have figureheads and people we admire, but we don't need leaders. "Don't follow leaders, watch the parking meters."

PLAYBOY: You're quoting one of your peers, or sorts. Is it distressing to you that Dylan is a born-again Christian?

LENNON: I don't like to comment on it. For whatever reason he's doing it, it is personal for him and he needs to do it. But the whole religion business suffers from the Onward, Christian Soldiers bit. There's too much talk about soldiers and marching and converting. I'm not pushing Buddhism, because I'm no more a Buddhist than I am a Christian, but there's one thing I admire about the religion: There's no proselytising.

PLAYBOY: Were you a Dylan fan?

LENNON: No, I stopped listening to Dylan with both ears after *Highway 64 (sic)* and *Blonde on Blonde*, and even then it was because George would make me listen.

PLAYBOY: Like Dylan, weren't you also looking for some kind of leader when you did primal-scream therapy with Arthur Janov?

ONO: I think Janov was a daddy for John. I think he has this father complex and he's always searching for a daddy.

LENNON: *Had*, dear. I *had* a father complex.

PLAYBOY: Would you explain?

ONO: I had a daddy, a real daddy, sort of a big and strong father like a Billy Graham, but growing up, I saw his weak side. I saw the hypocrisy. So whenever I see something that is supposed to be so big and wonderful — a guru or primal scream — I'm very cynical.

LENNON: She fought with Janov all the time. He couldn't deal with it.

ONO: I'm not searching for the big daddy. I look for something else in men — something that is tender and weak and I feel like I want to help.

LENNON: And I was the lucky cripple she chose!

ONO: I have this mother instinct, or whatever. But I was not hung up on finding a father, because I had one who disillusioned me. John never had a chance to get disillusioned about his father, since he wasn't around, so he never thought of him as a big man.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree, John?

LENNON: A lot of us are looking for fathers. Mine was physically not there. Most people's are not there *mentally* and physically, like always at the office or busy with other things. So all these leaders, parking meters, are all substitute fathers, whether they be religious or political . . . All this bit about electing a President. We pick our own daddy out of a dog pound of daddies. This is the daddy that looks like the daddy in the commercials. He's got the nice grey hair and the right teeth and the parting's on the right side. Okay? This is the daddy we choose. The dog pound of daddies, which is the political arena, gives us a President, then we put him on a platform and start punishing him and screaming at him because Daddy can't do miracles.

PLAYBOY: So Janov was a daddy for you. Who else?

ONO: Before, there was Maharishi.

LENNON: Maharishi was a father figure, Elvis Presley might have been a father figure. I don't know. Robert Mitchum. Any male image is a father figure. There's nothing wrong with it until you give them the right to give you sort of a recipe for your life. What happens is somebody comes along with a good piece of truth. Instead of the truth's being looked at, the person who brought it is looked at. The messenger is worshipped, instead of the message. So there would be Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Marxism, Maoism — everything — it is always about a person and never about what he says.

ONO: All the isms are daddies. It's sad that our society is structured in such a way that people cannot really open up to each other, and therefore they need a certain theatre to go to cry or something like that.

LENNON: Well, you went to est.

ONO: Yes, I wanted to check it out.

LENNON: We went to Janov for the same reason.

ONO: But est people are given a reminder—

LENNON: Yeah, but I wouldn't go and sit in a room and not pee.

ONO: Well, *you* did in primal scream.

LENNON: Oh, but I had you with me.

ONO: Anyway, when I went to est, I saw Werner Erhardt, the same thing. he's a nice showman and he's got a nice gig there. I felt the same thing when we went to Sai Baba in India. In India, you have to be a guru instead of a pop star. Guru is the pop star of India and pop star is the guru here.

LENNON: But nobody's perfect, etc, etc. Whether it's Janov or Erhardt or Maharishi or a Beatle. That doesn't take away from their message. It's like learning how to swim. The swimming is fine. But forget about the teacher. If the Beatles had a message, it was that. With the Beatles the records are the point, not the Beatles as individuals. You don't *need* the package, just as you don't need the Christian package or the Marxist package to get the message. People always got the image I was an anti-Christ or anti-religion. I'm not. I'm a most religious fellow. I was brought up a Christian and I only now understand some of the things that Christ was saying in those parables. Because people got hooked on the teacher and missed the message.

PLAYBOY: And the Beatles taught people how to swim?

LENNON: If the Beatles or the '60s had a message, it was to learn to swim. Period. And once you learn to swim, swim. The people who are hung up on the Beatles' and the '60s dream missed the whole point when the Beatles' and the '60s dream *became* the point. Carrying the Beatles' or the '60s dream around all your life is like carrying the Second World War and Glenn Miller around. That's not to say you can't enjoy Glenn Miller or the Beatles, but to live in that dream is the twilight zone.

PLAYBOY: Yoko, the single you and John released from your album seems to be looking toward the future.

ONO: Yes, Starting Over is a song that makes me feel like crying. John has talked about the '60s and how it gave us a taste for freedom — sexual and otherwise. It was like an orgy. Then, after that big come that we had together, men and women somehow lost track of each other and a lot of families and relationships split apart. I really think that what happened in the '70s can be compared to what happened under Nazism with Jewish families. Only the force that split them came from the inside, not from the outside. We tried to rationalise it as the price we were paying for our freedom. And John is saying in his song, okay, we had the energy in the '60s, in the '70s we separated, but let's start over in the '80s. He's reaching out to me, the woman. Reaching out after all that's happened is more difficult this time around.

On the other side of the record is my song, Kiss Kiss Kiss which is the other side of the same question. There is the sound of a woman coming to a climax on it, and she is crying out to be held, to be touched. It will be controversial, because people still feel it's less natural to hear the sounds of a woman's lovemaking than, say the sound of a Concorde, killing the atmosphere and polluting nature. Altogether, both sides are a prayer to change the '80s.

PLAYBOY: What is the '80s dream to you, John?

LENNON: Well, you make your own dream. That's the Beatles' story, isn't it? That's Yoko's story. That's what I'm saying now. Produce your own dream. If you want to save Peru, go save Peru. It's quite possible to do anything, but not to put it on the leaders and the parking meters. Don't expect Jimmy Carter or Ronald Reagan or John Lennon or Yoko Ono or Bob Dylan or Jesus Christ to come and do it for you. You have to do it yourself. That's what the great masters and mistresses have been saying ever since time began. They can point the way, leve signposts and little instructions in various books that are now called holy and worshipped for the cover of the book and not for what it says, but the instructions are all there for all to see, have always been and always will be. There's nothing new under the Sun. All the roads lead to Rome. And people cannot provide it for you. I can't wake you up. *You* can wake you up. I can't cure you. *You* can cure you.

PLAYBOY: What is it that keeps people from accepting that message?

LENNON: It's fear of the unknown. The unknown is what it is. And to be frightened of it is what sends everybody scurrying around chasing dreams, illusions, wars, peace, love, hate, all that — it's all illusion. Unknown is what it is. Accept that it's unknown and it's plain sailing. Everything is unknown — then you're ahead of the game. That's what it is. Right?

Lennon's reminiscences about his songs proved so fruitful that he agreed to analyse the full catalogue of his works. Excerpts will appear in Australian PLAYBOY *soon.*

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PARADOX

the boy and the man were reliving a myth, and the props were the same . . . a hawk, a weapon and the darkened plain

fiction by Geoffrey Dutton

Illustration by Alan Ewart

WHEN SHE heard the shot, Molly Hanna went to the back door of the farmhouse and looked out under the verandah and the arch of vines. Rodney was outside the fence at the back of the vegetable garden shooting at something in the tawny hills. She walked out into the sun, blinking from the shade of the verandah and vine.

She watched him stride up the hill, bend down and replace a jam tin on a post. It was a good 80 metres from the fence. He waved as he walked back.

"Hi, Mum. Bit of target practice."

He twisted the sling around his arm as the rifle came easily to his cheek, steady against the pressure of his forefinger. He fired and the tin leaped off the post.

"Not bad for a 12-year-old," she thought as she went back to her kitchen, sad for a moment at the sight of the rifle. Ted had taught her to shoot when they were out walking in those bony hills above the Murray Flats. How manly Rodney was, yet how vulnerable! Ted's death, when the boy was 10, had brought mother and child together, to the hardening of both. The luxuriance of her sex was trimmed down to a firm, no-nonsense base of survival. But she often felt like a pruned tree, sending out soft shoots.

Rodney came on to the verandah, and leaned the rifle, a Winchester 613 .22 automatic, against the wall.

"Did you put it on safety?"

"Of course Mum, come off it!"

She walked out the back door and watched approvingly as, deliberately and with great care, Rodney unloaded the rifle, ejecting the cartridge in the breech, sliding the others out of the magazine.

"Your father was fanatical about safety. He once left me in a paddock to walk home, just drove off and left me, because I'd fired at a rabbit toward the house." She laughed, but it was approvingly. "Two kilometres back to the house, on a hot day, imagine. I was furious with him."

"He was quite right though."

"Don't you bash your old Mum down." He gave her a hug. A cark of crows floated down from the hill where they had been circling near the fowl yard.

"Those damned crows. Look at them. Always just out of range when you've got a rifle. They've got a whole lot more of the chooks' eggs. And I'm sure they killed the ducklings — 15 lovely ducklings. Brutes. I'll get you, you black brutes."

Rodney walked down to the corner of the verandah. Enclosed in a trellis of honeysuckle, a small, beautiful hawk was sitting on a perch. He undid its chain, and it hopped on to his shoulder. He stroked it, murmuring, "There Sohrab, Sohrab boy. My apologies for that chain. Didn't think you'd like the rifle."

"That bird. You mustn't take it to school again. Mr Haxham was furious with you."

"Oh, he's always furious with somebody or something. He's just anti. Anti-everything. Then he gets all creepy with you."

"But Rodney, you mustn't take Sohrab to school."

He did not answer her, murmuring to the bird.

IN THE morning, it was the usual rush for school but Molly risked asking: "Rodney, race down on your bike and turn the pump on."

"Mum, I can't, I'll be late."

"Oh, all right, I'll go. Bye darling." She disappeared down the garden.

He raced for his bike, shoved his lunch and his books in the bag, and then suddenly leaned the bike against the verandah post, seized Sohrab, undid his chain and put him on his shoulder. He walked to the gate, opened and shut it, and pedalled off.

The crows were carking down by the fowl yard. Molly Hanna, on her way back from the pump, heard them and shook her fist. She ran back to the verandah, grabbed the rifle and, crouching down behind the hedge, drew a bead on a crow. Click. The rifle was empty. But just the sight of the rifle was enough. The crows flew off.

She went back, loaded the rifle, and walked over to the dairy. Although she was silent, the crows were too cunning. Leaving the rifle there, she walked back to the farmhouse. She had worked it out that she could get a good shot at the crows from there without them seeing her.

IT WAS hotter down in the town than on the plains, and already in the corrugated iron school it was stifling. Rodney worried about Sohrab, hidden in his school bag. He shouldn't have brought him. He would need a drink. But he had to wait until the end of class. Haxham was in a foul mood.

One of the boys artfully wangled his leg and succeeded in knocking over Rodney's school bag. The hawk wriggled out, hopped on to the desk and then on to Rodney's shoulder.

The bird stopped Mr Haxham in the middle of his sentence. The flutter of giggles in the class was instantly stilled, for Mr Haxham had been transported into a trembling rage. Somebody was going to suffer. For a moment, Mr Haxham held both himself and the class in dead silence, then he rushed down between the desks and brutally grabbed the hawk by the legs and neck.

Rodney, usually a gentle boy, jumped up, furious as the hawk's wings. "Don't you dare hurt Sohrab."

Mr Haxham wrapped the bird in the blackboard duster, talking in a slithery sarcastic voice. "Sohrab, eh? What a cultured boy Rodney Hanna is, boys." His voice kept slipping off the sarcastic level to white hatred. "Do any of you know who Sohrab was?" Dead, scared silence. "No, you have to be very cultured, you have to learn things outside school to know that; we poor teachers can't offer you that sort of thing. Sohrab was a Persian prince — you see, I'm as well educated as our friend Rodney — who fought the great hero Rustum and killed him. But, you see, he didn't know he was killing his father. Now boys and girls, I don't think that's a very nice name for a pet, do you?"

He gave the struggling bundle in the duster a blow. "But this isn't a very nice thing to have for a pet, is it?" He took up a book. "Now where were we, class? — Oh yes . . ."

At the end of the class, Rodney watched Mr Haxham from the locker room window. He went out the back of the school to the caravan where he had his temporary office, holding the bundled-up Sohrab in one hand and a canary cage in the other. He shoved Sohrab into the canary cage.

Rodney watched the terrible humiliation of his bird. A hawk in a cage. *His* hawk in a *canary* cage.

AS SOON as schooltime was over, Rodney rode as fast as he could back to the farm. When he arrived home, the garage was empty. His mother was out. He rushed into the house. He could not find the rifle. He went from room to room, searching. Suddenly he remembered something his mother had said, and ran over to the dairy. The rifle was there. He slung it over his back and rode off.

Without Haxham hearing him, he reached the caravan and entered it.

"Rodney! What are you doing, you silly boy. Give me that gun."

"It's not a gun, it's a rifle."

"Hand it over."

"You hand over Sohrab."

"Come to your senses, boy."

"*Sohrab!* In a *canary* cage! Give him to me."

Haxham moved toward him.

"Listen." A very faint click. "That's the safety catch. Give me Sohrab."

Mr Haxham rushed him. There was a shot. Mr Haxham fell.

Rodney took Sohrab out of the cage, very quickly, but with great delicacy, put him on his shoulder, slung the rifle, and rode off.

BACK AT the farmhouse, he yelled to his mother. But she had not come back. He collected some food, a swag, and rode off with Sohrab and his rifle.

The hawk dug in his talons and leaned forward slightly against the speed of Rodney's bicycle. It could itself have been flying down the bare hills to the vast plain. Across it to the eastward, the dark mallee looked like a sea, but the sharp, far gleam of water was the river, the great River Murray. Rodney was making for the shelter of the mallee that was before long around him, fanning out in sunburnt bark and delicate branches reaching away to the mysteries of distance. The boy was floating in the distance, a lone sailor in a sea of mallee with the mirage of the hot bitumen rippling in front of him.

He turned off the main road along a dusty limestone road and then, after an hour's riding, he turned right on to a red dirt track.

After another hour he halted at an abandoned farm. Some of the roof was off, but there were several rooms in order, a tank, a verandah and vines. There were a number of thatched sheds, old ploughshares and wires holding down the thatch.

A bird's liquid call softened the silence, giving the boy a moment's company in the immense isolation.

DOWN THE main road, the black Mercedes was heading westward, very fast, so fast that it seemed it might catch the mirage and be covered in glittering spray. But if any policeman could have caught the speeding car, and stopped it, he would immediately have been respectful. Some emergency perhaps, some legitimate reason for doing 180km/h, for it was obviously the Managing Director and his Confidential Secretary — two serious, important people. Yet if the policeman had been a closer observer, he would have noticed something odd about Harold Klose, something apologetic. Apologetic both for being so rich and successful, and apologetic to life itself for some debt unpaid.

And the girl of about 23 alongside him, Christina Hockey, beautiful and beautifully dressed, also had a faultline running through the smoothness of her poise. Something was wrong.

They were a bit too polite, too jokey, too full of camaraderie, when alone in the middle of Australia they should have been silent and sexual.

"Why a black car? A black car. Black suit. Symbols of power." She rubbed his sleeve with her fingers. "Out here in the mallee, and you look as if you're going to a board meeting."

"And you look as if you are about to go out to lunch in Double Bay."

She had a burst of gaiety, looking out at the endless mallee. "What a good idea! Let's go out to lunch! Which is the best restaurant in the mallee? Mr O'Malley's Irish Steak House? Signor Malli's Trattoria? Monsieur Malle's Bistro?"

They laughed. Then suddenly she frowned and watched the mallee, remembering last night. "I'm afraid I wasn't very good last night. Those awful people in the next room. Motels are so public, somehow."

He shied away from the intimacy. He said nothing, put his hand on her knee, calming, not provoking.

"I had a friend," she continued, "who was a receptionist in a motel. She said you could always tell the couples who weren't married by the fact that when they arrived the man always parked a few metres away from the office window."

"Did I? I think I just didn't want to block the entrance."

"Of course."

She couldn't let up. "Oh God, it should have been marvellous last night. I've wanted it so long. Oh God, Oh God." She was too young and generous to admit that it could have been his fault. "Maybe we drove too far the first day. We were both tired."

"Yes." He agreed, gratefully. "But the further from Sydney the more private it seemed, somehow."

She was no layabout. This was the first time they had slept together. Why had he forced the issue when their relationship had been so good anyway? It had sounded so right:

"I'm going to Adelaide for the conference next week."

"I'll book TAA. Do you need me?"

"I do need you. I want you. You'll not book a flight. We'll drive over."

"Oh. With Hodgson?"

"No. Not with Hodgson. Didn't you know that I can drive? Just you and me, Christina, you and me. Now do you understand?"

Now it was landscape, landscape, landscape. The opening fans of mallee, trunks, the red soil, patches of limestone, paddocks cleared for wheat, gorgeous ring-necked parrots.

She was determined to get away from last night. It was surely the sort of failure that often happens the first time. It must be.

"Were you really born out here in this dreary mallee?"

"It's not dreary. Yes, I was born here. In about eight kilometres you'll see just where I was born — if there's anything left. I haven't seen it since 1933 when we abandoned it. I was 13. I'd never been to Adelaide, never been anywhere except Mount Misery."

"But Mount Misery hardly exists. I only just saw it as we drove through. And where on earth is the Mount?"

"Where the school is, or was. It's about three metres higher than the surrounding plain. I rode my pony 11 kilometres each way to school every day in Mount Misery."

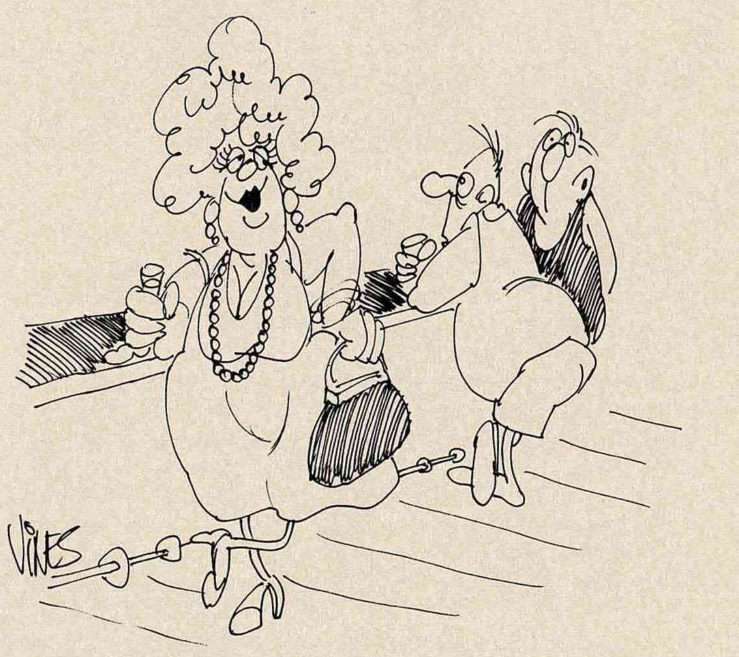
"An 11 kilometre ride to school!"

"Hell, that's nothing. Kids walked that far, and in bare feet. Out of my pony and me, he was the one who wore shoes. Here we go." They turned off down a dusty limestone road.

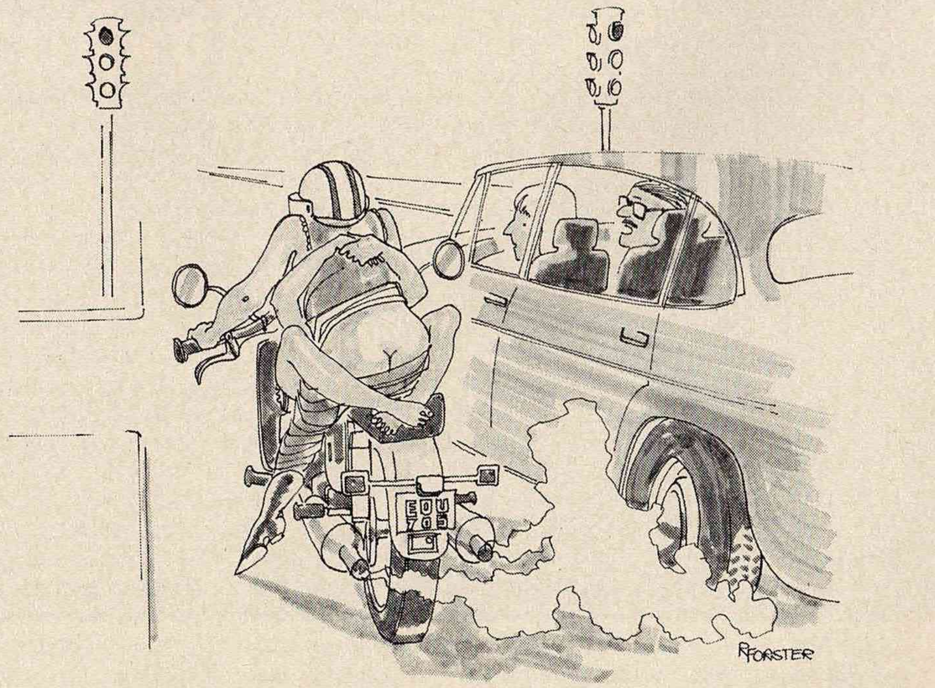
RODNEY HAD killed a rabbit and, wearing nothing but a pair of shorts, he was skinning it. His hawk sat on his shoulder, watching. He threw it the guts, washed his hands in a tin with water from the tank, and then went to the part of the house that still had a roof. In the kitchen, there were a few broken chairs at a table and some ancient newspapers in the corner. Through the door in another room, there were a couple of wire stretchers. He wrapped the rabbit in newspaper to keep off the flies. He carefully and meticulously unloaded the rifle, put the cartridges in a box and placed both box and rifle on the table. He crossed off another day with a bit of charcoal on the wall. He had been gone six days. He went out and came in again with Sohrab.

He talked to Sohrab. "Was it good? Had enough? You hungry bird. You blood and guts bird. So clean. Look, cleaner than me. How d'y' keep yourself so clean without a bath, eh?" Suddenly he stiffened, outstared the hawk. Outglared the hawk. "I didn't mean to kill him, Sohrab. You saw it. Why can't you tell them? That rifle's never loaded. You saw me unload it. You know I didn't mean to kill him. Tell them. Tell them."

The bird fluttered its wings in alarm. "Sorry Sohrab, sorry boy. No one to tell anyway. They'll never find us here. Wait till the hunt dies down,



"That's Maisie — the original good time that was had by all."



"She should know better than to ride without a helmet."

then get a message to Mum. She can join us. Up in Queensland. Get up the river. Get up the Darling to Bourke, then across to Queensland. You'll have to learn to eat bananas. Don't turn into a flying fox. Fruit bat. Sohrab the fruit bat!"

He heard a noise of tyres on dry earth. Quickly and silently he put Sohrab on his chain, grabbed the rifle and went to the window. Then he put the rifle down on the table again and returned to the window.

He could see only the front of the big black car pulled up behind a shed. He whispered to Sohrab. "Quiet boy. Police." He looked back at the rifle, but did not pick it up, then stared out the window.

"Been out after rabbits, sonny?" Harold, always a silent mover, was in the doorway.

Harold's dark suit and decorous tie caught Rodney off guard; he'd been expecting a uniform. He didn't know what to say. He blurted out: "Are you a detective?"

"Me?" Harold was keeping it light. "No. I'm on the other side, I'm a robber baron. I rob from the rich to feed the poor and make a percentage on both deals."

"I don't believe you. Go on, put your weapon on the table so it's there alongside mine."

Harold took out a little silver pocket knife, a comb and a gold cigarette lighter and put them on the table. "That's my full armory."

"True?"

"True."

Harold walked over to the wood stove. "It's the same old stove, a Simpson IXL. My God, it was hot in here on a day like this when Mum was baking scones. You wouldn't know about wood stoves."

"I do. Mum's got one. Says it's better than any electric or gas one."

Harold had got him to talk. "Your Mum's dead right." Sohrab's chain was not properly fastened, and the hawk landed on his shoulder.

Harold was so obviously startled that the boy felt in command, walked over and lifted Sohrab off his shoulder and put him on his own.

Harold was so transported, so enraptured with the beauty of the boy and the hawk that he could not move or say anything. After a long pause he said, "I was 13 when I had to leave this place. It was my home, you know, this house. I was born here, in this very house. We had to go away and live in the city."

"I'm 12. I suppose you could say that I had to leave, but not for the city. Not yet, anyway."

Christina was watching through the door into the next ruined room and she'd seen Harold's face when he gazed at the boy and at the hawk.

The boy said, "You were *born* here?" Whatever the relationship was becoming for Harold, for the boy it was as if his father had come back.

"Dad died when I was 10. He was killed when the tractor rolled on him. He used to let me sit in his lap on the tractor. He threw me clear as she began to roll. See the scar?" He showed the side of his head, pulling back the hair. "But that was a stone, not the tractor."

"We had horses. Great, lovely draughts, Clydesdales." He put his arm around the boy's shoulders. "Here, I'll show you where everything was. Those were the stables over there." He took his hand away. "You're a big lad for 12."

"Not where I come from."

"Better fed nowadays."

"Some kids are."

They walked out straight into Christina, who was looking at Harold, now understanding that night at the motel, that night, last night. She was on the trip to Adelaide as a talisman, as a good luck charm against the fate of being what he was.

"This is Christina. I brought her here from Sydney to show her the farm where I was born." She was to be more than a talisman. Perhaps by taking her to the farm he might remake his life, or rather make it.

Rodney disengaged himself from Harold's arm, and moved back. She was a vision he had never had before. He was blinded. But she touched him, very softly, the two bare sunburnt arms brushing each other.

"What is your name?" She had a very gentle voice.

"Rodney."

"Come on then, Rodney. Harold's brought me all this way here to show me the mallee farm. Let's go on his guided tour. And bring your beautiful bird." She stroked Sohrab's head.

The boy trusted her. They walked around the buildings, Harold explaining how each had been used.

But as they walked around, what should have been a loving exercise in nostalgia turned acid. The boy and his hawk were so beautiful, so innocent, yet they were obviously in trouble, in flight from something. Neither Harold nor Christina had asked him what he was doing here or why he had asked Harold if he was a detective.

Rodney was wondering how far he could trust Harold; he still looked to him like a detective. At the same time, he thought that Christina was such a marvellous creature that he would have given her anything, even Sohrab.

Harold was lacerated by two knives. One was the retrospective vision of his life on the farm, the honest reality of it all compared with the power-corrupt, remote-controlled world of the board room. The image that was haunting him was of himself, a boy with bare feet. He was now getting very hot in his suit, after the air-conditioned car. The other knife was the realisation of his feelings for the boy, whom he loved and desired as he had never been able to love or desire a woman. It was a relief at last to know about himself, but he did not know how to live with that knowledge.

Christina was also stirred sexually by the boy. Partly it was that, as a superb private secretary, she was used to mothering a grown man, and the attempt to become a mistress as well had been disastrous. Here she could be a mother without fear of being a mistress; but the faint hint of that fear, and the suspicion that it might even exist, excited her.

Suddenly Harold stopped by one of the barns, and tore off his coat, tie, and finally shoes and socks. Christina found it too painful to watch. Rodney was just puzzled. "Have y'r got grass seeds in y'r socks? I'll get 'em out."

"No. I never wore shoes or socks. My father couldn't afford them."

"Neither can Mum. But she buys them anyway, and makes me wear 'em to school."

"I'm still too hot. I'm going to get rid of this shirt." He unbuttoned it, revealing skin office-pale, his muscles slack. Beside him, the boy was nut-brown, his skin filled out with firm flesh and muscle.

"Watch out for sunburn, Harold," said Christina, in her Confidential Secretary voice. "And this is the worst time of day for it."

They came around the corner, up to the black car.

Rodney looked admiringly at it.

"Wow. Terrific car."

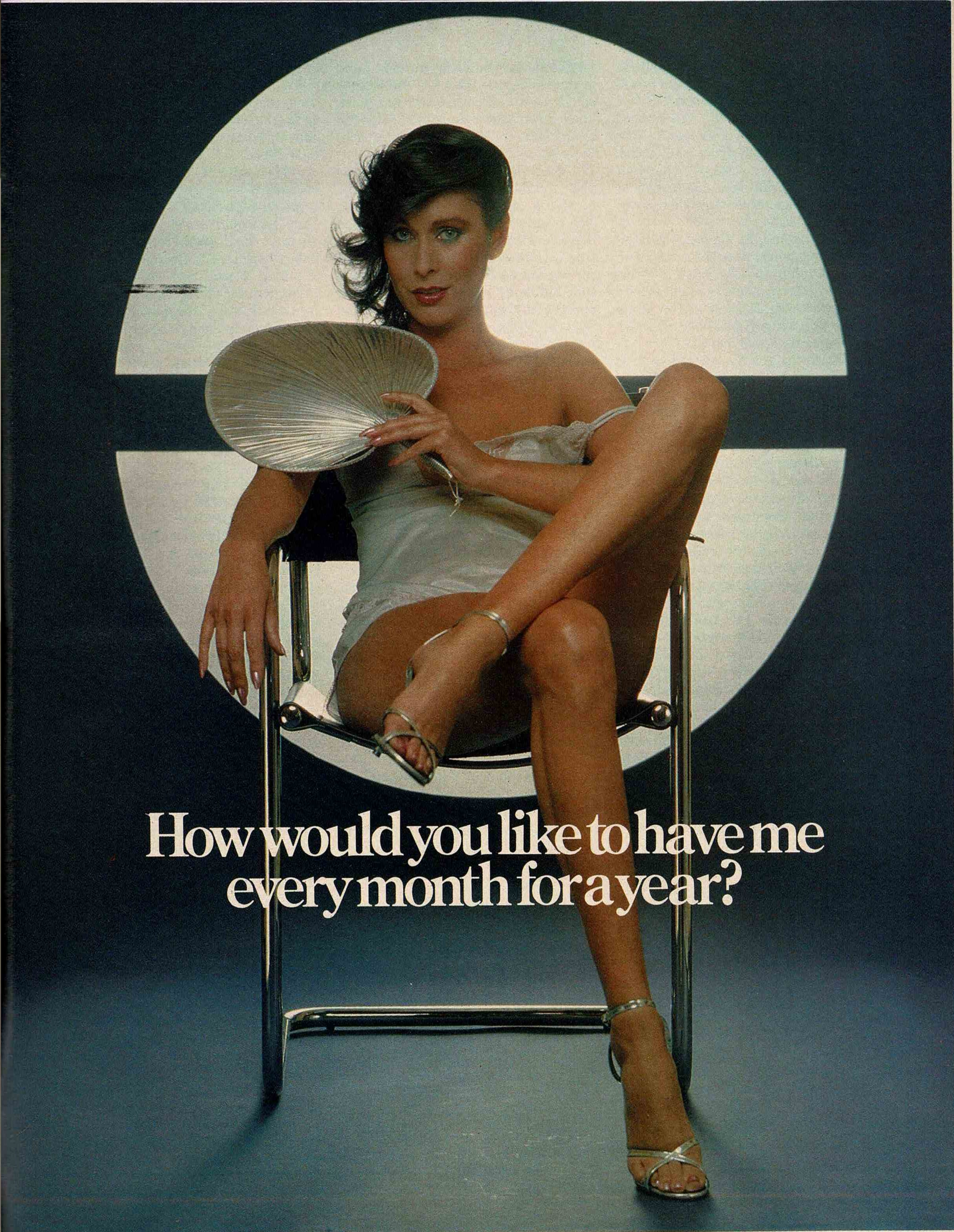
"The best thing about it is the air conditioning," said Christina.

"You show him how it works, Christina. I'm just going to leave my clothes. Maybe walk, yes walk down to the paddock. No, I'll be all right."

Rodney and Christina got into the car and turned on the engine so that the air-conditioning system could operate. In the middle of Rodney's passionate inspection of the workings of the car, Christina said, "What did you do, Rodney?"

He burst into tears, his head seeking her breasts.

"I didn't do it, I didn't do it. It did itself. The rifle is never loaded. His head. The blood ran right across the side of his head. As if you'd drawn it with a paintbrush. But I didn't mean to do anything more than frighten him, to get Sohrab back. He had him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in a canary cage. *Sohrab* in a *canary's* cage. The sort of thing Haxham *would* do. The rifle was *never* loaded."

"Tell me all about it." He nuzzled up to her and poured it all out.

Harold emerged from the house, saw them, turned abruptly and went back into the kitchen. He looked at the rifle on the table, then walked out and across the yard.

IN THE moonlight that flooded the broken windows, the three of them were sleeping in the room off the kitchen, Harold and Christina on the wire stretchers, Rodney on his swag on the floor. But Harold had not been sleeping. He was wide awake.

Silently he got up, walked over to Rodney, knelt, and began to stroke the naked boy. Rodney, sleeping deeply as only a child can, moaned and stirred a little but did not wake.

But Christina was now awake. She watched, then glided out of bed and went to the kitchen and came back carrying the rifle. All of her shame, humiliation, disappointment, and her suspicions of Harold were now being cauterised by molten rods of anger and old-fashioned indignation. There was nothing kinky about Christina.

She was trembling but she did not jab the rifle into Harold's back, just gently pressed it home. He jerked around. Rodney still did not wake.

"Get outside," she whispered.

He obeyed her as if she was his schoolmistress and he the good boy of the class.

Outside in the moonlight she said, shaking, "Now start walking. Walk to school in your bare feet. Go on. Go *on.* Walk to Mount Misery. Walk to hell."

He had been standing dumbly and it seemed he was meekly to obey. But with totally unexpected speed and precision, he lunged forward and grabbed the rifle from her. Before she could move, he ran across the yard, knelt down, put the muzzle inside his mouth and pulled the trigger. There was only a click. He fainted.

IT WAS a beautiful morning and the butcher birds were singing, purifying the already immaculate air. The events of the night now seemed like a shock treatment. Harold seemed totally normal and competent. He was the Managing Director again, in dark suit, his shoes on. Rodney marked off another day with the charcoal. He fed Sohrab. Christina was sitting, waiting for orders. She had handed over to Harold. Rodney knew this, and — still adoring Christina — was prepared to obey Harold because she did.

"How far to your mother's farm?"

"Oh, I reckon about 83."

"Good. There's sure to be a police watch. Is it hilly country?"

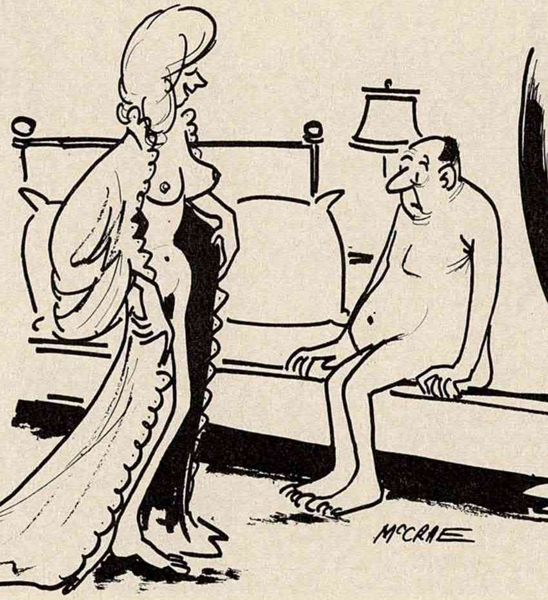
"Yes, the homestead's sort of tucked away in a valley."

"Ideal for the police. They'll be expecting you on your bike. They certainly won't suspect the Mercedes. You see, it's essential that I see your mother alone before the police arrive. Of course, there may be a constable living in the house, but my bet is they'll be waiting to nab you before you reach the house. Make a note, Christina. Davornen QC is the best man in Adelaide, Jack Davornen, a good friend of mine. Now Rodney, take your rifle — which I know to be unloaded. And the cartridges."

The boy went out.

"Wait a moment." Rodney stopped by the door. "This Haxham, what sort of a man was he?"

Rodney was silent for a moment, his natural delicacy making it seem inappropriate to discuss Mr Haxham. "Well, I suppose you'd have to say he was pretty awful. Terrible, in fact. And the other masters, they didn't like Mr Haxham either."



"I like to think of it as my personal hedge against inflation, Mr Harbinger!"

"Why?"

"He's not fair. I mean, he wasn't fair. He'd see only half of something and tell himself he'd seen the lot so that he could stick to the dirt he thought he'd seen. Roger Tscharke that's been sent to the reformatory for pinching a car, he was a good kid underneath, but Mr Haxham he rode him so hard he never had a chance, and always being snaky at him because Roger was so popular with the girls. And that poem of Peter Mann's, the way Mr Haxham read it aloud to the whole class so everybody laughed. It was really a beaut poem, and it wasn't doing any harm just lying on his desk. And Johnny Sholz, he took his . . ."

"Yes, I can imagine," Harold interrupted. "Tell us more about Mr Haxham in the car. You go and put your rifle in with the luggage."

The boy went out, and Harold turned to Christina.

He took her hand. She flinched, then realised that this was a once-only moment. "Christina. I came here to show you the place where I was born. Instead, I suppose I showed you myself being reborn. I apologise. It was a horrible sight. But oddly, for a birth, no blood."

She looked at him steadily. He was still in command. "I understand."

They walked out to the car.

THE BLACK Mercedes kicked up white dust through the hills.

Rodney was rigid with concentration, yet trembling in his extremities, like a hawk hanging in the wind watching the ground. Sohrab, on his shoulder, seemed well aware that he was back on familiar ground. Both boy and hawk knew every tree, rock, bush where the police might be hiding. Christina and Harold were also full of nervous anticipation.

The car slowed down in front of the stone farmhouse. Turkeys and ducks and fowls moved out of the way at their different speeds and dignity, or the lack of of it.

Molly Hanna was out watering the tomatoes; she had seen the car but not who was in it.

"Mum!" Rodney started to open the door before the car had stopped.

"Rodney!" Harold held him back with a firm, soft voice. "Stay in the car and keep your head down for a few seconds. And don't say a word."

He got out and walked over, not afraid of the two barking sheepdogs. He stopped by the woman who was turning down the taps so she could leave the hose running a little on the tomato plants.

"Mrs Hanna?"

"Yes." At first she had thought he must be about insurance or petrol, but then taking in the impressive presence of Harold and the dignity of the black car, she was certain that it was about Rodney. Undertakers usually drive big black cars.

"It's about Rodney."

"Yes. He's all right." As her face and silent lips said "Thank God," he asked her urgently: "Are the police here? Are they hiding here? Tell me."

"No." She was bewildered. "Of course not. Why should they be?"

Rodney had heard and was racing out of the car. "Mum, Mum. I didn't know it was loaded, I only meant to scare him. He had Sohrab in a canary's cage."

"It's all right, Rodney, it's all right. Mr Haxham is quite all right. The bullet only grazed his head."

"But he's dead. I know he's dead. I saw him dead. I shot him."

"You didn't. Darling boy, it was my fault. The crows. I'd left the rifle loaded for the crows." She explained to Harold and at the same time appealed to him. "The crows. They were stealing all my eggs. I left the rifle in the dairy where I could get a shot at them without them seeing me. But it was my fault about the rifle. Rodney always unloaded it, I taught him to, like my husband taught me. But no one will believe me, they think it's a mother sticking up for her son."

"I do." Harold half faced Christina. "Rodney saved my life by keeping his rifle unloaded."

Christina did not know what to say. But the events at the mallee farm had taken away a lover she didn't really want and given her back a boss she did want — and at this moment she cared more about Rodney than anyone else in the world.

"It's true." She spoke up. "Harold fell when he was carrying the rifle and it went off, but there was nothing in it. There was just . . . a click."

Harold turned toward the car. "You all wait here. I'm going down to the town to see Mr Haxham." He put his hand on Rodney's shoulder, then raised it and stroked Sohrab.

HAROLD KNOCKED upon the wire door of the caravan.

Haxham's voice was both peevish and ingratiating. He had seen the car.

"Come in. Just marking some tests. It's very hot and uncomfortable; I'm afraid, but these are my temporary headquarters until the new place is built. Now what can I do for you?" His square shaped face was rendered lopsided by the hair being shaved from his right temple to the back of his head, the scar covered by a long strip of plaster.

"My name is Harold Klose and I'm the Managing Director of Allied Industries of Australia. But I've not come to talk to you about the links between industry and education. It's about Rodney."

"Rodney Hanna?"

"Yes."

"The boy has disappeared. Vanished. Just as well. He's altogether vicious. He tried to kill me. He should be committed to an institution and placed under psychiatric treatment."

"No, Mr Haxham. Maybe it is you who are vicious. And I daresay you might profit from being committed to an institution and placed under psychiatric treatment."

"Listen, Mr Klose, I don't know who you are or what you are driving at, but that boy came in here, where you're standing now, with a loaded rifle, to shoot me. Right where you are standing now, he raised the rifle and tried to shoot me in the head."

Harold, with that quickness that was so surprising that night at the mallee farm, leaned back, his hand out the door, straightened up, and in one movement was pointing the rifle at Haxham's head.

"Like this?" Harold held the rifle steadily pointed between Haxham's eyes. "You'll notice that the safety catch is off. Now I'm tightening my finger on the trigger."

Haxham was frozen, his eyes hypnotised by the slowly tightening curve of Harold's index finger.

Click.

He fell back into his chair.

Harold put down the rifle. "That is what Rodney thought would happen. But his mother had for the first time in that house left it loaded so that she could shoot the crows that had been stealing her eggs."

Totally unexpectedly, Haxham was weeping. "Rodney was so — beautiful — with that bird, that hawk — on his shoulder — school — so ugly — full of giggling schoolgirls and the boys watching them." He began to shout. "I couldn't allow it, do you see, I couldn't allow it. I couldn't have that boy sitting there with that bird. Anything perfect cannot be allowed in the school. A master, especially a headmaster, must be superior to his boys. Something so beautiful could have undermined the whole school."

Harold put the rifle down on Haxham's desk, on top of the half-marked tests. Then while Haxham sat with his head in his hands, Harold lifted up the rifle, took out a box of cartridges and slowly loaded it. Obviously, without in any way hiding what he was doing. Then he put it down again, butt toward Haxham.

He walked out, closed the door and walked down the steps of the caravan. Very slowly he walked toward the black car. Always a quiet mover, his steps were noiseless. The silence froze the whole hot world.

There was a shot. One shot.

Harold kept walking.

ON THE bare hills above the farm, Rodney walked alone across the hills, with his hawk Sohrab on his shoulder. He stopped, flung out his arm, pointing. The hawk took off, climbed in rapid circles, hovered, dived. There was a fraction of a squeal. Rodney ran over, stopped, and watched, smiling, as the hawk jabbed its beak into the rabbit's belly.

"That's modern ducks for you — if it's not Vogel's bread, they won't touch it."

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HOVER, HOVER, HOVER

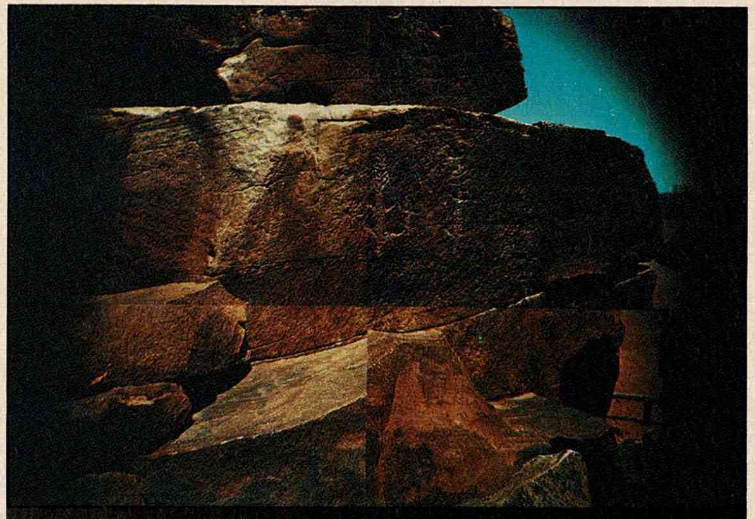
Hovercraft have been around for a couple of decades but it is only recently that a few companies like Hoverjet Transport started producing an off-the-shelf, single-seater leisure craft. This sports model is made of fibreglass and is powered by two petrol engines — one for lift and the other for forward thrust. It is capable of 70km/h, goes almost anywhere and can be purchased in a range of kit forms. The basic starts at $1200 with the deluxe item costing $2500 for more style. Orders and inquiries to 91 Pitt St. Eltham in Victoria, 3095.

NOW, THERE IS NO ESCAPE

To guarantee that you never really get away from it all we present RCA's mini-state rotating TV antenna system. It pulls in signals on road or water and permits operation from AC point or 12V DC hookup in boat or van. It sells for $237.21 from International Sound and Signals of Sydney and Melbourne.

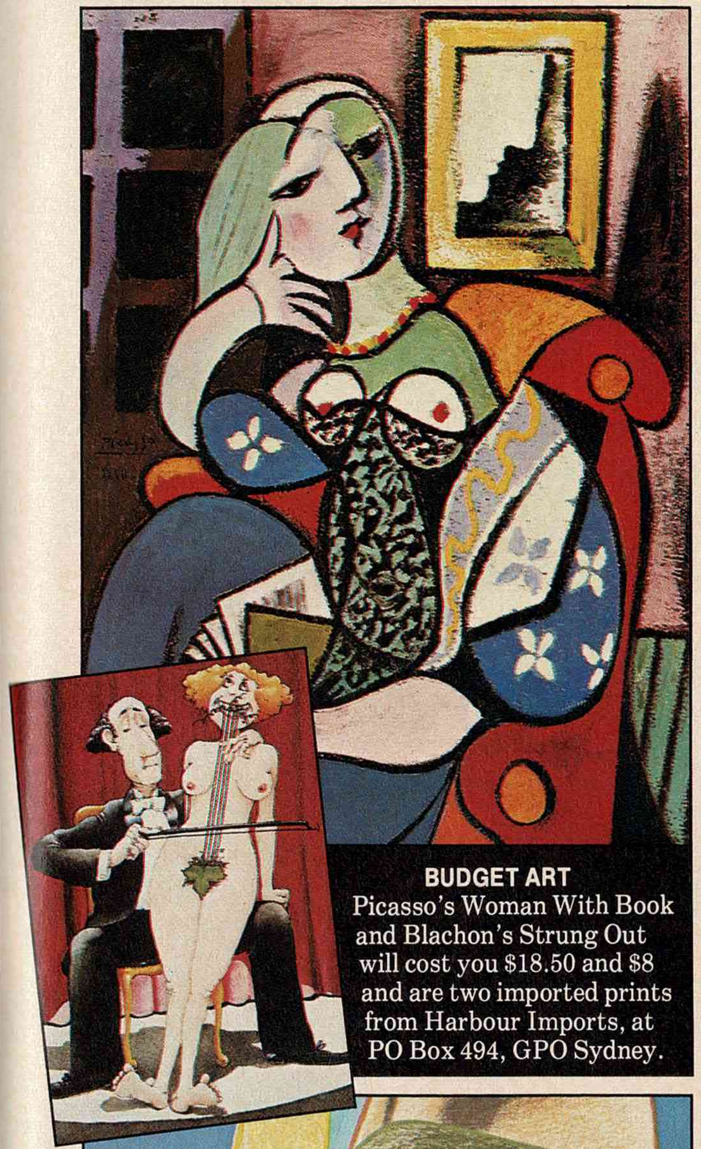
POWER PLAY

The dirty deeds of big politics and business are in Poleconomy. It's like Monopoly gone mad and holds enough reasons why politicians should declare a pecuniary interest or two. The winner (as usual) is the one who blasts the others off the board by buying all the assets. What's new? It costs $20, is produced by John Sands and sells everywhere.



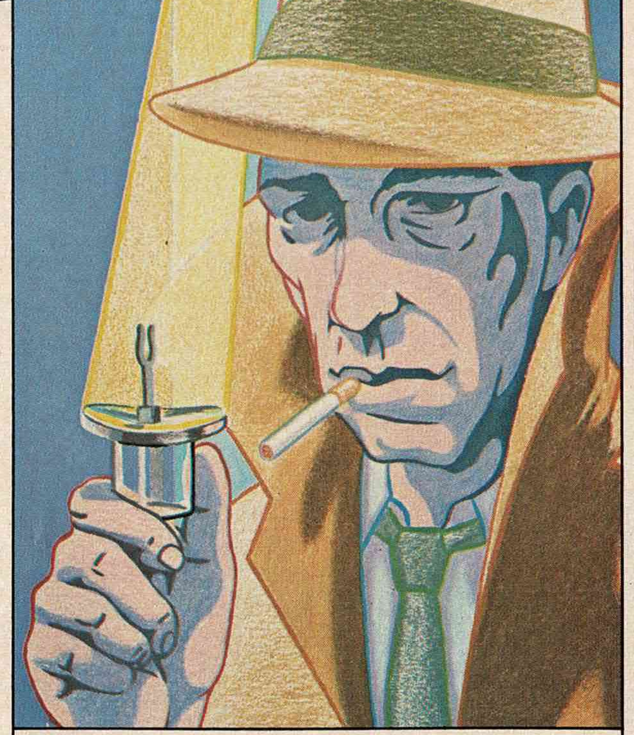
CREATIVE OUTBACK IMAGES

Visions of Australia, a book from creative photographer Douglas Holleley, captures the outback in 40 Polaroid and Polacolor 2 images. Published by Angus and Robertson, it sells for $49.95.



BUDGET ART

Picasso's Woman With Book and Blachon's Strung Out will cost you $18.50 and $8 and are two imported prints from Harbour Imports, at PO Box 494, GPO Sydney.

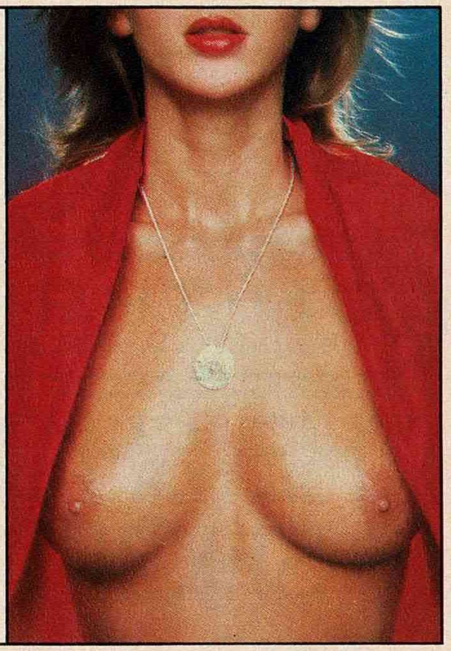


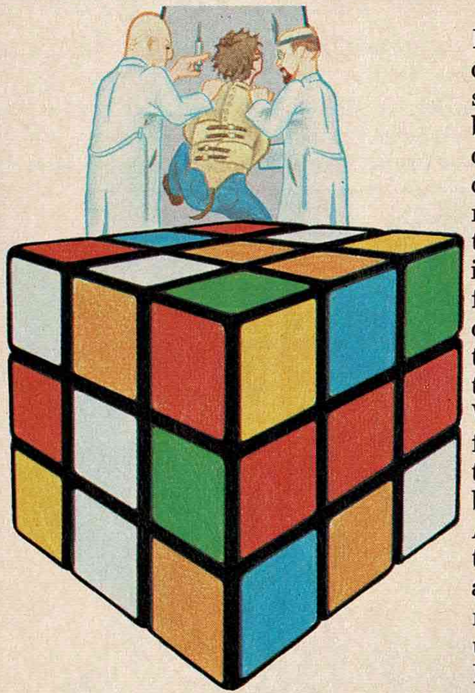
SOLAR TAR BURNERS

Non-polluting, non-nuclear and very economical, it is the solar cigarette lighter, and for $3.99 from Tandy Electronics it may reduce the smoking bill.

SWEET MAMMARIES

Suckers for tit trinkets can have their favorite lady's nipple reproduced in silver for $45 or nine carat gold for $300. It's a fine keepsake or hedge against inflation of the monetary kind. Moulding is totally painless and takes about 20 minutes. Can be worn on the wrist, around the neck or used merely as a tasty little paperweight. It makes good gift sense. Sold by Fantasia Jewellery at 28 Glenmore Rd. Paddington, Sydney, NSW.





CUBISM

It can be done. Yes, it can be done they assured him three days before he was dragged off to the asylum. The cause? Well, it's a mere matter of a plastic cube comprising 54 independent external faces each with a color code to be matched off to six external sides of the cube. Confused? Well wait till you try it for real. We're told that it can take over 3 billion combinations. Available nationally, the Rubik Cube costs about $8.99 and is made in Australia under licence by Ideal Leisure of Melbourne.

WINGS AROUND THE BLOCK

Around-the-block chic means snapping on a pair of jogging wings from Flying Start. One size fits all in fast color for $10 from PO Box 235, Broadway, NSW 2007. Price includes post.

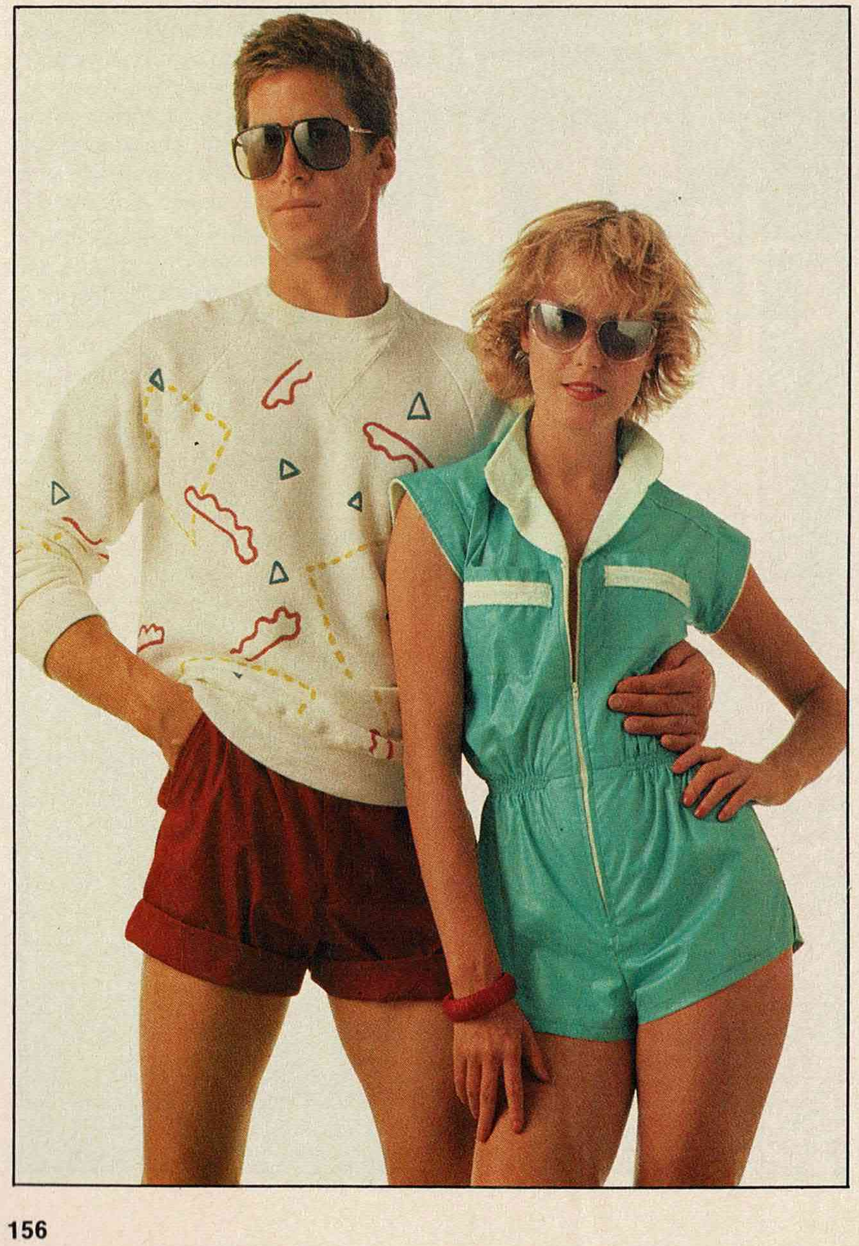
ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

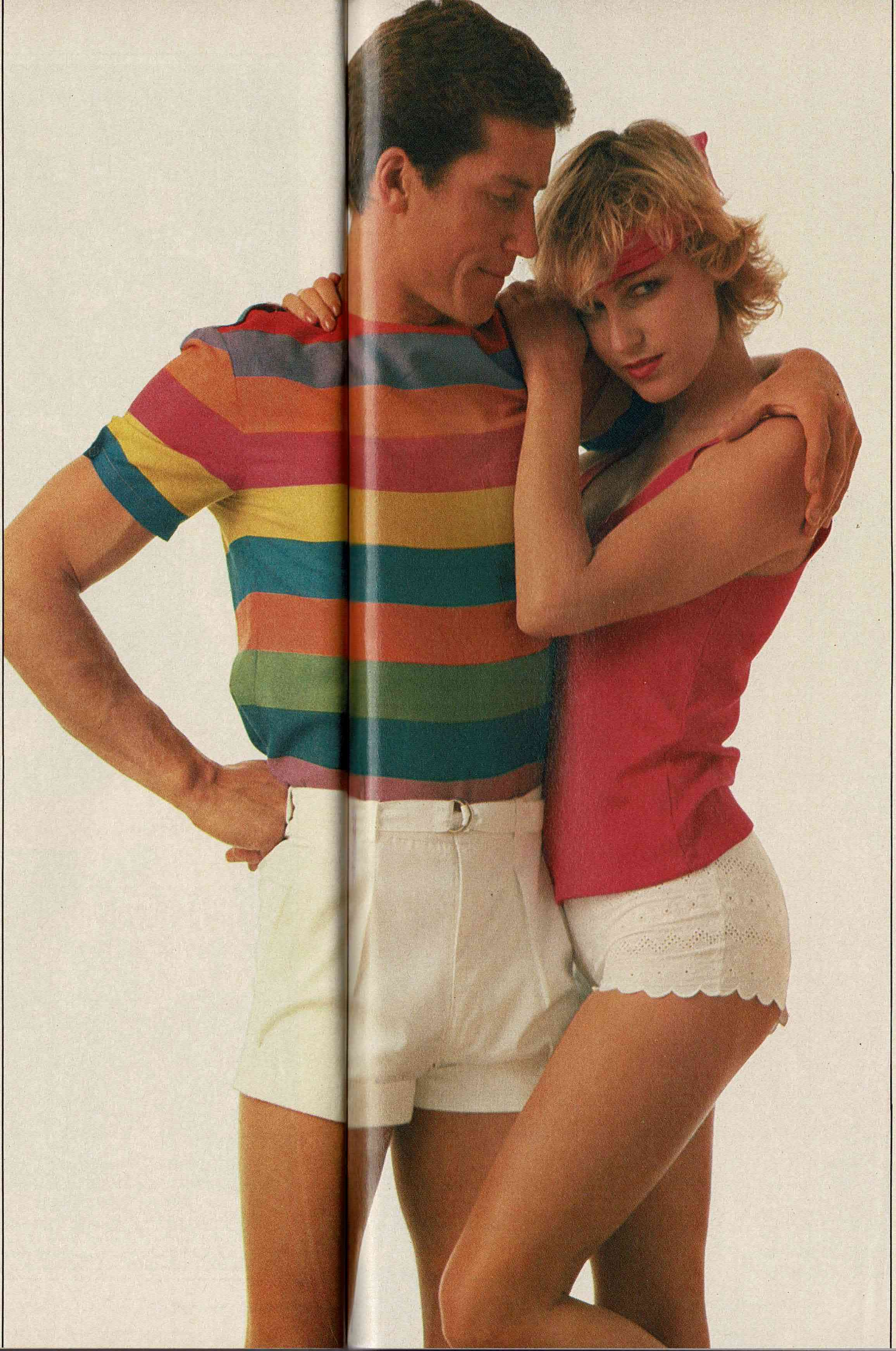
THE SHORT AND SHORT OF IT

hey there hairy legs! here's a very short story all about how you can walk tall during the summer

BELOW: He'd rather be sailing in these maroon sailcloth cotton shorts ($24) with handpainted cotton windcheater ($29); both by Gary Smith. Sunglasses, Optyl Playboy range. Her playsuit and shades from Sportsgirl.



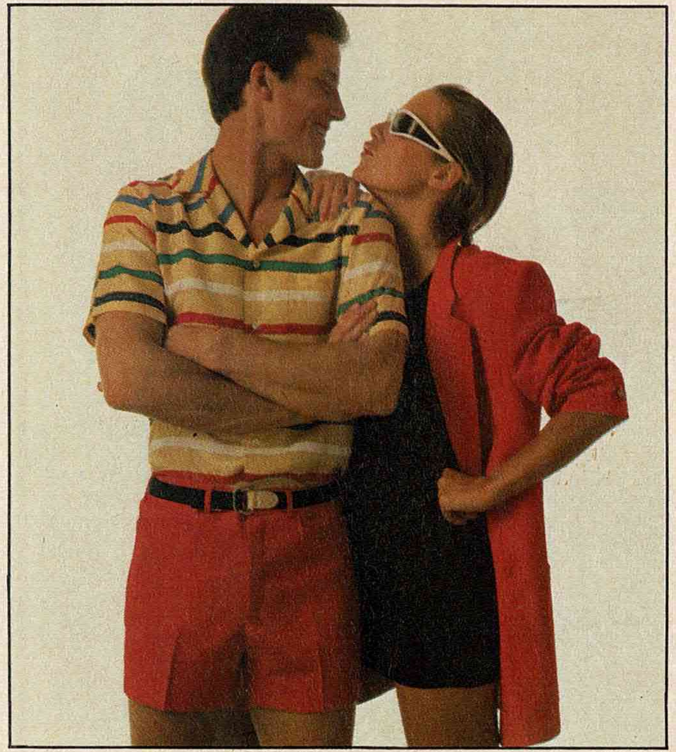
Photography by Colin Stead



LEFT: He wears cotton shorts ($45) and shirt ($50); by Lakiss. Her *broderie anglais* shorts ($29.50) from Mushroom Boutique, Sydney. Singlet top ($6.99) from Sportsgirl.

Jungle greens were never like this! His green cotton elasticised shorts cost $30 and white shirt $50, from Valdis Alexander, Double Bay, NSW. Her T-shirt is from Valdis Alexander.

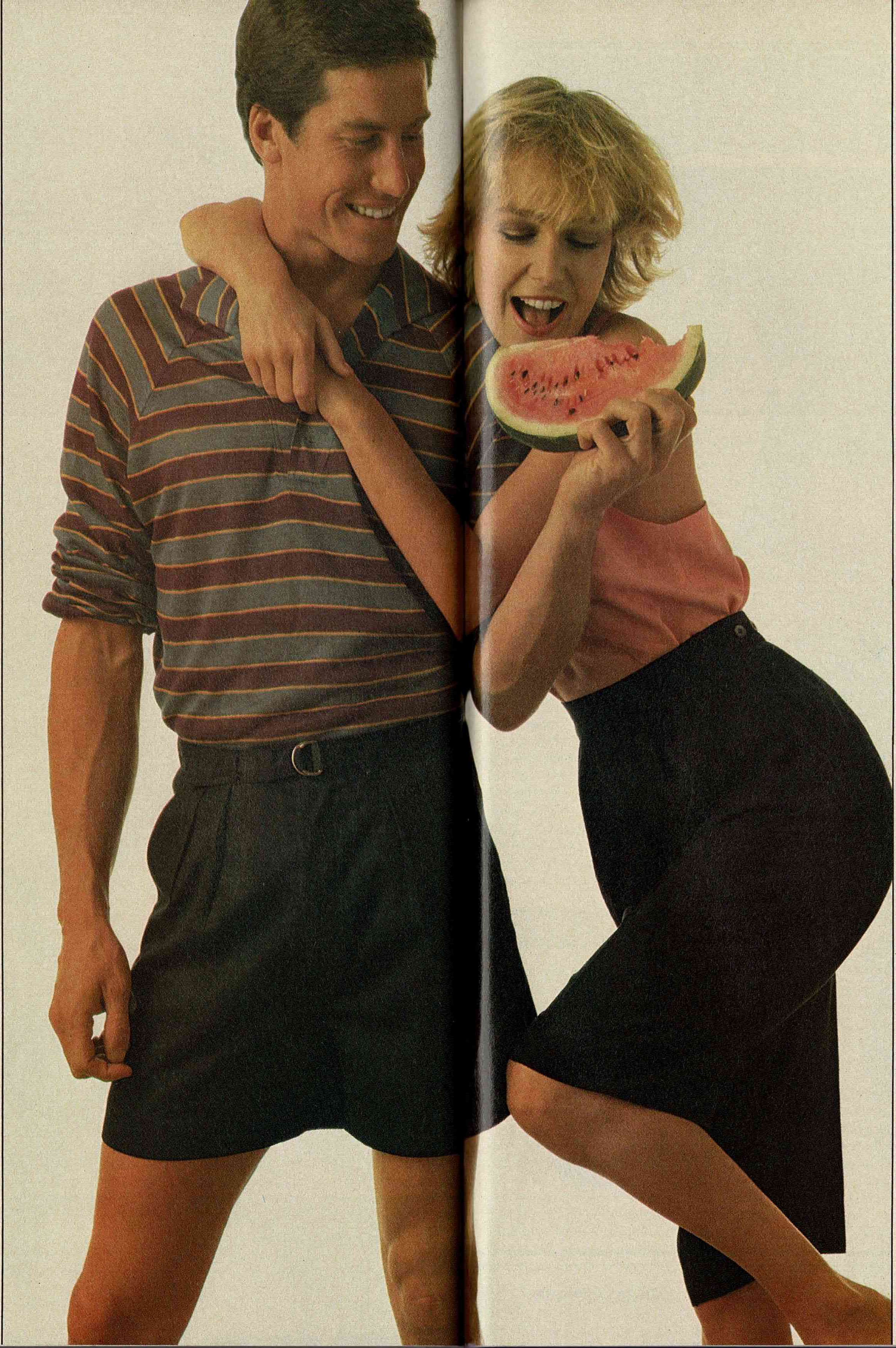
RIGHT: Short — but not on style — his black cotton belted shorts cost $30 and long sleeve knitted linen sweater $62, from Valdis Alexander. Her noile silk walk shorts ($38) and silk camisole ($35) are by Peter Metchev.



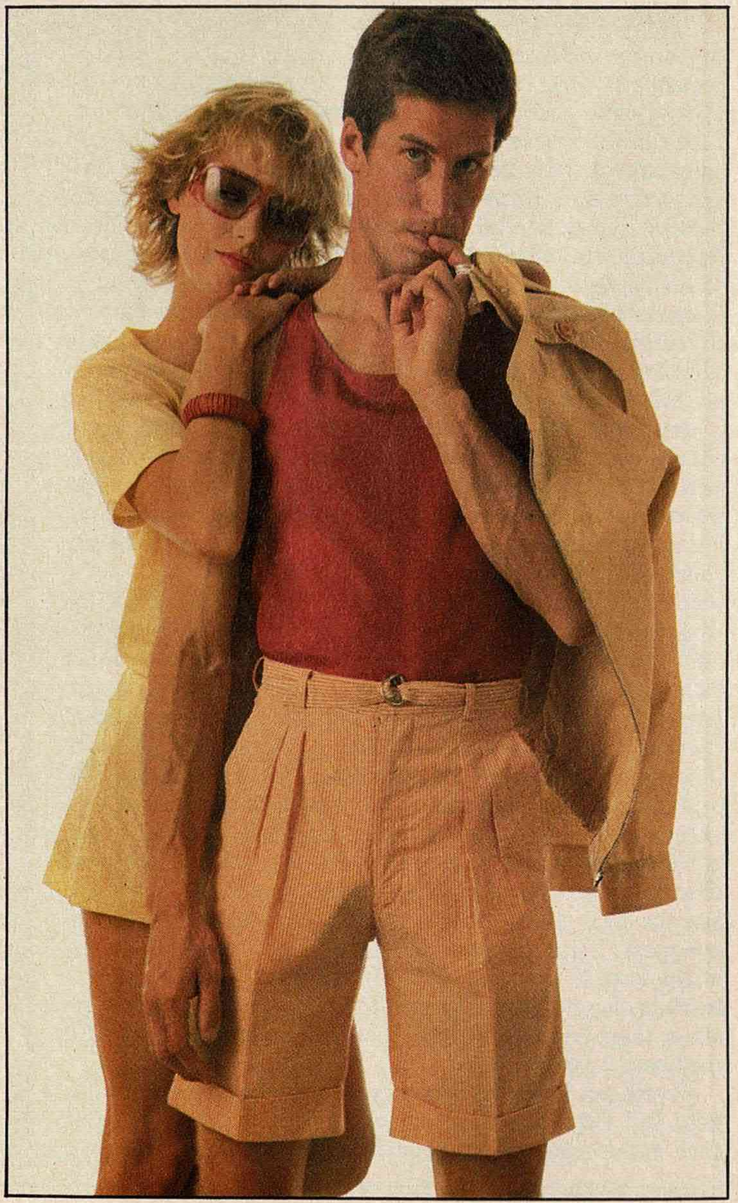
ABOVE: He's raring to go in his red polyester shorts by Sax Altman ($32) and Ron Bennett shirt. She's wearing his Sax Altman jacket ($150) over a Sportsgirl T-shirt. (Jacket and the shorts are conveniently wash and wear).

STOCKISTS

Gary Smith — Gary Smith, Elizabeth Street, Paddington, Sydney; If, Canberra; Fantales Brisbane; Vanilla, Melbourne; Ketch, Perth.
Sportsgirl — Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Surfers Paradise and Adelaide.
Optyl — available from department stores, pharmacies and optical dispensers around Australia.
Lakiss — Clifford Gordon, Royal Arcade, Sydney; L'Uomo, Double Bay, NSW; Rendina Moda, Melbourne; Rogue's, Brisbane; Jake's Jeanery, Noosa Heads; Lorenzini, Adelaide; Zaks, Perth.
Sax Altman — available from select menswear stores throughout Australia.
Peter Metchev — Grace Bros stores, Sydney; Bobbles, Melbourne.
All prices listed are approximate.



BELOW: Ready for anything in his striped seersucker shorts with self-belt ($45); red silk singlet ($40) both by Lakiss and sailcloth battle jacket from Ron Bennett, Sydney. Her T-shirt ($9) and jewellery from Sportsgirl. Shades from Optyl Playboy range.



YOUR SEXUAL HOROSCOPE

CAPRICORN

AS THE goat charges into a new year it is evident that the stars which have governed things of late are about to plot a radical change of direction. Off comes the monk's habit to reveal a billy bunter obsessed with the pursuit of making up for lost time. All those dormant fantasies will leap from the closet to expose themselves to your more than receptive quarry. The love scene looks adorned with more opportunity than even your imaginative little mind can grasp, so be certain that your accustomed reticence is pushed to the rear.

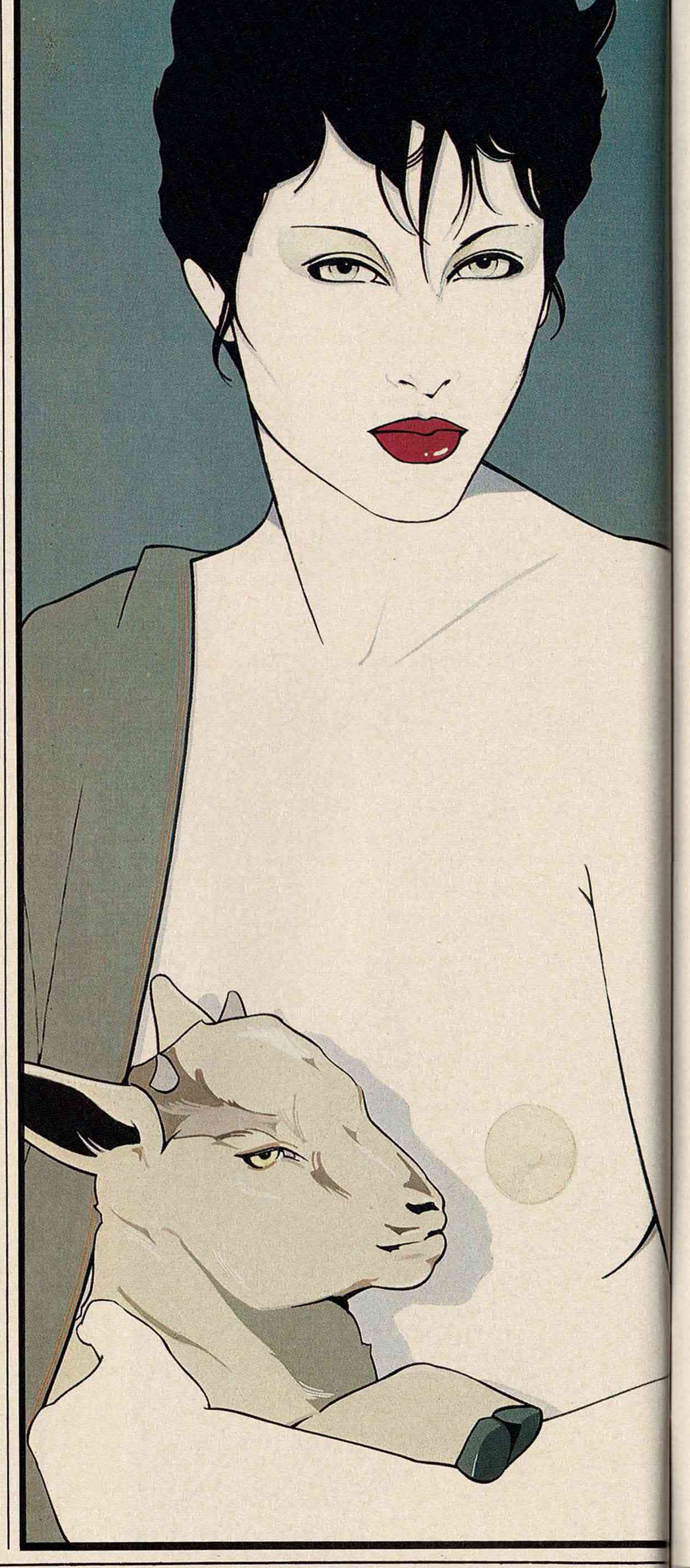
May and September, those important months for a change of season, will find you right in season to promote your cause for making up for lost time. Nannies will not be abundant but the openings to explore the cravings of your erotic mind with the most select of partners will guarantee some return for all that misspent lust. You must remember that, unlike the postal service, speed is not essential. Endurance and regularity are the items which will do wonders for your personal esteem and your relationship with a primo piece of womanhood.

The year's first quarter will provide confusion as far as continuity is concerned. If you can come to grips with the realisation that random selection is all part of nature's divine plan, you'll be more than satisfied with your lot. Like rent increases, your sexual lows will arrive when you least expect. It is wise to put the droughts and gluts into proportion and balance the odds over the year. You'll find that you've spent the better part of the time in the pink. Naturally, the goat's stubborn nature will prompt displays of displeasure when you lose the company of your most rewarding partners but deep down you won't be too concerned by names or faces, providing you've been satisfied. To avoid creating the wrong impression, you'll need to curb the more volatile side of your nature.

June and July are good months for the goat to make a charge on the profit end of business activities. A head-down-tail-up approach will generate financial reward providing you are careful to pay proper attention to your human relationships. Abstinence might have suited your cloistered needs of last year but from now on it must remain strictly in the past.

Unfortunately, it won't be your fault that the supply will taper off toward the end of the year. The obvious question will arise as you strive to gain a hold on the situation. Am I losing my grip? Take hold of yourself, man. By then you will have realised that it will take you all night to do what you once did all night. And therein lies the problem — you still might be young in years, but the excesses of the past months will have reduced your performance rating to granddaddy goat levels. Rest and the right diet will restore your strength and faith in time to see the year out from the peak of the hillock of sexual conquest. This vantage point will offer a retrospective view of the year so that you can tally the score. On the old one-to-10 basis you'll be surprised to find that there were more sixes than fours in a total that will keep you clear of a mediocrity rating.

It will not be a year of unsurpassed achievement for the goat but Capricornians can take solace in the knowledge that endurance and longevity do have their advantages.



THIS MONTH

the new year will herald a sexual free-for-all, but you must choose your playmate with care

by arthur bowman

Illustration by Pat Nagel

AQUARIUS

Mars the activator is passing through your sign this month, meaning that the water bearer will experience many steamy nights of high pressure and intermittent drizzle. A bout of loin-locking toward the end of the month will be all you expected, and more — just be careful that the "more" is not a dangerously-enraged husband intent on destroying your irrigation system and showing that stars can be seen at any time of the day or night.

PISCES

No fool can tool the school and then expect his energy not to be diminished. Give it a rest before your plummeting libido sinks your reputation along with it. It's fine to flounder in the licentious season but you'll find the lines of wear will soon appear in your scaly hide. If that puts you out of your sexual depth, avoid promises you cannot keep and hone your gaff for the sweet lips that will be swimming your way toward the end of the month.

ARIES

Your mutton mallet will be doing a good deal of hammering over the forthcoming weeks. Mars in your angle of friends and associates suggests that the majority of your humping will be with or through friends. But late in the month you will encounter a temptress who could land you in the lamb's frying pan. It's likely she'll be a Capricornian, and you'd be well-advised to listen to those of your friends who want to separate the sheep from the goat.

TAURUS

With the stars you have this month, you'll need all the stamina for which the bull is famous. Yes, there's a distinct chance your excesses will temporarily reduce you to a short-horn if you don't watch out. The latter part of the month sees you having to choose between a heifer with a delectable rump and one well-endowed in the mammary department. But don't think you have an easy out if you opt for six of one and half a dozen of the udder.

GEMINI

Those born under the sign of the twins may find that this is not a good month for coupling. Venus leaves the angle affecting your partnerships on the 13th, so get in for your chop well before then and don't be too choosy — ignore the flaws and go for the cracks. Talking of cracking, you may meet a female who's into whips and spurs on the weekend of the 10th-11th so, unless you're fond of acquiring scar tissue, it would be as well to give her a wide berth.

CANCER

Space on the beach is at a premium during the month of January, but the crab's appetite for tit bits should help you find a comfortable niche into which to crawl. Be warned against taking after-dark risks on or around the second weekend in January when the incoming tide of fate might drown your beach party. The 12th will offer a change of sexual menu so tie on your bib and tuck right in, being careful not to get caught clam-jumping with someone else's shellfish.

LEO

We all know that the lion has a fertile imagination which makes for exotic love-making. But this month you may liaise with someone who is fertile in a totally different way. Think what this would do to your finances. Delicately quiz all lovers about contraception before going in for the plunge. This danger aside, however, it's a good month for Leo lovers, because they are likely to find themselves being positively lionised by hordes of females.

VIRGO

After a monastic December, you will start January with a bang and keep the old blue-veined baton pulsing away during the first three weeks of the month. There's a distinct danger of picking up something on the Australia Day weekend — something which requires a visit to your medico and a course of penicillin. With the risk of putting you off Cancerians, who seldom pass on anything more harmful than crabs, someone born under this sign may be the donor.

LIBRA

Like slices out of the toaster they'll be popping up in pairs this month and if you're smart enough you'll grab a handful if only to test your crazier sexual preferences. The old adage that one missed is one that got away will apply double this month because you're destined to be picking them up in pairs. It might prove a little tiring but if you can stand the pace you'll find that two-up is a great way of balancing the scales as well as your bedroom budget.

SCORPIO

Hot days and steamy January nights put the Scorpion on the prowl and in great demand. The entertainment circuit provides the chance to unguard your barb, but if you choose the neighborhood barbecue and your best friend's lady, you must expect to land in the fire if you get caught. The latter part of the month offers better breaks to test the potency of your stinger in the domain of that unattached bundle of talent residing nearby. It will be worth it.

SAGITTARIUS

Better sharpen up that shaft of yours if you intend to show that the archer is not all talk. Venus, planet of love, is putting quivers in the right places, but you must get your act together. You will meet one or two passionate Cancerians, and while crustaceous copulation will ensue if you aim your arrow properly, don't depend on anything permanent coming up and keeping you in seafood. There's a possibility of a good romp with a Capricornian.

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MA4415

BULLISH IN A CHINA SHOP

Playboy's Pipeline

THERE ARE lots of people nowadays vying for your hard-earned cash, offering the nerve-jangling rewards of the stock exchange, the stolid benefits of the building society or the glitter of precious metals.

But, according to a recent visitor to Australia, Michael Doulton, fifth generation descendant of the founder of Royal Doulton, all else pales as an investment beside high-quality porcelain. In the past 10 years porcelain has been greatly undervalued and he quoted a piece made in 1936 for $2 selling recently at auction for $8500. Old china is rising by at least 20 percent a year and, in some instances, more.

From the start of this century vast amounts of china were shipped to Australia as there was no large demand in the United Kingdom. The big department stores snapped them up and, in turn, an eager public hastened to buy, making this country one of the foremost for collectors in the world. In particular, character jugs are now keenly sought after even though most were made from 1934 onwards. One, " 'Ard of Hearing", which was made from 1964 till 1967 and sold for $18.50, is now fetching up to $1250.

There are two basic types of porcelain — hard paste and soft paste. Most of the porcelain made in Europe is of the hard paste variety, similar to that made by the Chinese as early as the T'ang dynasty which began in AD618. It is composed of kaolin or China clay and China stone which, when fired at a high temperature, form an extremely hard and translucent material.

The recipe for this particular china remained a carefully-guarded secret of the Chinese until 1708 when it was solved by Johann Bottger of Meissen in Saxony. Two years later the Elector of Saxony, Augustus, set up a factory which soon became the envy of Europe.

About 1720 Meissen introduced marks for his porcelain which were inscribed on the base of each piece, the most common being a crossed swords motif.

During the Seven Years' War, Frederick the Great took over the factory and shipped the moulds and some of the best pieces to Potsdam. Meissen porcelain never again enjoyed the same reputation and, after 1814, with a decided decline in standards, the pieces were referred to as Dresden china. Meissen pieces are now, of course, extremely expensive, but Dresden is still obtainable at a reasonable price.

Meanwhile, in France, potters were also trying to crack the secret of hard paste porcelain and in 1769 workers at the Sevres finally made a breakthrough. To this day the factory has a reputation for fine work. It was at Sevres that the idea of plaques originated and they were used to adorn furniture and clocks as well as being used as ornaments.

Research into the manufacture of hard paste porcelain was also being pursued in Britain and, in 1768, William Cooksworthy produced some examples at Plymouth. For the remainder of the century this factory and another at Bristol made this type of china.

What this all means is that, if you go in for collecting fine china, there is a vast range available, from figurines, plates and ornaments to plaques and household ware. Whatever your budget, there is sure to be a slot. Obviously an early Meissen figure would cost too much for most people, and is almost impossible to obtain, but whatever you settle on it is sure to appreciate in value. From the Doulton range, Matador and Bull has jumped from $7500 in 1977 to a current $13,144 and Old Balloon Seller from $87.50 to $199.50.

In the Victorian era there was a great upsurge in the manufacture of porcelain and pottery. Some of it was original, but many were reproductions of famous pieces difficult to distinguish from the original.

This then is one of the pitfalls. Many factories used marks designed to look like the crossed swords of the Meissen. Many initials and numerals found on porcelain are no help in identifying the place or time of manufacture, merely the mark of a workman for factory record purposes, pattern or mould numbers.

If you are looking for antique porcelain, the best mark to accept is one that has been imposed or stamped into the paste before firing and subsequent glazing. The most widely-used method during the 18th century was painting or printing in underglaze blue which is generally accepted as authentic, but all painting, printing or stencilled marks applied over the glaze could be there to deceive. German porcelain of the period lent itself to forgery as the material from which it was made is still available and thousands of reproductions have been made.

But, before you charge off to put your money on the plate, make sure you know what you are looking for.

There are plenty of books on the subject and it is well to know the marks of the more distinguished potteries before you start your explorations. Besides, think how impressive it could be turning over a china object and idly saying who made it and when. And of course, if you know your subject you can snap up bargains at the fete or flea market.

— JOHN COCKERILL

FIERY PHASE 5

when ford introduced the falcon gt-ho, it set our motoring industry on a new course. now a private manufacturer has taken up the grand turismo cause

AT ALMOST exactly 10.40am on Sunday October 5, a new phenomenon was discovered — the Running Rock. The history of motoring has recorded many examples of rocks which have suddenly leapt out in front of speeding motorists, but this was the first one actually sighted and documented by independent sources.

According to normally reliable sources, this particular Running Rock dug itself up out of its burrow on a "hillside" near Bathurst, NSW, bounded down a slope, and hurled itself in the path of the Dick Johnson "Phase" Falcon — the car which seemingly was invested with the sole responsibility of settling the Commodore-Falcon supremacy argument at the Hardie-Ferodo 1000 at Bathurst, 1980.

This bizarre anti-climax to one of Australia's great motor races robbed a hungry public of the opportunity to settle their bets in a fair and forthright manner. The Great Debate is: which is superior, the Brock Commodore or the Phase Five Falcon? PLAYBOY can't settle that question in terms of motor sport competition. But we are uniquely placed to give you the first comparison of the road machines — on the strip and on the street.

First, let us take you back to the beginning of the story.

•

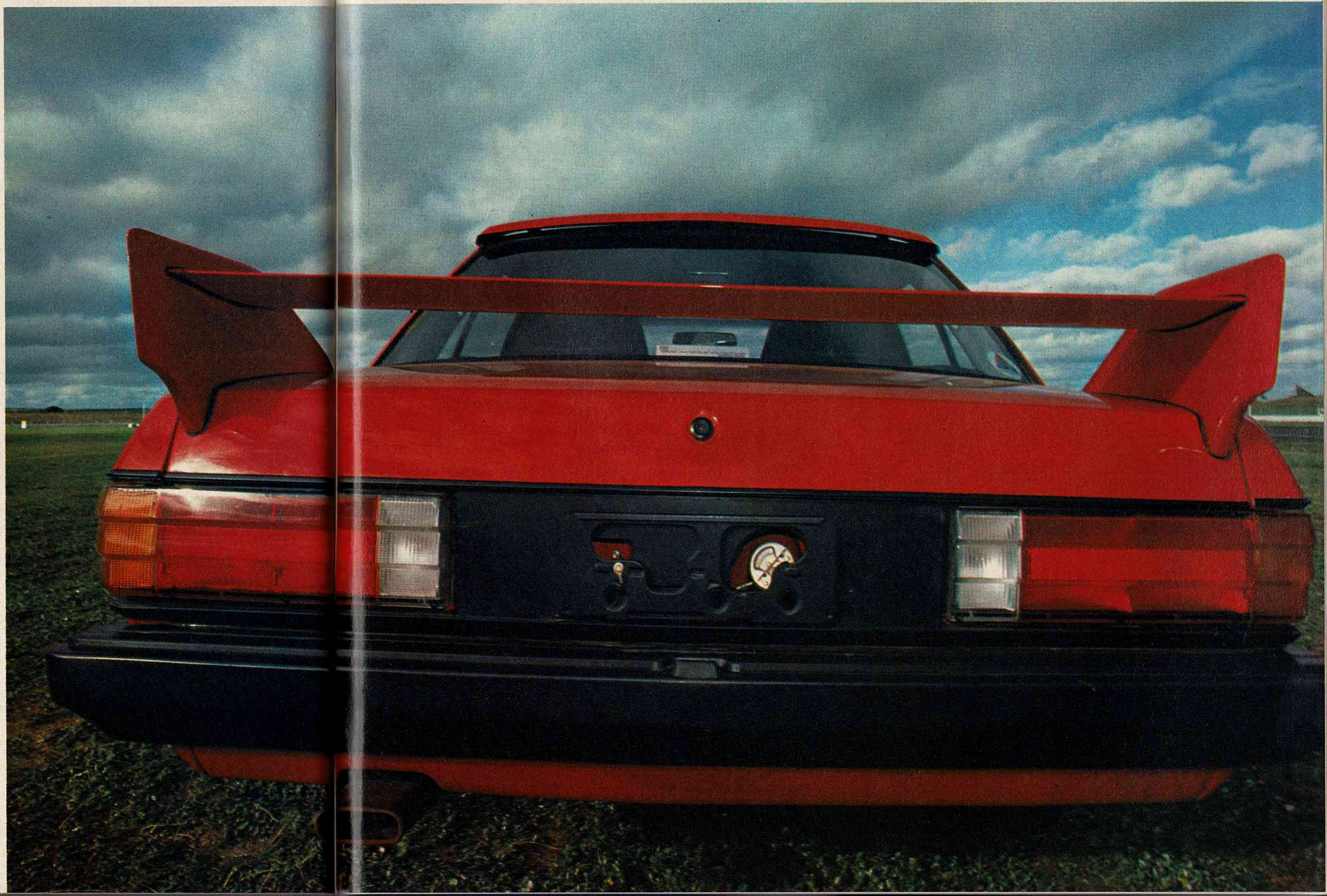
The old house looked deserted when I walked up the drive. The penthouse studio apartment up the side stairs was empty save for some cardboard cartons, painters' dropsheets and trestles. And Jack Telnack, who stood on a trestle at the far end of the white freshly-painted room. It was an ideal location for a clandestine, Watergate-style disclosure. And in a way, what "Deep Throat" Telnack had to say to me that day was as important to the Australian motor industry as Bernstein/Woodward's uncoverings of American presidential intrigue was to the US political scene.

This was 1965. The Ford Motor Company was still cruising around the sales charts in neutral, looking for a foothold. A succession of engineering and styling disasters had contrived to keep Holden outselling Ford by probably five to one.

And 1965 was the year Ford secretly declared war on The General. It imported a team of young Detroit lions, and invested them with the control of the key departments of Ford Australia. One area was styling. And the man with the magic pen was Jack Telnack. When I met Telnack in that unlikely setting in Melbourne's South Yarra, he had just completed a successful rework of the Mustangs which swept Ford to market success in the States.

"We're going to hit the youth market," he said. "That's where the

Story and photography by Rob Luck



action is. Wait and see. Australia is going to get its first proper Grand Touring car, and Ford is going to build it."

Two years later journalists saw a race-track preview of the first Falcon GT — Australia's own muscle-car. The beast humped a 289 V8 motor with sporting suspension and luxury specifications.

Nothing in motoring or motor racing would be the same again.

In mid-'69, hot on the heels of the newest Falcon GT, came the Phase One GT HO. It was aimed at Bathurst (which it missed due to engine failure).

The Phase Two hit the market in 1970 and Allan Moffat swung it to victory at Bathurst that year. Moffat mounted the Phase Three version in 1971 and doubled up in victory lane.

In the marketplace, Ford was having a field day. The youth market had been won. Ford, projecting a race-winning image, was racing up the sales charts as well. It was the beginning of a bright new era . . .

Until the supercar sensation eventually hit the political scene and the wowsers, objecting to such high-speed road monsters, cried halt. It happened faster than a speeding GT and caught Ford preparing to release its Phase Four — the traditional "bigger, better, brighter" deal — in mid-1972. Ford read the danger signs right and the Phase Four never saw the light of day.

•

It has taken eight years for a comparable road monster to roll off the production line. And, unlike the first three Phase Falcons, this new Phase Five is not the brainchild of Ford Motor Company. They long ago lost interest in the motor racing muscle cars, having withdrawn their name from the sport in 1974.

The project was kicked-off by one of their major specialist component suppliers — Bob McWilliam, who built all the Cobra spoilers (1978/79) and who floated-off Phase Autos to revive the Phase Five.

In the in-and-out intrigue of the motor industry, McWilliam manipulated the pieces of the puzzle to put together a one-man behind-the-scenes Supercar revolution.

McWilliam wanted to market through Ford dealers, but Ford wouldn't rubber-stamp that project. And he wanted to test-market the car through dealers to gauge public response. No go.

In the end he built his own promotion package on motor racing. The wheel flares came first — since there was a big demand in touring car racing, and McWilliam had an ally in Murray Carter, the grand old man of touring car racing.

The first Phase Five was barely out of the workshop when I got behind the wheel for a shakedown blast near the Victorian factory. It was a real animal. An early 1970 Supercar with 1985 specifications. A great thundering beast with outrageous cosmetics and a rather violent nature, it could be hurtled down straights at 200km/h, slashed through open sweepers at 170km/h while holding opposite turn on the wheel. Yet it steered effortlessly and behaved like a kitten in the traffic.

That preview run was an exclusive to me. A few months later I got a full test of the final production car — exclusive to PLAYBOY readers.

By now Bob McWilliam and Phase Autos were firing. The orders were floating in from remote corners of the country.

McWilliam brought along a hutch of Phase Fives to be tested by a PLAYBOY editorial team. There was the original silver car with its centreline mags and "geranium stand" rear deck spoiler. And a new maroon car, with the more subdued flares and spoiler kit, and new production equipment — wheels, tyres, interior, the lot.

We trucked on out to Melbourne's Calder Raceway where the efficient management had arranged suitable circuit time. The boys from Wild-Leitz were there with their computerised optical test equipment, which was vital to producing "instant" figures.

Standing-start acceleration proved a real hassle on the bitumen-bonded gravel road surface and acceleration times suffered. Nevertheless, the big Falcon churned out an average nine second run to 100km/h, under four second runs at the zero-60km/h mark and mid-16 second quarters.

At least as good as the Brock Special, although this number packed a four-speed box and the Brock car we tested (PLAYBOY December) ran a three-speed automatic. But the Falcon proved a real wailer at the top end, averaging 195km/h against a head-wind, and charging up to "the ton" (160km/h) in less than 25 seconds from a stop-start.

On the track, the vehicle was masterful. It sat squat and cornered flat — courtesy of the Simmons 15 x 7 wheels and Goodyear TA radials all round, the Bilstein shockers, sports suspension springs and stiff stabilisers. The car could be set-up in big power slides in the tight corners, drifting across the apex, sliding tail-out on exit before setting up for the next tweak.

The ideal cockpit set-up made this a cinch. The standard Recaro seats completely neutralised the lurching G-forces. The sports steerer was sized right for leverage, but small enough to cross-arm quickly, and still unfold rapidly for opposite-lock situations.

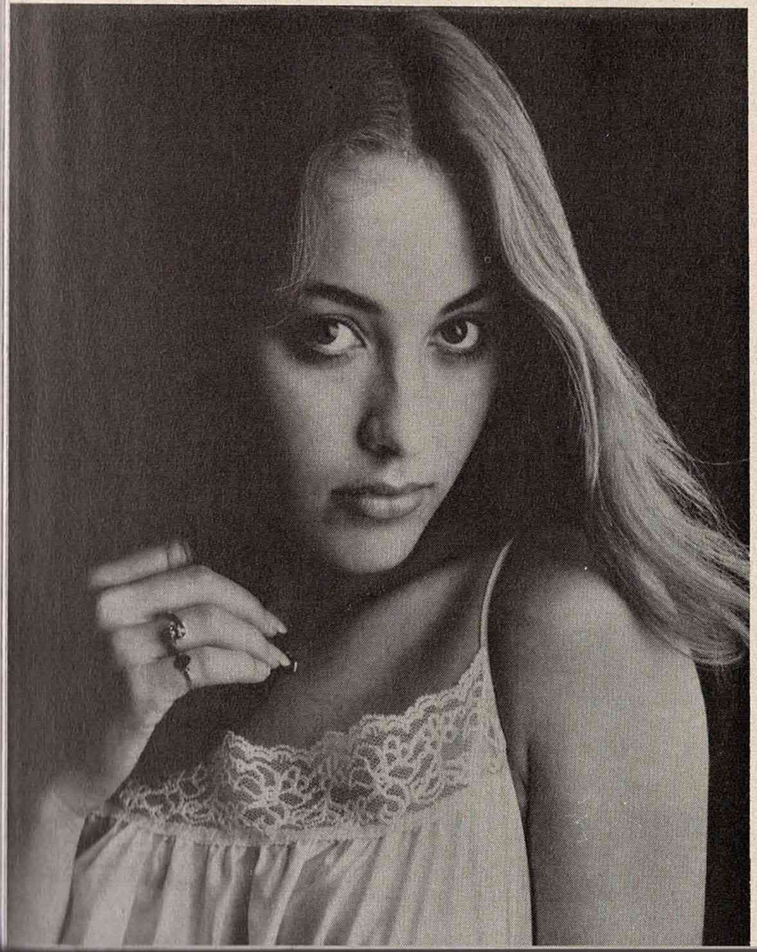
The result was a 56-second lap on the third attempt. Easy. The car was at least as quick as the Brock Commodore.

Bob McWilliam's Phase Autos have put together what seems to be a thoroughly professional merchandising package. A cleverly-geared series of option packs covers a staggered price range from around $1700 to around $9500 — so in effect you can buy a Phase Five ranging in price from $9000 to $22,000.

The packs are thoughtfully worked out and can be applied to the GL and Fairmont S Packs, and the ESP and Ghia models (with four-wheel disc brakes) which also run a good deal of other sports equipment.

The topliner (as tested) is the Ghia Phase Five — an all-in fully-optioned luxury Grand Tourer which adds around $9500 to the price of a Ghia.

This is the Big Number around $22,000 all-up and at the performance and price probably rates as the number one road-going locally-built Grand Turismo.



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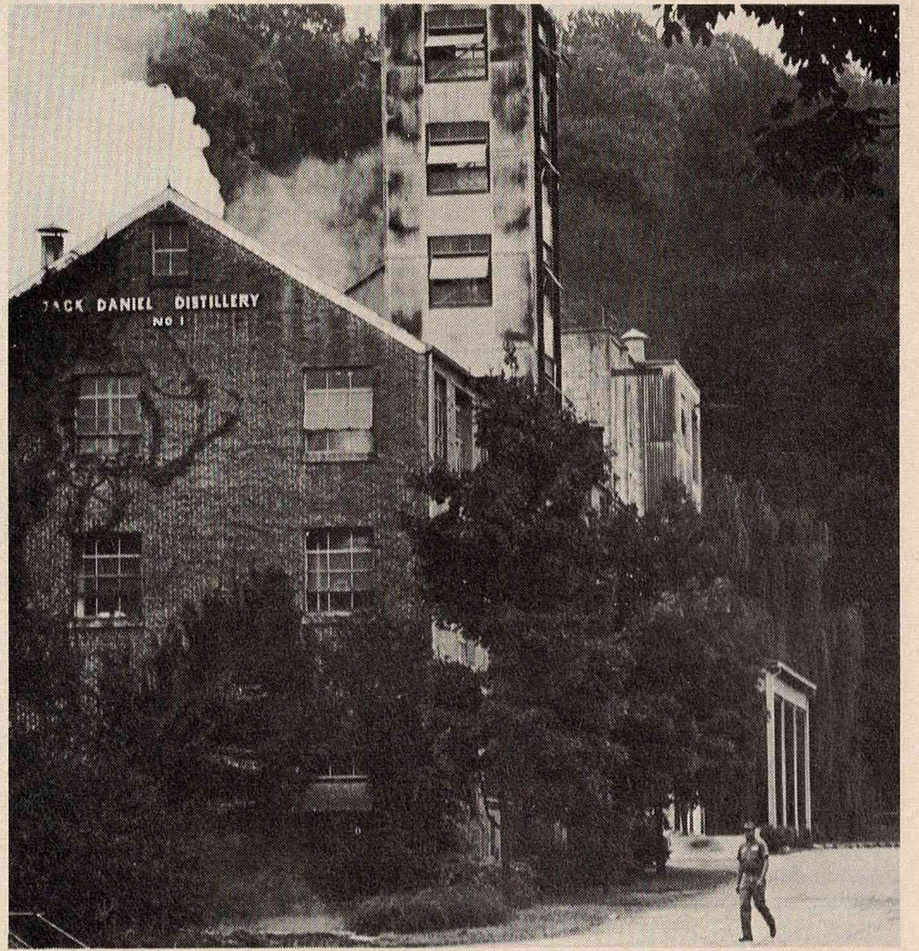

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MOVIES

two more oz films add to the nation's reputation as the industry's comer

BRUCE BERESFORD is turning out close to two movies a year, and like all good creative artists who are too busy, too sought after, and too willing to try anything once, his output is dangerously uneven. I'm reminded of the *Dad and Dave* character who propositioned every woman he met in the street; in spite of plenty of knockbacks, he was still able to score quite often. *Breaker Morant* was without doubt one of Mr Beresford's hits; **The Club**, sadly, is not. Drawn from one of David Williamson's more superficial plays, it never quite succeeds as comedy or as a serious study of organisational power. The entire movie is so blatantly conceived as a money-spinner that any subtleties below the surface of Mr Williamson's original work are even more carefully concealed in his version for the screen.

As I recall the 1977 production at Sydney's Nimrod Theatre, the play left a sharp aftertaste of cynicism, ending on a note of wry exasperation with the foibles of ocker middle-management. The movie ends with a footy grand final; we are asked to stamp our feet and celebrate the Magpies' first premiership victory for 19 years. These aren't unworthy emotions, as any Collingwood supporter will tell you, but they hardly provide much insight into the manners of contemporary society. And that's what we pay playwrights to give us.

Let's not be sanctimonious about it: the movie is energetic and entertaining enough, but it skirts some harsh truths in the interests of box-office security. No one is going to be offended by *The Club*. The people most likely to have hated the original play for its neat but muted comments on phoney mateship, corporate thuggery and yahooism in general are probably those who will most enjoy the movie. The publicity even quotes a eulogy for the film from Lou Richards, a hero-figure of the Victorian footy establishment: "*The Club* is about the hangers-on, the end of loyalty, the coming of professionalism, big business and massive transfer fees . . . There is more sting in some of the lines than in all the backstabbing at a social club bar on a Saturday night." Well, maybe. But is it churlish to suggest that if there really *were* a sting in the lines the last person likely to applaud would be Mr Richards himself?

As it is, in spite of Mr Williamson's mastery of a certain kind of Oz vernacular, there is a tendency in the screenplay for energy to be replaced by stridency and satirical punch by four-letter words. What is the play trying to say? That professional football administrators are ruthless and manipulative? Perhaps. That the old guard in any organisational shakeup will fight to survive? That in any group of men there are conflicts of will and ambition? So what else is new? A really sharp and witty screenplay would have offered us something more than a conflict between stereotyped characters. And stereotyped they are: the two-timing club manager (Alan Cassell) playing both sides against the middle; the bullying but worried coach (Jack Thompson) with a string of dud seasons behind him; the vindictive, narrow-minded ex-president (Frank Wilson); the highly paid young recruit (John Howard) who recovers his shaky prowess just in time to help the team to the grand final. Mr Williamson is a fine playwright, but it's doubtful if he's given us a more shallow or more predictable lineup than this. The Graham Kennedy character — the arrogant club president finally isolated and ousted by his fellow members — is not just a businessman but a manufacturer of meat pies. Symbolic, I guess, of something deep-rooted in the Melbourne footy ethos, but more likely a symptom of the blatancy and over-emphasis that are Mr Williamson's besetting sins. The footy sequences (filmed at an actual grand final) are as good as anything you'll see on TV and almost worth the price of admission. As for Mr Kennedy, I like him better on the smaller screen; try as he will in dramatic roles (and try he certainly does), he always leaves the impression that serious acting is a bit of a lark, and in this case his attitude is probably justified.

The Club is the film version of the successful David Williamson stage play and stars, above left to right, Jack Thompson, Alan Cassell, Frank Wilson. Right, Judy Morris in *Maybe This Time.*

•

I'm not sure whether Maurice Murphy's **Fatty Finn** is meant to be a kids' film or an affectionate exploitation of adult nostalgia. Fatty — let me be honest about it — was never my favorite boyhood comic; I always got around to him on late Sunday after Ginger Meggs, Blondie, Felix, the Katzenjammer Kids and even (in later years), the Potts. Sid Nicholls' tubby prankster was too cloying and whimsical a character for my taste, with an air of suffocating suburban "niceness" all too reminiscent of the middle-class values from which most youthful readers were secretly longing to escape. Fatty was the straight version of Ginger Meggs, without the charm and zest that Bancks brought to his gallery of pugnacious urchins in their preposterous Edwardian garb. Bancks, moreover, had rare gifts as a draughtsman: the surreal perspectives of his streets and alleys, his Daliesque distortions of everyday childhood objects (Ginger's huge Mum was the strip's dominant and distinctive image) lent a marvellous, inimitable vitality to Ginger's world. It puzzles me that the shrewd Bob Ellis, credited with the original "concept" for the movie, didn't opt for the better-known and more popular Meggsie (something to do with rights?) instead of the tasteful, insipid Fatty.

But never mind. It's unlikely that young audiences, at which the film is at least partially targeted, will remember much, if anything, of the original comic, and what the movie lacks in authentic Fatty flavor it more than makes up in professional pace and polish. Fatty's hero is Don Bradman (there's just a chance that today's young audiences will remember the Don), and the story turns on Fatty's efforts to raise the money for a crystal set to listen to the Tests. There's real '30s nostalgia for you! Hazards and misadventures include brawls with "Bruiser" Murphy, unfortunate encounters with Constable Claffey (representing stern but benevolent law and order), goat cart races, frog jumping contests and a very funny assignment in Sydney's underworld (Lorraine Bayly does a brief, flamboyant turn as Maggi McGrath, "queen of crime"). Young Ben Oxenbould may be too winsome for Fatty. Indeed, the whole teeming, youthful and genuinely exuberant cast looks fractionally too clean and well-mannered for the backstreets of Sydney's Depression years: one looked for more bruised knees, scabby shins, tatty haircuts. But everyone has enormous fun, and the tawdry tenements of Sydney's Glebe provide superb, ready-made backgrounds for the antics. Bert Newton is surprisingly good as Fatty's nasty, scheming Dad, and some excellent actors (Peter Carroll, Frank Wilson, Gerard Kennedy and Judi Farr among them) relish their smaller adult roles without managing to suggest, as so many leading actors in kids' films often do, that the whole thing is slightly beneath them. I had qualms when Tony Llewellyn-Jones, a dunny-cart man stung by a sniper's shanghai, tips a can of realistic turds over someone's backyard fence. None of the youngsters at the preview screening seemed to take offence at this somewhat gratuitous example of the special effects man's ingenuity. One assumes that yet another screen taboo has fallen at last. — EVAN WILLIAMS

•

Maybe This Time may be called "a woman's picture", the Australian movie industry's most recent entry in the female liberation/self actualisation stakes, and although this is an accolade of sorts, it may severely hamper its prospective commercial future. Which seems a shame, for many reasons, the most important of which is that the picture should be compulsory viewing for every male past the age of 14. Each of its 96 minutes reveals nuance upon nuance — in a never moralising, nondidactic pattern — of the curious love-hate emotions engendered in contemporary single women toward the opposite sex.

Judy Morris, as Fran Jarrett, a university research assistant in Sydney, offers the observer a brilliantly understated glimpse of the life of a young woman of our time, enjoying her independence while at the same time desirous of having a satisfying, equal relationship with a man. She is, as she says, "only looking for a place in history". A very personal history, to be sure, but the only one that a person can validly aspire to today.

Frustrated at every turn — an older woman friend accuses her of being greedy, her mother disapproves of what to her appears to be her daughter's promiscuity, every man in her life treats her as a toy in his own fantasy — Fran nevertheless continues to seek the answer to the modern woman's dilemma of creating a valid identity. That she wants to be a friend to her male acquaintances, and an intellectual equal, that she wants what is best for her but never at the expense of using those around her, that she never asks for help — these premises are all seen to be unreasonable and unrealistic, making the film as bittersweet and complex as is real life at the end of the 20th century.

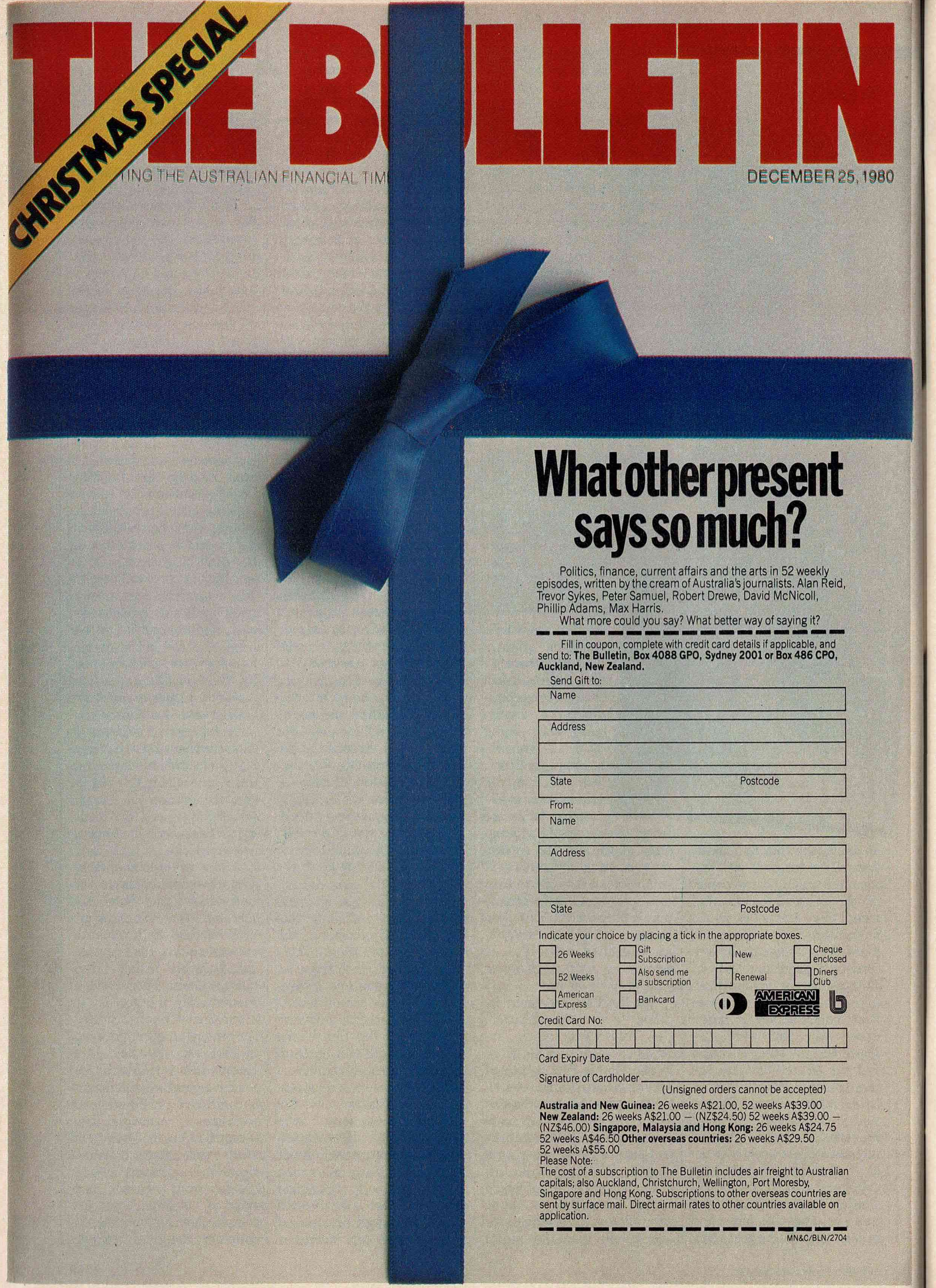
Created by the husband and wife team of Bob Ellis and Anne Brooksbank, the screenplay of *Maybe This Time* abounds with those insights that one has always felt but never verbalised — they sound right, they are convincing. The film is the first full-length feature from director Chris McGill who has established a strong reputation in Australia for his documentaries and television dramas. Here he exposes an intuitive, direct approach to his craft which is reinforced by the lucid cinematography of Russell Boyd, who was director of photography on *Picnic at Hanging Rock* and *Last Wave. Maybe This Time* is a sensitive, beautiful film that deserves recognition, both critical and commercial, for its accurate portrayal of one woman's search for her own history. — KAREN HAMMIAL

•

Don't be misled by the fact that Erich Segal, who profiteered so shamelessly from his wispy novel called *Love Story* almost a decade ago, had a big hand in the story and script of **A Change of Seasons**, a beguiling new film from 20th Century-Fox. And also don't be deceived by the other names on the credits — Henry Mancini (music) and Bo Derek (you know what). *A Change of Seasons* is no flimsy romantic comedy nor, like *10*, a mere display case for Miss Derek's undeniable talents (despite a long pre-credit sequence which has her frolicking naked in a heated spa). It would be going too far to say that Bo proves herself a fine actress or even a fairly good actress. But she is well cast, she doesn't forget her lines, and she is the perfect foil for two performances by Shirley MacLaine and Anthony Hopkins which are little short of brilliant.

A *Change of Seasons* is entertainment of the best kind—shrewd, modern, funny — and ultimately, in its sad recognition of human vulnerability and loneliness, more than a little disturbing in its message.

For a while it shapes up as a more sophisticated version of *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice.* Four people with marital and romantic entanglements take a vacation together. Adam (Hopkins), 40ish, bespectacled, romantically intellectual, is a university English professor having an affair with one of his students (Bo). Wife Karen (Shirley MacLaine) finds out, and when husband and girlfriend head off for a weekend in Montreal, she promptly begins her own affair with Pete (Michael Brandon), a younger man on the run from a broken marriage of his own. There are complications involving the couple's daughter, Kasey



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(Mary Beth Hurt), who is having trouble with her boyfriend, and also with Bo's wealthy father (Ed Winter), who is attracted to Karen. All the ingredients, you'll notice, for a bedroom farce, and for much of the film that is more or less what we get, but it is a farce with a strangely unnerving authenticity. The events seem not only natural but inevitable, and director Richard Lang (whose only other feature, *Mountain Men,* has yet to come to Australia) balances the film's mood adroitly between comedy, pathos and genuine sorrow.

Hopkins, who had his training in classical English theatre, proves himself quite simply to be among the very best actors in the world. Adam is a complex portrait: genuinely infatuated with his mistress, loving and caring toward his wife, charming and sensitive, but basically selfish, cowardly, even callous in his relationships with the two women. It's a difficult role to bring off, because Adam's words are always at odds with his feelings. In a restaurant with Bo, he professes his love while nervously watching the couple at the next table. His shock at discovering his wife's affair quickly gives way to sulky acceptance: Pete, after all, is no threat to his marriage, and he can afford to be contemptuous of his wife's flirtation and at the same time indifferent to his girlfriend's love. As for Shirley MacLaine, she gets better with every film. As the hurt wife, surprised by a still potent capacity for sexual enjoyment, she gives a captivating portrayal of a woman caught in a conflict of loyalties, who remains loving, humorous and compassionate, and who never gives way to vindictiveness or humiliation.

At the preview screening, I heard at least one woman in the audience exulting at Adam's final comeuppance (which takes a devastating and unexpected form), and certainly the movie will appeal to any woman with a grudge against a faithless mate or, for that matter, against men in general. For anyone trapped in a lonely or loveless marriage, the ending will offer the same cathartic exhilaration as *The Goodbye Girl* or Jill Clayburgh's final table-turning triumph in *An Unmarried Woman.* When Shirley MacLaine makes the final decision about her marriage and her future — in a restaurant meeting which parallels the earlier scene with her husband and his mistress — the emotional tension is as crisp as anything I have seen in an American comedy of manners. What rescues the film from triviality and schmaltz is its serious attention to the moral uncertainties of its characters and the rigorous values it affirms for any relationship — in marriage, or outside it.

— EVAN WILLIAMS

•

The willing suspension of disbelief may be advisable, if not essential, for moviegoers willing to surrender to **The Blue Lagoon.** Although late-Victorian novels (this one was first published in 1908) about a couple of dewy innocents marooned on a desert island seem a bit quaint today, romance is back — bigger than ever — and producer-director Randal Kleiser definitely knows it .In *The Blue Lagoon,* Kleiser has fashioned a breath-taking idyll of young love, with the birds and the bees and Brooke Shields to sum up that first head-long rapture. Opposite Brooke, who is unbelievably beautiful and becoming a better actress as she gets older, there's young Christopher Atkins, a blond teenaged Adonis, as her kissing cousin who grows up to a more intimate relationship after they are shipwrecked together in childhood. Now that I've given you points to prove I'm not bilked into mistaking *Blue Lagoon* for an important work of art, I'll confess I enjoyed every minute of it. One of moviedom's greatest cinematographers, Nestor Almendros (a favorite of Truffaut), went along to Fiji and came back with some definitive tropical-paradise footage that may well persuade people to trade their dreams for a ticket to the South Seas. This movie is a trip in more ways than that, however. As the isolated young lovers begin to learn about their bodies, via menstruation and masturbation, it's also rather titillating in a tasteful way, with enough nakedness — underwater, ashore, full frontal and side view — to constitute a controversy. Nuder of the duo is Chris, who's beyond the age of kiddie porn and looms as a better bet for stardom than poor Donald Houston. Donald who? That's the actor who has courted anonymity more successfully than he courted Jean Simmons in the first version of *Blue Lagoon,* which was made in 1949. Kleiser's modern version carries an NRC rating, which is illogical but perhaps inevitable, and maybe it's as good as money in the bank, since it promises abundant skin and sin. In fact, what *Lagoon* delivers is innocence, beauty, a healthy baby boy, jungle adventure, birds of paradise, tropical fish and exquisite nature photography that does not exclude the joys of sex.

Brooke Shields comes of age in *The Blue Lagoon* when she's marooned on a tropical island with Christopher Atkins.

•

Since her phenomenal film debut in *The Rose,* Bette Midler has had me hooked. **Divine Madness,** filmed at a Californian community theatre, by director Michael Ritchie, boosts Miss M to superstar status beyond the shadow of a doubt. Ritchie warms up her audience with an hilarious prologue in which a straight-faced major-domo briefs his staff of ushers on how to cope with crowd control and epileptic seizures. Enter the lady, who gives everything she's got, and she's got just about everything — less as a singer, perhaps, than as a superb actress and stand-up comedienne. Cheeky and vulgar, she explains that her three backup singers, The Harlettes, function as a kind of Greek chorus. She takes it from there, in a rowdy one-woman show that establishes Midler as an aggressive, self-mocking sex symbol for the '80s, a cross between Sophie Tucker and Mae West, set to the jagged rhythms (when the mood strikes her) of punk rock. "Screw 'em if they can't take a joke" is her loudly proclaimed motto, and she sticks to it, laying waste to any subject from the Queen of England and Princess Anne to Princess Caroline of Monaco or a Las Vegas showgirl. Or all of Germany, or France. Like Richard Pryor in concert, Midler uncensored is too hot for the home screen. She's also on her way to becoming not just an act, but an artist. This canned *tour de force* may start out like a meeting of the Bette Midler fan club, yet it's cinemagic, sure to create converts by the score.

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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SHOWBIZ

it's all go — new movies, new plays and edgley's "something for everyone"

They're alive and well in film land in spite of a bit of uncomfortable attention from the Feds regarding the source of private funds. The Australian Film Commission, ever ready to cough up dough, has divested itself of approximately $500,000 for two new productions.

The first will be by Maurice Murphy, the producer responsible for the recently released and extremely bizarre effort, *Fatty Finn,* which of course stars Bert Newton.

Maurice has received $100,000 to start pre-production on *The Incredible Young Doctors,* an effort which will have absolutely nothing to do with the soapy of the same name. Murph's film will star a dozen or so ankle-biters as the medical staff, while adult actors lie around as the patients.

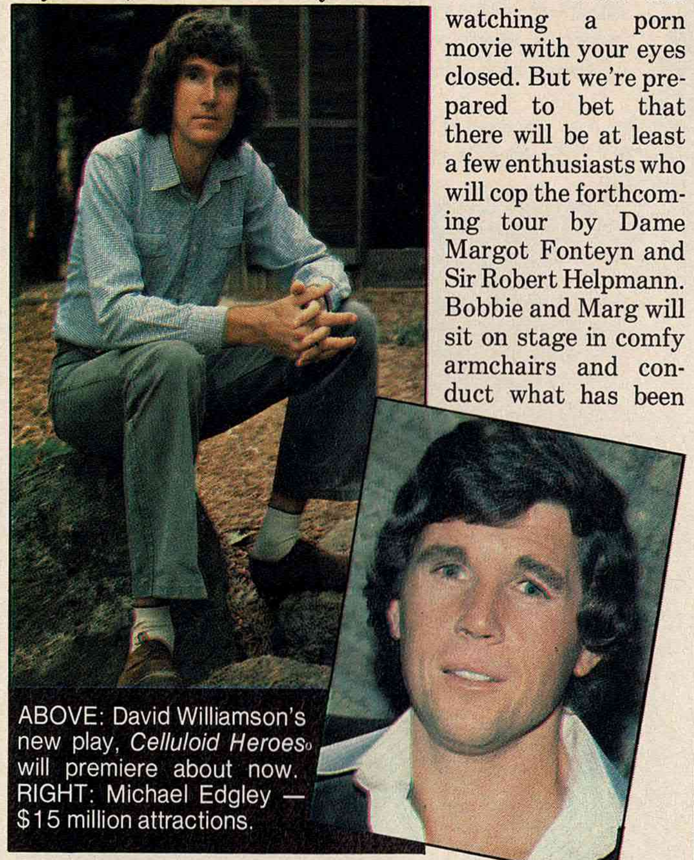
On the slightly more credible side, Bruce Beresford, the brilliant young director responsible for *Breaker Morant* and *The Club* will start filming *Puberty Blues* early in January using $413,000 from the Commission. The film is based on the writings of the superb Salami Sisters, two young Sydney teenagers whose writings have added another dimension to Australian journalism.

•

Theatre fanciers can look forward to national tours by two excellent new plays during the Christmas holidays. The first is David Williamson's new effort *Celluloid Heroes,* an unnerving look at the paranoid world of filmmaking. The other is the London smash hit *Whose Life Is It Anyway,* a devastating show about a bloke with a terminal illness who takes his family to court when they resist his efforts to become a corpse when he chooses. There's a chance that an Oz theatre star now working overseas will play the potential corpse, and he'll be joined by a lady who perhaps is our best known international film star. And what's more, if the Oz star doesn't, er, star in the play, another star, known for his action comedies, will, um, star. All of which will bring stars to the eyes of theatre audiences everywhere.

•

Ever wondered what *The Restless Years* would be like if they made the thing properly? Well, our one and only Oscar-winning film producer, Suzanne Baker, is putting the final touches to just such a project. Under the working title *Decade,* the upcoming series will take a look at the lives of an ordinary Oz family and their friends during the '70s. According to Suzanne, who topped the commercial ratings last year with her brilliant series *The Human Face Of China,* the new production will examine the various social changes which took place during the last decade . . . unemployment, sexual attitudes, politics, inflation, that sort of thing. She's got her eye on some of the best actors in the country for the 10 major roles, but like the theatre world, it's not done to say who is being considered until they've actually been got.



ABOVE: David Williamson's new play, *Celluloid Heroes* will premiere about now. RIGHT: Michael Edgley — $15 million attractions.

One hopes that the producers of *The Restless Desperates* will learn something.

•

The prospect of actually paying money to see two people sit around and yap about ballet is rather like watching a porn movie with your eyes closed. But we're prepared to bet that there will be at least a few enthusiasts who will cop the forthcoming tour by Dame Margot Fonteyn and Sir Robert Helpmann. Bobbie and Marg will sit on stage in comfy armchairs and conduct what has been described as a fireside chat about their years in the leaping and bounding business. A couple of, er, younger performers will do the actual springing and prancing and it will be supplemented by a film of the dynamic duo's many triumphs.

•

There's nothing like a little over-confidence to rev up paranoia in the showbiz world, and at his present rate Michael Edgley must have his rivals squirming with the popular mental complaint. According to his ever-enthusiastic publicity machine, Michael has lined up $15 million worth of attractions for the next couple of seasons. Under a series of headings like: "Edgley Has Something For Everyone", "Edgley Ties Up Japan", "Next Stop United States", "Edgley's Year Of Three Milestones", the latest blurb mentions a long list of tours, films and projects which are, if nothing else, ambitious. Plays, musicals, ballet companies, operas, circuses and sporting events make up the litany, but there's one minor problem. No one from the Edgley camp is willing to say when and if they'll actually front. "Well, we're still negotiating, and we'll, er, be able to confirm, by . . . well probably in the very near future," was the reply from his Sydney publicist to our earnest inquiries. We'll believe it when . . .

•

After years of washing dishes, busking, driving taxis and being generally broke, Australia's underground theatre crowd is finally starting to make a bit of dough, and it's about time. Acts like The Lobotomy Brothers, Michael Matou, Rrats Bander, Simon Reptile and someone called Cigarette are less than household names at present but, like they say in Hollywood, fame is just around the corner. Matou, for instance, is a superbly innovative mime artist, and Fifi L'Amour broke new TV ground when she appeared on the *John Singleton Show* dressed as a bloke and got her gear off to reveal a suspender belt, a thatch of neatly cropped dyed blonde hair and damn all else. Those sceptical about the above acts should take note of the careers of Graham Bond, Barry Humphries, Jack Thompson and Garry MacDonald (Norman Gunston). All started out working venues similar to those now employing the young crew, and are all pushing like crazy to make sure the new wave gets the appreciation it deserves. — ANDREW SAW

MUSIC

the record companies gear up for christmas by flooding the marketplace

TOM WAITS, the all-star graduate of the bus station school of busted blues singers, and the man who just might gargle gravel and Grand Marnier for practice, has lurched back into the market place again. He's peddling another inspired dredging from the big city's back alleys and brothels and it cruises under the tattered title of *Heart Attack and Vine* (Asylum).

Only Tom Waits or, perhaps, Randy Newman can get away with confessing to a low-life brush with a broken prostitute and place it in the context of the most tender and pathetic of love songs. He does it in Saving All My Love For You, a track which, even on first listening, is likely to leave you a misty-eyed, goose-bumped wreck. Ah, but that's the charm of Waits.

His streetlife images on Downtown skewers the American big city syndrome with the accuracy and desperation of a smack addict locating that elusive vein. Ironically it is in his recording star stance of realising the American Dream that Waits can best highlight the perversity and disaster which haunt the losers and have-nots. His whimsical response to hypocrisy is best voiced on a cut called Mr Siegal when he patronises a Mexican whorehouse only to find that across the street stands a Catholic church. Queries Waits: "You've got to tell me brave captain, why are the wicked so strong, how do the angels get to sleep, when the devil leaves his porch-light on?"

When he finds that sort of sentiment to risk the rough ride of his vocal launch and the attendant bluesy backing, Waits deserves to travel at least a class or two above box-car.

•

At risk of doing further damage to Britain's balance of payments, it must be said here that *Zenyatta Mondatta* (A & M) does nought to remove the suspicion that The Police have little more to offer than male model looks and an interesting range of clothes. Some smart combinations have held the belt as Britain's best sellers, with a field that runs from the Beatles through Gary Glitter, the Bay City Rollers and, more recently, Wings. But The Police's brand of tame reggae plagiarism slots them somewhere in between the Rollers and Wings; and in a market which still holds a bit of quality that's just not good enough.

Canary In a Coalmine's jaunty change of pace and its interesting harmonies almost rescues side one from the mediocrity of the other tracks. However, if Sting's analyst recommends a six-week stint at the 10cc School of Imaginative Songwriting, he'll be doing us all a favor.

Andy Summers' instrumental Behind My Camel is strong enough to give him a bigger slice of the composing if Mr Sting would just permit himself to take a back seat. The pure triviality of Sting's Man In a Suitcase serves to reinforce the claim. It's all very disappointing because *Zenyatta Mondatta* has already whipped up enough sales to even outstrip the previous *Regatta de Blanc.* The album might leave the cynical wondering just how much bearing all the pout and posture of the sleeve pics have on sales. After all, if this is the best Britain can churn out, just who's getting stung?

Left: Male model looks are about all that Police have to offer. Below: Carlene Carter creates a comfortable combination of C & W and pop.

•

Van Morrison's affinity for the very peat of poetic history again rears its glorious head on *Common One* (Mercury). The man has spent very little time in his native Ireland during the past 20 years but he's not lost that wondrous ethnic ability to see the passage of time and art as few others do. The vast, rambling reach of Summertime In England is perhaps the extreme example of Morrison's non-commercialism and the product of stalking his unique style through the valleys and byways of 17 albums (including compilations). Hidden away among the Irish fields, Oregon redwoods, California beaches, New York streets and Notting Hill tenements of these albums are the secrets, clues and reasons which plot the track to Morrison's arrival at *Common One.*

Morrison's nurtured the habit of embellishing his songs with excellent musicianship. It is Jeff Labes' control of string arrangements and Pee Wee Ellis' command over woodwind and horn which nudge Morrison's music further beyond the reach of comparison. Gone are the days when his accessibility was as close as the *Moondance* album, *Astral Weeks* or even *Hard Nose the Highway.* This new work has pushed him out of sight of new audiences. No matter; his older albums are still available for those willing and able to make the journey, while *Common One* stands as a remote and almost mystical whistle-stop a long way down the line.

•

Plucked from the Sydney circuit for a serious run at the recording game, Flowers are right on the scent of a success formula with their debut album called *Icehouse* (Regular). The secret to enjoying the work is to forget forever that singer-songwriter Iva Davies has the greatest Bowie soundalike voice you're ever likely to hear. That aside, there are so many things which are "right" about this band that it's hard to imagine anything but a fair charts run.

Icehouse draws its name from the title of the first cut and it's Davies' resourceful penmanship and the absorbing strength of Anthony Smith's keyboards which immediately promote them as the dual strengths of Flowers' craft. Bowie vocal clones are not a complete rarity (Bob Geldof of the Boomtown Rats also comes close) but, if it were not for the actual strengths of the songs in the group's clever delivery, Flowers would have no hope of getting away with it.

•

When C & W locks loins with Power Pop the child might resemble Carlene Carter's *Musical Shapes* (WB). Like just about everything in which Nick Lowe dabbles, it runs a bit shy of excellence but easily straddles a saddle which gives Carlene a pretty comfortable sit. Y'see, that lil' Carter gal from the Johnny Cash-June Carter outfit has hitched her lil' wagon to Lowe in holy wedlock, and LP *Musical Shapes* is their first-born. With Lowe's buddy Dave Edmunds bashing away on guitars and backing vocals, and Nick handling bass and production, the whole thing has got a shade too much trans-Atlantic crossbreeding to be taken too seriously. Never mind; Carlene's inherited her family's C & W twang and would do justice to just about any song in any company. She makes a great target of the old Cash sermon Ring of Fire and she gets nice and thick with Edmunds on Baby Ride Easy. But before you rush out to snap an order on this one, let's first make sure we're both taking about the same Nick Lowe. Yes, this one's the same Englishman and ex-Brinsley Schwartz bassist who put out a work called Bowi in response to David Bowie's Low album. Yes, folks, Nick's tongue rarely leaves the nethermost regions of his cheek.

•

Growing older with the Doobie Brothers over the past 10 years or so has been a rich reward for those who fall into the vintage. The advent of the '80s is yet to reveal whether the band's latest effort, *One Step Closer* (WB), will stand up under sampling to approach the quality of *Minute By Minute.* But whether it does or not, it's a superb album in its own right. The brilliance of the Doobies rests in their ability to keep pace and mature with the increasing demands and sophistication of the vast following they amassed in the early '70s. Amazingly, the collective talents of the seven-man band have pushed the scope beyond that achievement to the point where they've expanded their appeal to encompass an even wider range of demanding tastes. Now, neither rock, soul, jazz, R and B, nor even latin are out of the range.

On Keep This Train A-Rollin', Michael McDonald shows that it's not just his melt-'em-at-the-knees vocals which makes him one of the most valuable items in musicland, USA — his writing technique is also something to behold. With all seven Doobies contributing so much to the overall effort it is interesting to see Paul Anka and Carlene Carter involved. Anka co-wrote Dedicate This Heart with McDonald, while Carter helped Keith Knudsen and John McFee to scribe the title track. — NEIL JAMESON

•

SHORT CUTS

Is there no end to the flow of creativity that was once the original Genesis? Steve Hackett's *Defector* (Charisma) bellows out an emphatic "no" as proof that the band's former guitar whiz is doing very nicely on his Pat Malone.

If you couldn't find them under the Christmas tree, make sure you include these two on your own shopping list: *Shadows and Light* (Asylum) by Joni Mitchell and *Paris* (A & M) from Supertramp. They're both live doubles, both recorded in the latter half of 1979 and include just about the best sounds that both acts have ever offered to fans.

•

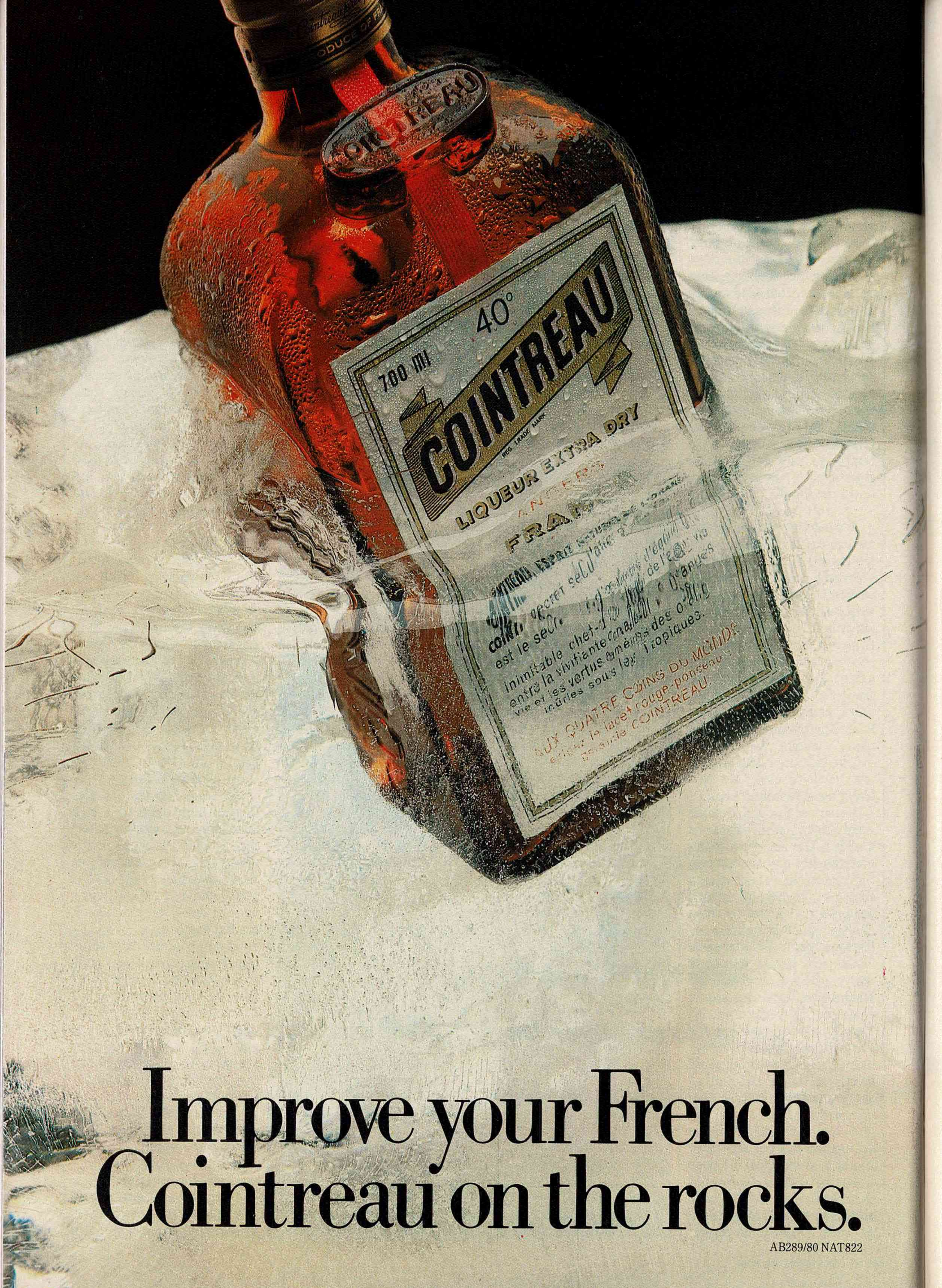
CBS, for its Epic label, has recently released three LPs which, on the surface, should have offered much to

NEWSBREAKS

Breaking Up Is Hard To Do: After a long and close relationship, **Mi-Sex** and manager **Bob Yates** have parted ways. Yates took the band to the top with massive sales of LPs *Graffiti Crimes* and *Space Race* and national no. 1 single Space Race and accompanied the band on an ill-fated tour of America (during which they were reportedly received with less than open arms by record company CBS, who at that time had plunged good tour support bucks into Angel city). The rumor was that CBS failed to come to the party with Mi-Sex support, and the band spent thousands of their own money to make the trip — during which their gigs met with mixed reactions. Now Mi-Sex are running their operations from the Sydney eastern suburbs home of tour manager **Mertyn Siddor** and have leased and equipped their own home demo studio in the area. After a 10-day tour of home New Zealand and the productions of two film clips, Mi-Sex are currently on a national tour and are preparing to record their third LP, due for release next April . . . Yates, meanwhile, has plunged back into the field from whence he came — running a string of venues around Sydney, including the **Sundowner Hotel** and one of the city's more up-vibe new venues, the **Rock Village** in Kings Cross.

Out Now Or Shortly, Allah Willing: LP's by **Dire Straits** *(Makin' Movies),* **Ol' 55** *(The Vault),* **Michael Des Barres**, ex-LA cult band **Silverhead** *(I'm Only Human),* **Ralph McTell** *(Slide Away The Screen),* Sydney band **The Motivators** (with **Ferrets** leadman **Billy Miller's** brother **Kenny** on lead vox, and **Rick Brewer**, ex-**Zoot** and Ferrets, on drums (the album is self-titled), **Leon Berger** *(Take Me Higher),* **The Easybeats** (double set anthology with liner notes by rock professor **Glenn A. Baker**), **Rockpile** *(Seconds Of Pleasure),* **Elvis Costello** (*Bikini Time*!!!), **Rod Stewart** (a little delayed, *Foolish Behavior),* the one-and-only Jerk, C & W soundtrack to **Dyan Cannon/Robert Blake** movie *Coast to Coast,* featuring **Jimmy Buffet**, **Johnny Rivers** et al, *Shake Some Action* (**Flaming Groovies**) b/w *Rock 'n' Roll Soldier* (**Iggy Pop**).

— JENNY HUNTER-BROWN



the jazz fan. Alas, not so, at least for this one!

Stanley Clarke's latest *Rocks, Pebbles and Sand* is a big production with strings, brass and the usual more-than-capable rhythm contingent that included Chick Corea and Vic Feldman. I had hoped for more stimulating music. But it turns out just another fusion effort, dominated by quite anonymous vocal choruses on all but three of the nine selections.

Clarke confines himself to various electric bass guitars and to vocals which is something of a pity in view of his very considerable instrumental talents. He is also listed as composer of all the music performed — a slightly dubious distinction.

The three-part Story of a Man and a Woman is a most attractive theme that gives both Clarke and Corea some mellow moments until the leader and singer Marcy Levy take over with their somewhat predictable lyrics.

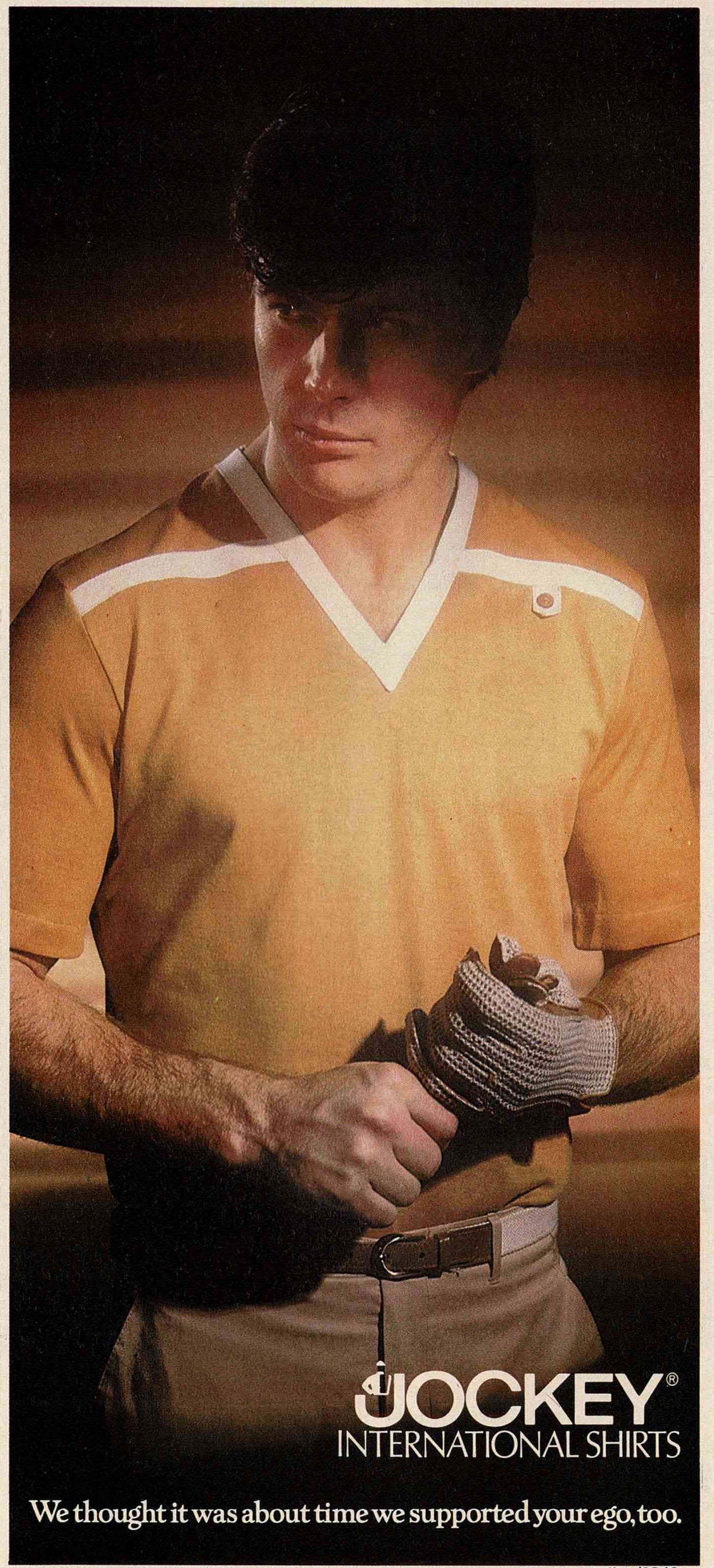
•

I want to rave unreservedly about George Duke's *A Brazilian Love Affair,* even though it, too, has its quota of vocal tracks. The whole production exudes *joie de vivre* and freshness. I know I am an old Latin American freak from way back, but here Duke has combined the increasingly tedious rock fusion sounds with a south-of-the-border spirit and come up with something that never lags and which will stand many, many playings on my — and hopefully your — turntable.

The session was recorded in Rio by a combination of American and Brazilian musicians: people such as Airto, Roland Bautista, Raul de Souza, Milton Nascimento, William Reichenbach and Flora Purim.

Every track is a delight. I especially liked the title tune, Summer Breezin' with its wordless Jombim-like vocals and a lovely spot on flugelhorn by Jerry Hey. De Souza plays some fruity trombone on Brazilian Sugar against a superbly talented percussion background with Duke taking an excellent solo on synthesizer. Sugar Loaf Mountain is another swinger which boasts some fine brass figures against the solo instruments. Bautista's electric guitar has its moment of glory on Lover Reborn with the leader featured on all manner of electric and electronic keyboards. This is a most attractive and beguiling track, a great contrast to the more frantic but authentic sounding Up From the Sea it Arose and Ate Rio in One Swift Bite (what a title!). Duke switches to regular acoustic piano here and really covers all 88 notes against an always building rhythm from a truly inspiring group of percussionists.

— KYM BONYTHON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BOOKS

some great works of fact and fiction from both sides of the pacific ocean

SELF-PRESERVATION was an integral part of Thomas Shea's training to become a New York City cop. He learned, for instance, never to run up stairs in case he became too breathless to resist attack; never to hold a torch directly in front of his body while pursuing suspects because, if armed, they were likely to aim for the light. And, while the use of unnecessary force was to be avoided, he was instructed to disregard the rule book if his own life were threatened.

Such conditioning was further reinforced by Shea's own adrenal responses to the knowledge that, over a 15-year period, 71 New York City policemen were killed in the line of duty.

This indoctrination goes some way toward explaining why, at 4.50 one spring morning in 1973, the 36-year-old white cop killed a fleeing black suspect with a shot in the back. The victim, however, was just 10 years old and Shea's testimony that he fired in self-defence went unsupported. No gun which could have belonged to the youngster was found. So the actual circumstances surrounding the killing remain to the present a matter of some conjecture.

Had the author Thomas Hauser's reconstruction of events been fictional and the hero a Perry Mason, his book would have no such loose ends. *The Trial Of Patrolman Thomas Shea* (Viking Press), however, leaves readers to digest the testimony, sift evidence, decide a verdict and compare it with that of the jury as Shea's trial reaches a dramatic climax.

Drawing a conclusion — in this case valuable experience for any prospective juror — isn't easy since Hauser has cleverly managed to cloud already confused issues with the explosive backdrop to the controversy. For when the white policeman killed a black boy, the gunshot reverberated far beyond the ghetto streets to alert the media, incense the civil rights leaders, divide black and white cops, and pose a dilemma to city officials as Shea became the first New York policeman in 50 years to be tried for murder. — CAMILLA BEACH

We may not have a Metropolitan Art Gallery or Tate Gallery, but Australia does have some very fine works of art. Unfortunately, they happen to be scattered hither and thither. *Australia's National Collections* (Cassell) will be a great help in locating where they may be found. It is by any standards a beautifully illustrated resume of our galleries.

To describe it purely as a "mega-catalogue" is a little unfair because it makes good reading too. Each gallery is introduced by the authors (Clem Lloyd and Peter Sekuless) with a potted history which is informative, if a little earnest. The book is neither a history book nor catalogue, but does make it as a superior coffee table book.

It illustrates a wide variety of the arts but obviously not in great depth, given the ground it covers. But if the end result is to get a few bums out of seats and into the galleries that in itself will be a major achievement. Meanwhile, I'm off to the Australian War Memorial. — ANDREW COWELL

•

Want to share a trip from New Joisey to Arizona, hammering along in a green Maverick driven by Linda Reismann, suddenly bereaved after the death of her husband of six weeks and carting her 13-year-old Archie-and-Veronica-comic-reading, sullen, sour stepdaughter to her next of kin?

Hearts (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), a novel by Hilma Wolitzer, tells the tragic comic story surprisingly well.

At the age of 26, good looking, naive Linda Reismann feels emotionally ambushed at the unexpected death of her recently acquired 42-year-old husband. Determined to do The Right Thing, good natured Linda decides to take her young stepdaughter, Robin, an inexpertly tattooed, gin drinking, school wagger off to her flesh and blood relatives in Iowa. Had the novel been set in Australia, Robin may have been dealt with less graciously — a good slap in the chops and a one-way rail ticket to Thargomindah . . . But Linda Reismann is kind to the stepdaughter, who calls her Asshole, and sets off on her Righteous Road Travels with rotten Robin slumped in the front seat of the Maverick and her dead husband's ashes rattling around inside a container in the back.

Wolitzer exposes the reader to the agonies of the journey in a down-to-earth manner, parading a rather unflattering view of motel travel on limited expenses across America. The trip reveals everything from encounters with hitch-hikers to how Linda deals with the revelation that she is pregnant to a dead man.

The cold war between the stepmother and stepdaughter softens alongside the roads of America to the point that rotten Robin shares her last secretly stashed joint with Linda, and Linda, a former purveyor in the dance halls of the Freak, the Hustler and the Worm, gives revolting Robin the good oil on how to be a dancer.

Hearts is an unusual novel brilliantly written by Wolitzer with plenty of comic/humorous touches. Her description of the new, naive bride taking in a Tupperware party at which the famous vacuum seals, jell-o-moulds and lettuce keepers are amazingly absent, is worthy of the book alone.

Unwittingly, Linda has turned up at a SHTupperware party where instead of being

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confronted with the usual plastics, the table of goodies boasts a few dozen, erect as soldiers rampant, penises . . . battery operated, safe, water proof, rubber, life-like and even expandable.

There's more: three-inch extenders, stud buds, Spanish fly, massage creams, and pussy cushions — or possibly cushy pushins; Linda is so mortified that she doesn't know which. She spills the French onion dip all over her good clobber and is further embarrassed (never having won anything in her life before from a fruit cake to chook raffle) by winning the lucky door prize!

Hearts is a good serious/comic read. — JILL BOWEN

•

With air chew, with air
chew,
Iker nardly liver thew chew,
An I dream a badger kisser
snite and die.
Phoney wicked beer loan,
Jar-chewer mere non-hair
roan,
An weed dreamer batter
mooner pinner sky.

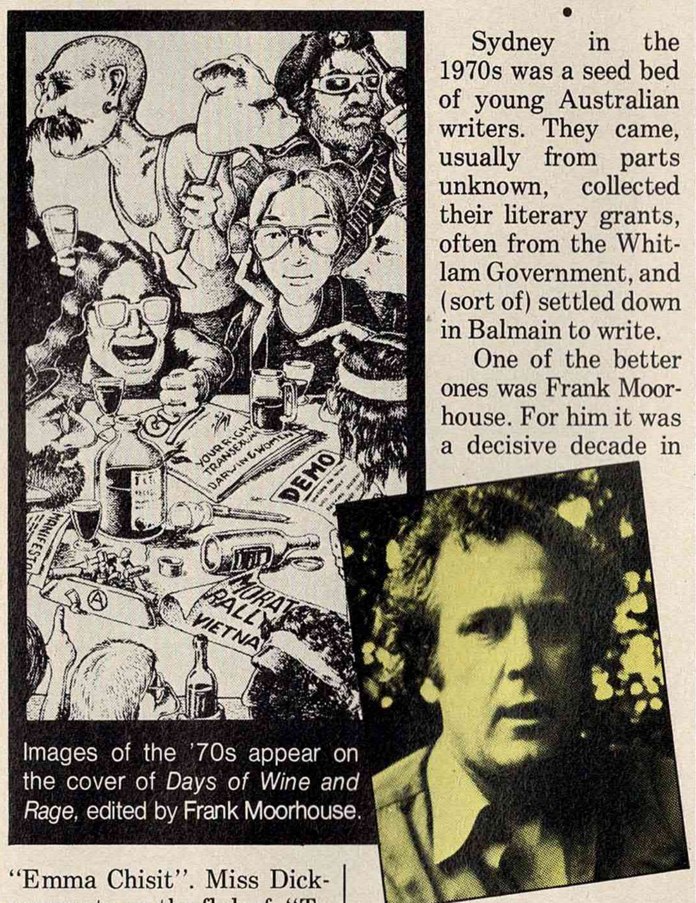
No, it's not gibberish, nor is it a foreign language, but an attempt to capture the essence of the Australian language as she is spoke.

It was originally published in *Nose Tone Unturned*, a wry look at the way we speak by one Professor Afferbeck Lauder (alphabetical order), otherwise known as Alastair Morrison. The poem is reprinted in a new book which takes a more serious, but nonetheless delightful, look at our language. It's called *The Australian Slanguage* (Cassell), a clever but unoriginal title by Bill Hornadge, a one-time country journalist who changed his trade to, of all things, stamp dealer and was, as a consequence, able to retire to write of the Australian way.

I believe Hornadge owes some of the inspiration for his title to W. T. Goodge who, in 1897, published a poem entitled The Great Australian Slanguage.

I am still amazed at Hornadge's collection of newspaper editorials and article excerpts which attempt to dissect our way of speaking. Surely no nation has so closely examined its pronunciations, let alone the language itself. The book abounds, too, with anecdotes and quotes from our earliest settlement to today, including the famous story of Emma Chisit.

(In 1964, the English author Monica Dickens was in Australia to promote her latest book, and spent some time autographing copies in shops. One woman approached Dickens and said "Emma Chisit". Miss Dickens wrote on the flyleaf "To Emma Chisit" and then signed her name. "No," said the woman, "Emma Chisit". She wanted to know how much it cost!)



Images of the '70s appear on the cover of *Days of Wine and Rage*, edited by Frank Moorhouse.

But Hornadge has written more than a study of our words, pronunciations and slang terms — and there are thousands of them, some well known, some obscure. It is a study of the Australian psyche, our way of life, our beginnings and our subsequent development.

As well as the chapters on slang and Australian-English, there are Descriptive Sayings ("Up shit creek", "He's had the rodger", "She'll be right, mate") and Outback (Bullabakanka, Never never), Cobbers, Diggers, Mates and Wogs, Dogs, Bogs and Logs. There's even a whole chapter of six pages which analyses why so many Australians "have a naughty" instead of just plain screw.

Whether you love or loathe the Australian way of speaking, *The Australian Slanguage* is a thoroughly enjoyable book and, even if you don't care (the great Australian attitude?), it's a worthwhile comic read.

— DENBY BROWNING

•

Sydney in the 1970s was a seed bed of young Australian writers. They came, usually from parts unknown, collected their literary grants, often from the Whitlam Government, and (sort of) settled down in Balmain to write.

One of the better ones was Frank Moorhouse. For him it was a decisive decade in which "the beginning of the '70s coincided with my decision to become a full-time fiction writer" after working for some years as a journalist. For those who enjoy Moorhouse's fiction (including this reviewer), it was a fortunate decision which climaxed, to date, in the 1980 publication of his book, *The Everlasting Secret Family and Other Secrets.*

The world in which Moorhouse worked, which gave his writing a chance to live, was Sydney/Balmain in the 1970s, and now, in *Days of Wine and Rage* Penguin Books, $5.95), Moorhouse has collated those magazine articles, short stories, poems, letters and speeches which have had some lasting influence. Magazines culled for *Days* include *The Bulletin*, *Meanjin Quarterly*, *Nation Review* and *The National Times*. The writers are some of Australia's better known, including Moorhouse himself. For those who lurked around Sydney bookshops and newsagents in the '70s, *Days* is a flowering field of nostalgia: Remember Wendy Bacon v. The Commonwealth in 1971? Moorhouse wrote in *The Bulletin* at that time:

"The case most likely to stir public interest — certainly some amusement — is the prosecution of the student newspaper *Tharunka* for publishing the bawdy, traditional ballad Eskimo Nell — 49 verses of it."

Bacon said in court: "I am fundamentally opposed to this court system and for that reason I do not enter a plea."

The judge: "Do you mean you can't tell me if she's married or single?"

All so long ago.

Days includes work by Malouf, Keneally, Williamson, notes the final Australian recognition of Patrick White, recalls the lost poets Dransfield and Buckmaster. And the pubs . . . the Newcastle, gone, the Angel, gone . . . the Hilton, arrived.

Days of Wine is sheer Sydney vintage. It won't provide the same sparkle for those who celebrated the era in Carlton, Norwood or Canberra. — NEAL MORRISSEY

•

Published by Cinema Papers in association with the NSW Film Corporation, and edited by Peter Beilby, the *Australian Motion Picture Yearbook 1980* is a compendium of the Australian film industry's achievements and structure. Designed to spread knowledge of the local industry both at home and overseas, the book offers directories of producers, directors and organisations, and round-ups of feature films produced since 1970. Lucidly presented, the book is a must for anyone interested in the local film industry. — KAREN HAMMIAL

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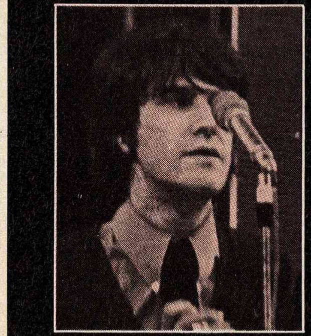
NEXT MONTH


RAY DAVIES

WINDSURFING

BACH TO BASICS

PLAYMATE REVIEW '81

PLAYMATE REVIEW '81 — IT'S HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US! **AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY** IS NOW TWO YEARS OLD AND, TO CELEBRATE, WE'RE GIVING YOU A SECOND LOOK AT SOME OF THE LOVELY LADIES WHO GRACED OUR CENTRE PAGES DURING THE PAST YEAR

HOW JAPAN WON THE TECHNOLOGY WAR — EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK, THE JAPANESE ARE BEATING THE WEST TO THE ELECTRONIC AND AUTOMOTIVE PUNCH. FOR AN ANSWER TO WHY THEY ARE SO SINGLE-MINDEDLY COMPETITIVE, **PETER ROSS RANGE** WENT TO TOKYO WHERE HE DISCOVERED HOW WE'RE BEING CREAMED BY THE SAMURAI SPIRIT

RAY DAVIES OF THE KINKS — A GREAT ROCK SURVIVOR IS STILL SETTING TRENDS, AND THE BAND'S LATEST LIVE DOUBLE ALBUM, *ONE FOR THE ROAD,* IS A GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION OF HOW GOOD AND HOW DIFFERENT THEY REALLY ARE. PROFILE BY **KAREN HUGHES**

SWITCHED-ON BACH — ONCE CONSIDERED TOO EUROPEAN, TOO SOPHISTICATED TO BE ONE OF *CHARLIE'S ANGELS,* **BARBARA BACH** WENT PRIMITIVE TO CO-STARR WITH RINGO IN *CAVEMAN* AND ENDED UP WRITING HER OWN HAPPY ENDING

WINDSURFING: A NEW KIND OF FREEDOM — PRINCE CHARLES DOES IT, MARLON BRANDO DOES IT, BY 1984 AN ESTIMATED ONE MILLION PEOPLE WILL BE DOING IT. IT'S CALLED WINDSURFING, AND IT WILL CAPTIVATE YOU TOO WHEN YOU HAVE A LOOK AT THESE EXCITING PHOTOGRAPHS AND THE STORY BY **HUGH EDWARDS**

LILLEE — LIKE BRADMAN, THE NAME WARRANTS NO EXPLANATION. **NEIL JAMESON** CORNERED AUSTRALIAN CRICKET'S GREATEST FAST BOWLER FOR THE LONGEST INTERVIEW OF HIS CAREER AND CAME AWAY WITH SOME EXPLOSIVE REVELATIONS ON THE MAN, OFFICIALDOM, WORLD SERIES CRICKET AND HIS 10-YEAR STINT AT THE TOP

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